

THE
PRINCE OF PULPIT ORATORS:

A Portraiture of

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M. A.,

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

BY REV. J. B. WAKELEY.

"A Prince." "The eloquent orator." "Mighty in the Scriptures."

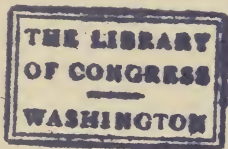
"Speech is the body, thought the soul, and suitable action the lips, of
eloquence."

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TO THE
LOVERS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE
AND
TO THE ADMIRERS
OF
GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
THE
PRINCE OF PULPIT ORATORS,

This Volume

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED BY

J. B. WAKELEY.

P R E F A C E.

“I IMAGINE,” says one, “that all those who have read my former books will say that I have writ enough unless they were better; but, say what you will, *it pleaseth me*, and, since my delights are harmless, *I will satisfy my humor*.” I have written this book because I “took a notion” to do it, believing it would do good, and at the suggestion of no one; so if it has defects I alone am to blame.

The catholic spirit of John Wesley I have admired; for, though he differed widely on theological subjects from Whitefield, he considered him a “brother beloved,” and gave him the “right hand of fellowship.” When preaching Mr. Whitefield’s funeral sermon he spoke of his journals thus: “For their artless and unaffected simplicity they may vie with any writings of the kind.” And he further said, “If Mr. Whitefield has left any papers of this kind, and his friends count me worthy, it will be my glory and joy to methodize, transcribe, and prepare them for the public view;” so

I have felt it my "glory and joy" to prepare this book "for the public view."

It is a century since the Prince of Pulpit Orators expired, and all his contemporaries both in Europe and America have passed away. Of the thousands who listened to his matchless eloquence not one remains to tell the story.

The present seemed to me to be an appropriate time to give to the memory of Whitefield a kind of resurrection, to reproduce him, to bring him out in a new and more attractive dress—and here is the result. The reader will find it a condensed story of Whitefield, the cream of his history, the marrow of his biography, an epitome of his life and character, illustrated by striking anecdotes and thrilling incidents. His whole history is chivalrous and romantic, far surpassing fiction. There is nothing like it in the history of the Church or the world. It stands alone—without a parallel. The reader may inquire, "Is there any thing new that is true, or any thing that is true that is new, that has not been said many times before concerning Whitefield?" Suppose there is not. Do you ask, "Why, then, do you repeat the story?" I answer, Because it is worthy of repetition every day for a thousand years, and the Church and the world need it, and will grow the wiser and better for it. But let not the reader conclude that we

have nothing in this volume but the same old story; for, while there is considerable of the old there is also much that is new, the writer having had access to rare documents that enrich Whitefield's history; and then it is brought out in an entirely new form.

What great changes have taken place in the Church and the world during the hundred years which have passed since Whitefield's death! The world has made rapid strides since then; she has made greater progress in the century than during the thousand years that preceded it. It will give the reader some idea of this progress if memory, the faithful historian of the soul, will unroll a few of its pages.

Whitefield died six years before the Declaration of Independence, nineteen years prior to the birth of the United States, the adoption of our Constitution, and the inauguration of George Washington as President.

A hundred years ago there were no railroads, no steam-boats, no steam-ships crossing the ocean. There was no telegraph, no correspondence by lightning, no Atlantic cable uniting the new and the old world.

A hundred years ago many of the sciences were unknown.

A hundred years ago most of this country was

one vast wilderness—all beyond the Alleghanies unexplored, inhabited by uncivilized savages; now by civilized men.

A hundred years ago we were thirteen dependent colonies of Great Britain, with between two and three million inhabitants now one mighty ocean-bound Republic, with nearly fifty millions.

One hundred years ago Philadelphia, New York, and Boston were small places, not much larger than villages; now imperial cities.

One hundred years ago the great missionary societies were not born—our own did not come into existence till 1819; now expending a million a year.

One hundred years ago there were no Bible societies. The British and Foreign Bible Society had no existence. The American Bible Society was not born till 1816. See how these institutions multiply Bibles, and scatter them like the leaves of autumn.

A hundred years ago and there were no religious newspapers. How numerous they are now!

A hundred years ago there were no Sabbath-schools or Sabbath-school literature. Look now at this great nursery of the Church with its millions of Sabbath scholars and its millions of Sabbath-school books.

A hundred years ago and none of our numerous benevolent societies were in existence.

We have taken a retrospect of the past: now let us look forward. A hundred years to come, and, if the writer and the readers of this volume possess the spirit and walk in the steps of Whitefield, we shall be with him in the New Jerusalem,

“Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o’er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.”

For the materials employed in the preparation of this volume I am indebted to Whitefield’s Journals, Whitefield’s Life, written by himself; “Whitefield’s Life and Works,” in six volumes, by Rev. John Gillies, published in London in 1772, just two years after Mr. Whitefield’s death, and dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon, (I have the only copy I have ever seen except one, and that is in the library of Harvard University;) Philip’s “Life and Times of Whitefield,” (a magazine of facts poorly arranged;) “Whitefield’s Life,” by Dr. Joseph Belcher; Newell’s “Life of Whitefield,” and “Lady Huntingdon and her Friends,” as well as to many old and rare works, pamphlets, and newspapers, some of which are almost as scarce as gold-dust. To the librarian of Harvard University I am indebted for access to old pamphlets that throw light on Whitefield’s history; and to Rev. C. J. Durfee, the Pastor of the old South Church in Newburyport, where Mr.

Whitefield's remains are sleeping; and to the late Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., that noble man and eloquent minister. He sent me a rare volume from England, published in 1757. It is a large book, containing vile attacks upon Whitefield and his contemporaries, and in it are the plays of Foote—"The Minor" and the "Methodist"—the only copies I have ever seen.

Having made these general acknowledgments, I now send forth this volume without one anxious thought concerning its future, not because I so highly value my own work; but such is the nature of the volume, such the character of Whitefield and such his matchless eloquence, so eventful was his history, abounding with facts so startling, with incidents so thrilling, that I have confidence that the public will not let it lie upon the shelves of the publishing house, but will give it a hearty welcome, and aid in its circulation. My former volumes, humble and unpretending as they have been, have met with great favor from the press and the public, for which I am unfeignedly thankful.

J. B. WAKELEY.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1870.

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“ Born to stand,
A prince, among the worthies of the land.
More than a prince—a sinner saved by grace:
Prompt, at his meek and lowly Master’s call,
To prove himself the minister of all.”

THE
PRINCE OF PULPIT ORATORS.

SKETCH OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

“BEHOLD, what fire is in his eye! what fervor on his cheek! That glorious burst of winged words, how bound they from his tongue! The full expression of the mighty thought; the strong, triumphant argument; the rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara; the keen demand, the clear reply; the metaphor, bold and free; the grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth; the grandeur of his speech, in his majesty of mind!”

THE illustrious name of George Whitefield is as familiar to the Christian world as “household words.” He was the Christian hero of two hemispheres, honored and beloved in both. During the hundred revolving years which have passed since he with joy finished his course his name has lost none of its luster, and his fame is world-wide.

Gloucestershire, England, distinguished as the birthplace of many world-renowned men—among others Tyndale, who translated the New Testament into English hundreds of years ago, and Sir Matthew Hale, the eminent jurist—has also the high honor of being the place where George Whitefield and Robert Raikes were born—the

former the unequalled pulpit orator, the latter the founder of Sabbath-schools in England. It is also famous as the place where Bishop John Hooper was burned at the stake, and fell a martyr for the truth. It has been the home of reformers, martyrs, jurists, and orators; and on the banks of the silver Severn stands the monument of Robert Raikes, the Sabbath-school pioneer.

George, the sixth son of Thomas and Elizabeth Whitefield, was born on the 27th* of December 1714; and it was in the Old Bell Inn, which is still standing, that George Whitefield, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, drew his first breath. After his father's death, which happened when George was about two years of age, the business of the inn was continued by his mother, and it was here that his early days were spent.

In speaking of this era in his young life he says with characteristic simplicity, "I began to assist her in various ways, till at length I put on my blue apron and washed mops, cleaned rooms, and, in a word, became a professed and *common drawer* for near a year and a half."

How strange that he who rose to the highest pinnacle of earthly fame, that he who astonished the world with his great oratorical powers, should have been in early life employed in waiting on customers in a bar-room!

"His descent augured no brilliant future; but if Virgil was the son of a potter, Demosthenes of

* His biographers say the 16th. Whitefield says the 27th. Whitefield's Works, vol. iii, p. 500.

a smith, Columbus of a cloth-weaver, Ben Jonson of a bricklayer, Shakspeare of a wool-trader, Burns of a poor peasant, and Luther of a miner, it is not incredible that the preacher who united the mind of a cherub with the heart of a seraph should have sprung from an inn-keeper." *

Beneath the blue apron of the tavern-boy drawing ale for the guests lay a troubled conscience; and with the strange proclivity that often in boyish mimics hints at peculiar fitness for some great calling, young Whitefield would imitate clergymen, read prayers, and, as he grew older, compose sermons. Deeper went the sounding-line into his evil heart, higher rose his breathings after a purer life; and often late into the night, when the inn at Gloucester was dark and still, the candle yet burned at the window where sat the tavern-keeper's boy reading the Bible, that blessed book whose truths he was afterward to wield so effectually as a weapon of divine power.

Young Whitefield was educated at the University in Oxford, which institution he entered in his eighteenth year, and it was here that he became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley, and joined the "Holy Club," Charles Wesley being his spiritual father, and John his early counselor.

Early he entered the Christian ministry, and in the twenty-first year of his age was ordained by Bishop Benson, who had shown great favor to the young preacher. Through the influence of John and Charles Wesley he became a missionary to

* Rev. Arthur Pierson.

Georgia, and was the founder of an orphan asylum in that colony, to which he devoted his time, his talents, his eloquence, and his life.

Thirteen times he crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and in a ministry of thirty-four years preached over eighteen thousand sermons. In England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, in the West India Islands, and in every colony in America, he preached the "Word of Life." No man ever preached to greater crowds. Twenty thousand in Philadelphia, thirty thousand on Boston Common, in Kingswood ten thousand, on Hampton Common twelve thousand, at Bristol twenty thousand, and at Moorsfield sixty thousand, thronged to hear him.

The questions are often asked, In what consisted the lock of his strength? What was the secret of his great power? What were his characteristics as a preacher? We answer: Solemnity, tenderness, earnestness, courage, directness, and devotion.

Mr. Whitefield had a fine presence, his personal appearance being much in his favor. He was of middling height, well-proportioned and graceful; his complexion fair, his countenance intelligent and manly; his eyes, which spoke volumes, were of a dark blue; but one of them had a squint, which, while in nowise detrimental to his looks, but rather giving additional interest to them, furnished to his revilers a subject for ridicule, they calling him "Doctor Squintum."

He not only had an eloquent eye, but also an eloquent face, every feature of which spoke to his

audience. And, with all these requisites of a first-class speaker, he possessed a most magnificent voice.

The most transcendent gifts Heaven has ever bestowed upon man are poetry and eloquence. With the latter Whitefield was richly endowed. The faculty of speech has rarely been given to man in such perfection as to him. He was the orator of nature. He was born an orator!

His was the eloquence of tears. It is an old maxim that if the preacher would have others weep he must himself weep. He was indeed the weeping prophet. Like David and Jeremiah, Jesus and Paul, he wept. It was the overflow of a great soul; it was the gushing forth of his amazing sympathy. His eyes were a fountain of tears deluging his cheeks. He baptized his hearers with them, and no wonder they were moved and melted.

At one time while preaching he said, "Could my prayers or tears affect you, you should have a volley of the one and floods of the other." Again he said to another audience, "Would weeping, would tears, prevail on you, I could wish 'my head were waters and my eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep' out every argument and melt you into love." "I hardly ever knew him to go through a sermon," said one who knew him well and heard him often, "without weeping more or less." He used to say in the pulpit, "You blame me for weeping, but how can I help it when you will not weep for yourselves?"

“I have known him,” says Cornelius Winter, “avail himself of the formality of the judge putting on his *black* cap to pronounce sentence. With his eyes full of tears, and his heart almost too big to admit of speech, he would say after a momentary pause, ‘I am now going to put on my *condemning* cap. Sinner, I *must* do it! I *must* pronounce sentence!’ Then in a burst of tremendous eloquence he would repeat our Lord’s words, ‘Depart, ye cursed!’ and not without a powerful description of the nature of that curse. But it was only by beholding his *attitude* and his *tears* that a person could well conceive of the effect.”*

Whitefield was not only the orator of nature, but also of art. He studied oratory; he drilled himself; he copied the finest models; he studied to show himself “a workman that needed not to be ashamed.” He sought out “acceptable tones, gestures, and looks, as well as acceptable words. Every accent of his voice spoke to the ear; every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, every gesture, spoke to the eye, so that the most dissipated and thoughtless found their attention involuntarily fixed.”† He did not study oratory for mere purposes of display, nor for dramatic effect; but that, through its powerful influence over the minds and hearts of men, he might the more effectually succeed in winning souls to Christ. He rebuked those at Oxford for their neglect of its study, provided for its instruction

* Cornelius Winter in Jay.

† Gillies.

in his orphan asylum, and recommended it in the American colleges.

There was great versatility in his style. Some orators have one peculiar method from which they never vary. They are always grave, always pathetic, or always logical. Not so with Whitefield. In him there was splendid variety. He could be a son of thunder or of consolation; blow the brazen trump of the law, or strike with gentle touch the silver strings of the Gospel; introduce his hearers to Mount Sinai or to Calvary. He could thunder, or be as calm as a summer's evening; as grand as the majesty of the howling storm, or as mild as the breath of spring.

Whitefield dealt in the picturesque, but his pictures were truthful; they were life-like, resembling the work of some great artist; they were faithful delineations of nature and of individual character. He frequently illustrated his discourses by well-told anecdotes related with a peculiar zest; his dramatic powers, which were of a high order, enabling him to describe incidents so vividly as to almost appear real, as in the case of Lord Chesterfield and the story of the blind man's dog.

He had a bold imagination, and the creations of his genius were beautiful. His style was always natural, and in perfect unison with the sentiments he uttered. There was about him a commanding majesty, a divine pathos, which, with the splendid music of his voice and the angelic benevolence of his countenance, fascinated his hearers. The over-

powering grandeur of his theme fired his soul, kindled his imagination, and inspired his tongue. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sounds were at his command. His heart seemed to be a fountain of living fire, and he used to say that the world wanted more heat than light. The grandeur of his soul appeared to be transfused into his sermons as well as into his countenance. At times he seemed so superhuman and angelic that he has been styled "THE SERAPHIC."

Whitefield understood the power of illustration. He ever kept the volume of nature open before him, delighting to unfold its magnificent pages. The ocean, the thunder-storm, the bow encircling the heavens, furnished him with themes to illustrate his subject; or a trial, or a pilot-fish, or a furnace—in fact, any thing and every thing, whether magnificently grand or ever so insignificant, he made subservient to his oratorical powers. His eloquence, reminded one of the ocean, adding, as it does, to its own boundlessness, contributions from every part of the universe. Well has it been said that Whitefield "ransacked creation for figures, time for facts, heaven for motives, hell for warnings, and eternity for arguments."*

There was a directness about his preaching. It did not mean every one in general and nobody in particular. He used the sharpest arrows, and took the most direct aim, addressing his hearers in such a manner that each one felt that he himself was meant. It was as direct as when Paul said to the

* Philip's Life and Times of Whitefield.

Corinthians, "And such were some of *you*;" as direct as when Nathan said to David, "*Thou* art the man!" He said at one time, "I intend, by the divine help, not only to preach to your heads, but also to your hearts."

In preaching he was terribly in earnest. He spoke as if he believed the truths he uttered—that there was a heaven and a hell; as if he stood between them listening to the groans of the damned on the one hand, and the songs of the redeemed on the other; as if he could hear the knell of eternal death tolling over lost souls, and all the caverns of despair echoing with their groans; as if he "had measured eternity, and taken the dimensions of a soul."

But the crowning glory, the transcendent excellence that, as a preacher, insured him success, was that he was endowed with power from on high. The holy anointing rested upon him—the divine unction, the baptism of the ever-blessed Spirit! This it was that made him a flame of fire as well as a flame of love; this that gave to him

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn;"

this that made "his tongue like the pen of a ready writer;" this that caused his speech to distill as the dew upon the flower, the gentle rain upon the new-mown grass; this that made his countenance look seraphic, like that of Moses when he came down from communing with God on the mount; this that made his eyes to glitter in the rays of the excellent glory, and his tongue to reverberate the sounds

that came down from heaven ; this that gave him his commanding power, his burning zeal, his holy ardor, his heavenly enthusiasm, his melting pathos !

He studied his sermons under the shadow of the cross ; they were steeped in tears, baptized in the name of the Eternal Three, and then preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

At one time, after having preached to tens of thousands, he says, "The glorious Immanuel caused life and power to follow it, and I hear that arrows have stuck fast in many hearts." Again, referring to his preaching on various occasions, he says, "A whole shower of divine blessings descended from heaven upon the congregation." "The Lord was with me." "I preached with as convincing and soul-edifying a power as I ever felt in my life." "The words distilled as the dew, and I think I was in the very suburbs of heaven." "The word came with most gloriously convincing power." "I preached again with great power." "I preached to about twelve thousand with uncommon freedom and power. Much of the divine presence was there." "Preached with wonderful power to a full congregation." "I preached with as great freedom, power, and melting as I have ever seen." "These words much refreshed me, 'And the Lord was with David whithersoever he went.'" "I preached with much of the Redeemer's presence. Indeed, our Saviour kept the good wine 'till the last ;' he made our cup to overflow." "I was enabled to preach there with so much power,

that all must confess God was with us of a truth." "My mouth and heart were greatly opened in preaching." "Sunday was a day of the Son of man. The word was clothed with much power both for sinners and for saints." Such were some of his expressions in regard to the great secret of his success. He had power divine, power obtained by wrestling with the angel of the covenant. "Had he been less prayerful he would have been less powerful. He was the prince of preachers *without* the vail, because he was a Jacob 'within the vail.' His face shone when he came down from the mount, because he had been long alone with God upon the mount. It was this which won for him the title 'Seraphic,' not in the scholastic but in the angelic sense of the term. But he was a human seraph, and thus burnt out in the blaze of his own fire. He was so often at the throne, and always so near it, that, like the apocalyptic angel, he came down 'clothed with its rainbow.'"*

Whitefield was wholly devoted to his work from the time the Bishop laid his hands on his head till he triumphantly finished his course and went up to receive his well-earned crown. He had one all-absorbing, all-engrossing object before him, and he made every thing bend to it, as is evinced by his enthusiastic exclamations: "O for more bodies, more tongues, more lives, to be employed in the service of my Master!" "O that I could fly from pole to pole, preaching the everlasting Gospel!"

* Philip's Life and Times of Whitefield.

“Fain would I spend and be spent for the good of souls.” “It is my meat and my drink.” “Had I a thousand lives the Lord Jesus should have them all!” “O that I may die, and drop in my blessed Master’s work!” “I am determined, in his strength, to die fighting, and to go on till I drop!” “I hope to die in the pulpit, or soon after I come out of it!” “The pleasure I have had this week in preaching the Gospel I would not part with for ten thousand worlds!”

Preaching with him was no mere profession, nor did he enter the priest’s office for a piece of bread. The pulpit he called his throne, and preaching his delightful work. He said there was “nothing like keeping the wheels oiled by action. The more we do the more we may do; every act strengthens the habit, and the best preparation for preaching on Sunday is to preach every day in the week.”

The following description of Whitefield and his eloquence, taken from the *New York Observer*, is so graphic we take great pleasure in transcribing it:

“The name of Whitefield is stereotyped on the popular mind as the representative of that highest of arts, pulpit eloquence; so that to say that a preacher is as eloquent as Whitefield would be regarded as extravagant as to say that a senator was as eloquent as Demosthenes. And yet strange it is that no biographer or writer, in his day or ours, has given a just and true portraiture of this unequalled preacher. We read his printed sermons, and they disappoint us. We say to our-

elves, These are not great sermons, nor apparently eloquent ones. We wonder how it was that their utterance, even by his fire-touched lips, could have so entranced listening thousands. But the truth is Whitefield wrote these sermons on his voyages across the Atlantic, amid the noise and uproar of sea-life, and in the absence of those stirring sympathies which were kindled in the crowded audiences of Tottenham Court. They cannot give one, therefore, a just idea of the preacher. It would be about as absurd to judge of his eloquence by these specimens as it would be to judge of the spirit and fire of a war-horse on the battle-field by seeing him leisurely walked over the parade-ground.

“Of all men in the world, Whitefield was the last who should have published his sermons. So much did he owe to physical temperament, to the volume and varied intonations of his voice, to the irrepressible fires of a soul all alive to the grand and overpowering visions of divine truth, to a sort of inspiration kindled by the sight of thousands whose eyes were ready to weep and whose hearts were ready to break the moment his clarion voice rang out on their expectant ears—so much did he owe to these circumstances that his eloquence cannot be appreciated by any account of it which can be given verbally, or be delineated on paper. Vain is it, therefore, to look into his printed sermons to find his power.

“Whitefield’s eloquence grew out of many circumstances, all of which cannot be explored any

more than we can trace the mysterious sources of the rapid, full-flowing, and fertilizing Nile. There was a histrionic vein in his very boyhood. The play of his passions even then was wonderful. As he grew to manhood these qualities ripened unconsciously into strength ; and so gifted was he at the very outset of his public life that had he chosen the stage instead of the pulpit, Garrick might have found a competitor whose genius would have eclipsed, if not utterly extinguished, his own. Such is said to have been the admission of that celebrated tragedian after listening to one of Whitefield's sermons.

“ Without being handsome, Whitefield's face was a speaking one. It was a luminous medium of the passions. The bright or the dark, the lurid cloud and the calm sunshine, made themselves known, not only in the voice and the gesture, but especially in the ever-varying expressions of the eloquent countenance. The writer, who has sought to obtain from every possible source traditionary facts concerning this matchless preacher, once heard a very old man say that when he was listening to Whitefield he was spellbound, and could scarcely tell by what means the magic power was so potent over him. After some questioning, the old man said he believed it was owing to his voice in part, but more to his expressive face. That face, said he, was like a canvas, and the preacher painted on it every passion that stirs in the human breast. It was at one moment terrific, as if all the furies were enthroned on that dark brow ; and the

next, as by a dissolving view, there would come forth an angelic sweetness that savored of heaven itself. His eyes, upturned, seemed to the beholder to penetrate the very throne of God. He saw, so it would seem, the celestial host. He addressed Gabriel, as if familiar with that bright archangel. He bade him suspend his flight and receive the news, and bear it upward, that one more sinner had repented. Who but Whitefield would have dared the almost impossible rhetorical experiment? Who would have ventured to cry out ‘Stop, Gabriel, stop?’ But it was done by him, and as naturally as if the vision were real, and as if Gabriel folded his wings at the preacher’s call, and received the joyful message. And when, too, he took the sinner to the judgment-seat, tried him by God’s unerring law, brought him in guilty, and then, with moistened eyes and a heart burning with pity, put on the cap of condemnation, and proceeded, with choking utterance, to pronounce sentence, while the audience were melted to tears—when all this was done, not as an actor would do it, but in the faith of a real prospective scene, and with unutterable sorrow of soul, as speaking under God’s high sanction—how intensely moved and excited must the audience have been!

“It was no affectation when his tears fell like rain. It was for no rhetorical effect that he threw himself into these impassioned expostulations with his careless and impenitent hearers. Whitefield never played a part. His boldest and most original pulpit efforts were the natural efflux of a soul

which knew no selfish impulse, but which beat with sincere love to lost men. It was not *Whitefield*, but *Christ*, that he was thinking of. It was not to attract admiration upon himself, but to draw all men to the Saviour, that he thus spake. His eloquence was kindled at the cross, and displayed its grandest features when redemption by that cross was its mighty theme.

“His personal appearance, judging from what is considered the best engraved likeness, is not calculated to impress us either with great intellectual force or a graceful exterior. That wig of huge dimensions, covering and concealing the higher and more striking lineaments of the forehead; the upraised hands, a most awkward thing in a picture, though a most impressive one to witness; his eyes, so small, with a decided cast in one of them, render this likeness any thing but consonant with our preconceived notions of the ‘seraphic man.’ But while in person he was not among the most majestic or the most attractive, all defects were instantly lost sight of the moment that eloquent voice began to peal out its unrivaled music. The term ‘seraphic’ was not given to him for his exterior grace or his symmetrical features. It was the spirit within him, shining through and illuminating those features, until the audience, hushed or excited, were ready to doubt if the speaker were a man or an angel! His burning eloquence seemed to the listener as properly symbolizing the responsive cry, one to another, of the glowing seraphim.

“The eloquence of Whitefield, by the concurrent testimony of those with whom the writer in younger days conversed, including one venerable divine, was owing, as in most other similar cases, to a combination of qualities rather than to any single excellence. The great foundation of it all lay in a soul of intense emotions stirred to its very depths by the power of religion. He was a consecrated man from the first. It was a full, joyful, and cordial surrender of all his powers and affections to Christ, and to the love of souls for Christ’s sake. He counted every thing but loss for him. His love was the grand impulsive power in all his journeys, his labors, his self-denials, and his aims. In this respect he came nearer than any modern preacher we know of to ‘the great Apostle of the Gentiles.’

“This burning zeal for Christ found expression in the gesture, the countenance, and the voice. These were the electric wires through which the fiery current within flowed down in startling shocks or melting influences upon thousands. In gesture no man ever excelled, perhaps none ever equaled him. These gestures were unstudied, and so gave the greater emphasis to his utterance. A single movement of his finger, with the accompanying expression of his face, would thrill an audience or dissolve them in tears. His face, radiant with the light from heaven, which he had caught on the mount of communion, begat an immediate sympathy as all eyes were riveted upon it. A countenance will thus affect us, as we all know. How

often have we felt its power ere a word was spoken ! But O, when that face began to throw off from its lustrous surface the rays of divine intelligence, and when tears and smiles alternated as the subject was pensive or joyful, how did the audience, with responsive sympathy, weep or rejoice under the eloquent preacher ! But the voice ! What shall we say of *that* ? It was such as man is seldom gifted with. It could be heard distinctly, on a clear, still evening, for a mile. It was smooth, variable, and could express the gentlest emotions. It was capable, also, of swelling into thunder peals, and then every ear tingled and every heart trembled. If the organ of some great cathedral had the power to speak, and could express the finest and most tender sentiments from its delicate pipes, and roll forth majestic thoughts on its largest ones, it would give some idea of Whitefield's variable and powerful tones.

“ Whitefield's power as a pulpit orator cannot be separated from his pious emotions, nor from his religious views. Had he embraced a theory of religion less emotional, more after the pattern of rationalists or ritualists, his eloquence would have been lost to the world. Never would his soul so have taken fire, nor his lips glowed with the burning coal of enthusiastic passion. But he believed in man's ruin by sin, in the certain interminable woe that awaited the impenitent ; in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and the free offer of salvation through faith in the cross. Such were his views, and under this conviction he looked upon

his audiences. He saw but one hope set before them, and with his whole soul moved and melted by the love of Christ on the one hand, and the love of souls on the other, he pressed every hearer, with all the energy of a dying man speaking to dying men, to accept the great salvation. Nor do we think that the pulpit can reach its appropriate power, nor for any length of time retain it, unless these grand cardinal doctrines of grace are the inspiring themes.

“The eloquence of Whitefield never waned. It was greater if possible at fifty than at thirty. It never was more impressive or powerful than just before the silence of death suddenly settled upon his lips; and his last efforts in the pulpit partook so much of a heavenly inspiration that some regarded them as the preparatory vibrations of that golden harp upon which he was to swell forever the high notes of redemption.”

Mr. Whitefield often quoted Thomas Betterton, the famous English actor who for many years bore away the palm from all his competitors. Betterton affirmed that the stage would soon be deserted if the actors upon it spoke like the preachers. “Mr. Betterton’s answer to a worthy prelate,” said Mr. Whitefield, “is worthy of lasting regard. When asked how it was that the clergy, who speak of things *real*, affected the people so little, and the players, who speak of things *imaginary*, affected them so much, replied, ‘My Lord, I can assign but one reason: We players speak of things imaginary as real, and too many of the

clergy speak of things real as though they were imaginary.’”

The favorite maxim of Whitefield was to “preach as Apelles painted—for *eternity*.” He was first struck with this maxim when a young man at the table of Archbishop Boulter in Ireland, where the great Doctor Delany said to him, “I wish, whenever I go into a pulpit, to look upon it as the last time I shall ever preach, or the last time the people may hear me.” Whitefield never forgot this remark. He often said, “Would ministers preach for eternity they would then act the part of true Christian orators, and not only calmly and coolly inform the understanding, but, by persuasive, pathetic address, endeavor to move the affections and warm the heart. To act otherwise bespeaks a *sad ignorance of human nature*, and such an inexcusable indolence and indifference in the preacher as must *constrain* the hearers to suspect, whether they so will or not, that the preacher, let him be who he will, *only deals in the false commerce of unfelt truth*.”

Much has been said and written concerning his printed sermons. It has been the custom to decry them, and they are seldom read. This shows that his eloquence consisted more in the manner than in the matter of his discourses. This is the case with many public speakers. It was so with Summerfield, Bascom, and others. Some of his sermons were taken down in short-hand; others were hastily written by himself while crossing the Atlantic. Some are tame, but others eloquent, and

in their application powerful. They have not the beauty of Robert Hall, the strength of Chalmers, the massiveness of Edwards, the elegance of Dwight, the splendor of Melville, the gorgeousness of Richard Winter Hamilton, nor the logic of the Wesleys; yet they have been admired by many, and the reading of them has produced powerful effects. The reading of Whitefield's sermon on "What think ye of Christ?" was the means of the conversion of the Rev. James Hervey. Reading his sermons led Andrew Kinsman to Christ, and he afterward became a distinguished minister. He was awakened while reading Mr. Whitefield's sermon on the New Birth. He then read them in his father's family, a number of whom were thereby converted.

We will name but one more instance of the effects produced by the reading of these sermons. Samuel Morris, a resident of Virginia, having obtained a copy of Whitefield's sermons, which he read with great profit to himself, and feeling desirous that others should be similarly benefited, invited his neighbors to his house to hear them read; the result was that an extraordinary religious interest was created. Multitudes thronged to hear them, till at length the interest became so great that they erected a meeting-house for mere reading. Melting scenes followed, and sinners were awakened and converted. The people "could not keep from crying out and weeping bitterly" during the readings. Mr. Morris, being invited to visit other localities with his volume of

sermons, did so, and the awakening extended to several towns. Four chapels were built, and several societies organized in the neighborhood of Hanover, all resulting from the reading of these sermons.

This volume of sermons, read by Morris, founded the Presbyterian Church in Virginia, no dissenting minister having prior to that time settled in the colony. Mr. Whitefield gives a full account of it in one of his letters.

It might be supposed we were overrating his powers as a preacher, and overestimating him as a pulpit orator. Not so: we have not exaggerated at all, but have come far short of doing him justice. It would take another Whitefield to do justice to Whitefield. Had you heard him you would say the half had not been told you.

We might adduce hosts of witnesses to testify to his superior powers as a pulpit orator, such as Franklin, Lord Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Hume, and others from the fashionable and the literary world, as well as noted actors like Garrick, Shuter, and others. We will, however, notice the testimony of a few who were no mean judges of pulpit oratory:

Augustus Toplady calls him the "prince of preachers." John Newton, the friend of Cowper, said, "As a preacher, if any man were to ask me who was the second best I had ever heard I should be at some loss; but in regard to the first, Mr. Whitefield so far exceeds every other man of my time that I should be at none. He was the

original of popular preaching, and all our popular ministers are only his copies."

Hervey, Doddridge, Watts, and Venn acknowledge his talents as a pulpit orator, as did also many of the divines in America. John Wesley testified to his superior abilities as a pulpit orator. He says, "Mr. Whitefield in his public labors has for many years astonished the world with his eloquence and devotion. . . . He speaks from the heart with a fervency of zeal perhaps unequalled since the days of the Apostles, adorning the truths he delivered with the most graceful charms of rhetoric and oratory. From the pulpit he was unrivaled in the command of an over-crowded oratory."

"Whitefield was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the Gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all. With a full and beaming countenance, and the frank and easy port which the English people love—for it is the symbol of honest purpose and friendly assurance—he combined a voice of rich compass, which could equally thrill over Moorfields in musical thunder, or whisper its terrible secret in every private ear; and to this gainly aspect and tuneful voice he added a most expressive and eloquent action. Improved by conscientious practice, and instinct with

his earnest nature, this elocution was the acted sermon, and by its pantomimic portrait enabled the eye to anticipate each rapid utterance, and helped the memory to treasure up the palpable ideas.

“None ever used so boldly, nor with more success, the highest styles of impersonation. His ‘Hark! hark!’ could conjure up Gethsemane with its faltering moan, and wake again the cry of horror-stricken innocence; and an apostrophe to Peter on the Holy Mount would light up another Tabor, and drown it in glory from the opening heaven. His thoughts were possessions, and his feelings were transformations; and if he spake because he felt, his hearers understood because they saw. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. But the glory of Whitefield’s preaching was its heart-kindled and heart-melting Gospel. But for this all his bold strokes and brilliant surprises might have been no better than the rhetorical triumphs of Kirwan and other pulpit dramatists. Indeed so simple was his nature that, glory to God and good-will to man having filled it, there was room for little more. Having no Church to found, no family to enrich, and no memory to immortalize, he was the mere ambassador of God; and inspired with its genial, piteous spirit—so full of heaven reconciled and humanity restored—he soon himself became a liv-

ing Gospel. Radiant with its benignity, and trembling with its tenderness, by a sort of spiritual induction a vast audience would speedily be brought into a frame of mind the transfusing of his own, and the white furrows on their sooty faces told that Kingswood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume bespoke its elegant wearer's deep emotion. And, coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of accepted prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralyzed hostility, and a self-possession which only made him, amid uproar and fury, the more sublime. With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's-cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanize the brick-bat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission and shame-faced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair; while a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture would disclose to awe-stricken hundreds the forgotten verities of another world, or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. 'I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart,' was a sort of confession with which he was familiar; and to see the deaf old gentlewoman, who used to mutter imprecations at him as he passed along the street, clambering up the pulpit stairs to catch his angelic words, was a sort of spectacle which the triumphant Gospel often witnessed in his day. And when it is known that his voice could be heard by twenty thousand, and that, ranging all the empire, as well as Ameri-

ca, he would often preach thrice on a working-day, and that he has received in one week as many as a thousand letters from persons awakened by his sermons, if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry, some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness."*

The portrait of the faithful minister drawn by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village" is a good picture of Whitefield:

"Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tries each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Cowper says of Whitefield:

"Paul's love of Christ and steadiness unbribed,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed;
He followed Paul,—his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same.
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he labored, and like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went."

Dr. Stevens speaks of Whitefield's "wonderful power," his "unrivalled power." He says, "White-

* Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.

field was a man of no great intelligence, and of less learning, but of unquestionable genius; perhaps the greatest known, in the greatest or at least the rarest power of genius—eloquence.”* Again, “He has the grand distinction of having traveled more extensively for the Gospel, preached it oftener, and preached it more eloquently, than any other man, ancient or modern, within the same limits of life. A nobler eulogy could not crown his memory.” †

Whitefield and Wesley are often named together in histories and biographies, and we wonder not they were so identified, their early history being so blended the one with the other that, like the colors of the rainbow, you cannot name the one without introducing the other. They were both members and ministers of the Church of England; both belonged to the “Holy Club,” the original Methodists; both were early identified with field preaching, though the honor of introducing it belonged to Mr. Whitefield; they were both missionaries to America; both were itinerant evangelists; both preached and prayed extemporaneously; both were reformers, and promoted the great revival of experimental Christianity which awoke the slumbering energies of the Church and blessed the world.

Whitefield and Wesley were originally Arminians; afterward they differed on theological subjects, Whitefield becoming a Calvinist, and Wesley remaining an Arminian. There were points

* History of Methodism, vol. i, p. 468.

† Ibid., p. 480.

of dissimilarity between them. It has been well said, "Whitefield was a summer cloud, which burst at morning or noon in fragrant exhilaration over an ample tract, and took the rest of the day to gather up again. Wesley was the polished conduit in the midst of the garden through which the living water glided in pearly brightness and perennial music, the same vivid stream from day day. Whitefield was like the powder-blast in the quarry, and would by one explosive sermon shake a district, and detach materials for other men's long work—deft, neat, and painstaking. Wesley loved to split and trim each fragment into uniform plinths and polished stones. Whitefield had no patience for ecclesiastical polity, no adaptation for pastoral details. With a beaver-like propensity for building, Wesley was always constructing societies, and, with king-like craft of ruling, was most at home when presiding over a class or a Conference."* There were also other points of dissimilarity. Whitefield was not distinguished for greatness of intellect or soundness of judgment; Wesley had an intellect of a superior order, and a judgment of peculiar strength. Whitefield was not a superior scholar; Wesley was distinguished for his learning. Whitefield was not great as a theologian; Wesley was a profound one. Whitefield was not an able controversialist—he had no taste for controversy; Wesley here excelled. Whitefield was more of a declaimer; Wesley was a profound logician.

* North British Review.

In eloquence Mr. Whitefield was greatly superior to Wesley, though Mr. Wesley was no mean orator. Whitefield's eloquence was often like Niagara pouring forth its mighty tide of waters, or like the anthem of old ocean; Wesley's like the gentle, flowing stream, or the silvery lake, whose clear waters reflect the beauty and tranquillity of the skies. There was a difference also in regard to the result of their labors. Whitefield did not organize and form societies; Mr. Wesley did. Whitefield would cut down the grain and then leave it to molder; Wesley would not only cut it down and bind it into sheaves, but would also gather it into the granary. The work of Whitefield is comparatively circumscribed; that of Wesley is extending with every rising sun and every waning moon. Whitefield died comparatively young; Wesley lived to a good old age ere

“The weary wheels of life stood still.”

It is seldom one man is endowed with many extraordinary gifts. Mr. Whitefield was not remarkable for superior strength of intellect, soundness of judgment, ripe scholarship, nor as a logician or writer. There have been men who excelled him in all these respects, yet he was the imperial pulpit orator. By universal consent mankind have assigned to him the first rank in pulpit eloquence. This is no mean position when we remember the Church has enrolled on her calendar the names of many very eloquent divines, such as Massillon and Saurin, Chalmers and Hall, Brad-

burn and Newton, Mason and Griffin, Summerfield and Bascom, and other immortal names that cannot die.

Whitefield's pre-eminence as a pulpit orator is universally acknowledged. He stands alone without a superior, without an equal; like Saul of old, towering head and shoulders above his fellows; occupying a similar place among pulpit orators to that which Luther does among reformers, Shakespeare and Milton among poets, Michael Angelo among sculptors, Raphael among painters, Haydn and Handel in music, and Newton in astronomy. He rises above other pulpit orators like the lofty tower above some noble edifice. To leave out George Whitefield from among pulpit orators would be like a performance of the tragedy of Hamlet with the character of the Prince of Denmark omitted; like leaving out the name of Washington from our Revolutionary history, or obliterating the sun from the solar system.

There is but one sun in the heavens—Apollo, king of day—though there are hosts of lesser lights; there is but one Niagara in all the universe—king of cataracts, prince of waterfalls—though there are many cascades; so there have been many splendid pulpit orators, but Whitefield stands unrivaled.

We judge of the powers of an orator by the effects produced by his eloquence. Now he who could draw tears from eyes unused to weep, and empty pockets that seldom gave; that could secure the admiration of polite, select audiences, and the attention of scores of thousands in the open fields;

he who could secure the attention of the cool, philosophic Franklin, of the polite Chesterfield, of such skeptics as Hume and Bolingbroke; he who charmed, moved, thrilled, and melted multitudes all over the world, must surely have possessed unrivaled powers of oratory. It might be said with truth concerning him, "Never man spake like this man."

We have often heard and read of "young Whitefields," "modern Whitefields," and of "the French Whitefields;" but this is all a mistake. When the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof arrived, and Whitefield stepped in and was borne away to the everlasting hills, many exclaimed, "My father! my father!" but none have ever caught his mantle; he must have taken it with him, for he has had no successor. Of a truth, it may be said of Whitefield as John Dryden said of Shakspeare,

"Whitefield's magic could not copied be;
Within the circle none dare walk but he."

The results of his labors were wonderful. In every place the seals of his ministry were numerous. The results of his labors were seen and felt in all the Churches in Great Britain and America. He was the means of the conversion of many who became preachers of the Gospel, bright and shining lights in the Church, some of them stars of the first magnitude. In America he greatly benefited Samuel Hopkins, and David Brainerd, the distinguished missionary to the Indians, as well as hosts of others, whose names are embalmed in the heart

of the Church. In England the elegant James Hervey, the eloquent Augustus Toplady, the gifted Robert. Robinson, the poetical Thomas Olivers, Thomas Rankin, Wesley's early missionary to America, and John Nelson, the heroic warrior, together with such flaming heralds of the cross as Andrew Kinsman, Henry Tappen, Captain Scott, Captain Joss, and many others, were either his spiritual sons, or were wonderfully profited by his ministry, so very successful was he in raising up standard-bearers for the army of King Immanuel, who could lead on the sacramental hosts to glory and to victory.

Earth hath no scales with which to weigh, and no arithmetic with which to calculate, the stupendous influence he is still exerting. For "being dead he yet speaketh," and he will speak till the last page in the world's history shall have been written, and the angel shall announce that "Time is no longer!"

Whitefield was ever busily engaged in his Master's work. He heard a voice constantly ringing in his ear the command, "Occupy till I come!" expecting soon to hear the same voice say, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou shalt be no longer steward." His motto was, "No nestling on this side eternity." At one time he writes, "Lord, when thou seest me in danger of nestling, in tender pity put a *thorn* into my nest to prevent my doing it;" and again, "I am determined to go on till I *drop*; to die fighting, though it be on my *stumps*." Here was Christian chivalry, genuine

heroism worthy of Paul. His language seemed to be,

“My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground! Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stoop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account.”

In September, 1769, Mr. Whitefield started on his last voyage for America, this being his thirteenth trip across the Atlantic. On his arrival he was delighted to find Bethesda (the orphan house) in a state of unparalleled prosperity. “I am happier,” he wrote, “than words can express. O Bethesda! my Bethel! my Peniel! my happiness is inconceivable.” But he could not long rest there, for “all must give place to Gospel ranging—divine employ,” and soon he commenced his northern journey. On the morning of his departure he wrote these memorable words: “This will prove a sacred year for me at the day of judgment. Halleluia! come, Lord, come!” How prophetic! He was exceeding happy during his final and triumphant tour. He wrote to England, “Halleluia! halleluia! let chapel, tabernacle, heaven and earth resound with halleluia! I can no more; my heart is too big to speak or add more.” To his early and life-time friend, Charles Wesley, he wrote thus: “I can sit down and cry, ‘What hath God wrought!’ My bodily health is much im-

proved, and my soul is on the wing for another Gospel range. Unutterable love! I am lost in wonder and amazement." Never was he in a happier frame of mind, never did his soul exult more triumphantly, never did his path shine brighter, never did his heart beat warmer, never were his joys greater, or his prospects more brilliant. To him Paradise was regained, Eden's long-lost glories restored. He was in the land of Beulah, where the sun shines day and night, where the birds sing, and flowers perennial bloom.

His last Gospel range was one of great success. His march was like that of an illustrious conqueror. He added victory to victory, triumph to triumph. We have not time to follow him to the "City of Brotherly Love," where he was warmly received, and where thrilling scenes transpired; nor to New York, where his congregations were larger than ever, and where crowds thronged to listen with wonder and delight to his soul-stirring eloquence; nor to Albany, Schenectady, and other places which he visited, and where he was hailed as an angel from God. Delighted in looking at the immense fields already white unto harvest, he wrote, "O, what new scenes of usefulness are opening in various points of this New World!" How true! The scenes have opened. What open doors have been entered! How the wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose! What he saw in the future we have realized. What to him was prophecy to us is history.

The last entry he made in his journal relates to this tour: "I heard afterward that the word ran and was glorified. Grace! grace!" He had preached on the coffin of a criminal under the gallows, and he concludes his diary thus: "Solemn! solemn! effectual good I hope was done. Grace! grace!" What a beautiful conclusion! What a sublime climax! The termination is worthy of the immortal Whitefield, who here lays aside the pen forever. His journals are complete, as soon will be his life. We are approaching its termination, and O, how the interest is heightened!

At Boston he was received with open arms, and crowds attended his ministry, receiving the word with eagerness. He then went to Portsmouth, preaching there and in the vicinity six times.

In the midst of these enthusiastic labors he had been told that he ought not preach so often, to which he responded, "I would sooner wear out than rust out;" and now his overtaxed energies were about giving way under the terrible strain to which for years they had been subjected.

His last sermon was delivered in the open air at Exeter, the 29th of September. Before preaching some one said to him, "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach." "True, sir," replied Mr. Whitefield; then, turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and, looking up, said, "Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go on and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, then go home and die."

His last text was from 2 Cor. xiii, 5 : " Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith ; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates ? " A reverend old gentleman thus described the impressions made upon his mind by what he saw and heard of this mighty apostle on this his last appearance in public. " The subject of his remarks was ' Faith and Works. ' He rose up sluggishly and wearily, as if worn down and exhausted by his stupendous labors. His face seemed bloated, his voice hoarse, his enunciation heavy, as the breaking up of the waters. Sentence after sentence was thrown off in rough, disjointed portions, without much regard to point or beauty ; at length his mind kindled over a single idea, and an explosion of his lion-like voice roared to the extremities of the audience. He was speaking of the inefficiency of works to merit salvation, and he suddenly cried out in a tone of thunder, '*Works ! works ! a man get to heaven by works ! I would as soon think of climbing up to the moon on a rope of sand !*' But the thunder of that fearful voice could not long be sustained ; he soon flagged, and deep, sepulchral hoarseness succeeded. He was an old, worn-out veteran, whose armor had rusted in the war, and the dews of the tented field were heavy and chill upon his brow."

Pale and almost dying, Whitefield then uttered one of the most eloquent and pathetic passages that had ever fallen from his lips even in his palmiest days : "*I go,*" said he, "*to my everlasting*

rest. My sun has risen, shone, and is setting—nay, it is about to rise and shine forever. I have not lived in vain. And though I could live to preach Christ a thousand years, I die to be with him, which is far better.” How beautiful, how surpassingly beautiful, considering the circumstances attending their utterance, were these words! How true! His sun had risen, yea, had risen in beauty and surpassing grandeur; had shone full-orbed in its meridian glory—its beams illuming with their heavenly radiance the dark abodes of sin—and, while leaving rays of glorious light behind, was now setting in cloudless splendor to rise where “the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.”

The sermon was two hours in length. “It was an effort of stupendous eloquence—*his last field triumph*; the last of that series of mighty sermons which had been resounding like trumpet blasts for thirty-four years over England and America.”*

That afternoon he returned to Newburyport with his old friend, Rev. Mr. Parsons, at whose house he died. This was Saturday, and Mr. Whitefield was to preach there on the Sabbath. Crowds gathered to hear him that evening. After stating that he could not say a word, he took a candle and left for bed. Feeling the worth of souls, and seeing the number who were hungering for the word of life, he paused on the stairs and delivered to them an exhortation of powerful eloquence and melting pathos. His voice was

* Dr. Stevens's History of Methodism, vol. i, p. 446.

musical, the audience were melted, and tears flowed freely. He talked on until *the candle he was holding in his hand burned away and went out in its socket.* The old warrior had now fought his last battle, the old sword that he had wielded so successfully was returned to its scabbard. He had said, "O that I may one day be lifted from the pulpit to the throne!" and again, "O that the prison-doors were set open, and the bird suffered to fly out of the cage; then would I fly to heaven, and upon one of the boughs of free grace sing the praises of redeeming love forever!" That long-wished-for hour was at hand; his fondest hopes about to be realized.

In the night his asthma, with which he for a long time had been seriously troubled, came on, and he wished to have the window raised. He said, "I cannot breathe, but I hope I shall be better by and by; a good pulpit-sweat to-day may give me relief; I shall be better after preaching." But the old hero of a thousand battle-fields could no longer wield the "sword of the Spirit," nor again, with clarion tones, range in embattled front the soldiers of the cross. He then sat up in bed, and, having already preached his last sermon and delivered his last exhortation, he now offered up his last prayer, and then laid himself down to sleep again. This was about three o'clock. A little before four he said, "My asthma, my asthma is coming on." He grew worse. He got out of the bed and went to the window for air. Soon after he said, "*I am dying.*" The doctor was sent for, medicine was

given him, but all in vain; again he said, "*I am dying.*" At six o'clock on Sabbath morning, September 30, 1770, just as the sun was rising in the east, the brilliancy of an eternal day burst upon his enraptured vision. He had long prayed for and desired to close his earthly career suddenly, not only because it would save him "the pains, the groans, the dying strife," but because "sudden death would be sudden glory."

His death was a translation like Enoch's, like Elijah's; though no chariot of fire and horsemen appeared, yet angels were there and whispered,

"Sister spirit, come away."

Like a warrior, he died "with his harness on," covered with scars, and loaded with honors.

Thus passed from earth the greatest pulpit orator since the days of Apollos, and one of the greatest evangelists that ever adorned the Church or blessed the world. No wonder there was mourning not only at Newburyport, but throughout America and the Old World. Thousands attended his funeral, and the procession was over a mile in length. Many were there who felt like Rev. Daniel Rogers, one of Mr. Whitefield's spiritual children, who, in offering the prayer at the funeral, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Mr. Whitefield had requested, should he die in America, to be buried in front of the pulpit of the Federal-street Presbyterian Church in New-

buryport. His desire was complied with ; a vault was dug, and devout men laid him quietly to rest, embalmed by the tears of the wise and the good. There sleeps, in hope of a glorious resurrection, the evangelist of the world, one of the ministers of a new Gospel era, one who could not be confined by parish lines, but who considered the world as his parish and the universe as his diocese. There is no name more fragrant than Whitefield's, none more enduring. Earth holds no dust more sacred than his ; around no other sepulcher do higher and holier interests cluster. Many make pilgrimages to the venerable church edifice under whose pulpit he is sleeping, and look with reverence upon the hallowed remains of the Prince of Pulpit Orators, whose spirit has been a hundred years with God.

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



“Go to him! He is not without foibles, versed in much strange knowledge, and familiar with the intricacies of the heart. You’ll live long and go far ere you find such another.”

ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

WE purpose giving the history of the Prince of Pulpit Orators more fully in the pages that follow, and to illustrate his character and his great oratorical powers by *anecdotes* and incidents, with which his life abounded. A more inviting field no man ever entered; a richer harvest no man ever garnered.

These incidents have all the charms of fiction, and at the same time all the weight of truth, and form an anecdotal history of Whitefield and his contemporaries, among whom were Lady Huntingdon and her noble friends Lords Chesterfield and Bolingbroke; also Dr. Johnson, David Hume, and Benjamin Franklin; and distinguished actors, such as Garrick, Shuter, and Foote, as well as many eminent divines, both of Europe and America.

The reader will find himself among soldiers and sailors, among the learned and the ignorant; with the select few who were of reputation, and in the presence of immense multitudes who with upturned faces hung in silent wonder upon the eloquent words uttered by him who moved the masses as the leaves are moved by the summer breeze.

In furnishing these anecdotes and incidents we are following Whitefield's example, for no one ever abounded more in illustrative anecdotes and incidents than did he, introducing them, as he did,

in his sermons, letters, and controversial works with great power and effect. These anecdotes and incidents are rich and instructive; some of them will excite wonder and admiration; others, pity and contempt; others, smiles and tears. Some are concerning his boyhood and youth; others, his manhood, when in his palmy days; still others, concerning him when the "almond-tree" flourished, and the "strong man bowed himself," and the shadows of a long evening were gathering around him.



Boyish Tricks.

For most of readers anecdotes of the boyhood of great men have a peculiar interest. This being the case with those connected with the early days of Washington, Bonaparte, Wesley, Adam Clarke, and others, they find highly delighted readers, who luxuriate among them. It is thus with the anecdotes of young Whitefield.

Many people delight in playing tricks upon others. To them might be used the language of the frog described in Æsop's fables to the boys who were stoning them, "This may be sport to you, but it is death to us." Young Whitefield was full of mischief in his early days; fun was the element in which he lived, moved, and had his being. He says, "Often have I joined with others in playing roguish tricks upon people, but was generally, if not always, happily detected, for which I have often since, and I do now, bless

and praise God." This propensity, so often indulged in, to raise a laugh at the expense of others, grows with a man's growth, strengthens with his strength, and ripens with his riper years. The exposure of young Whitefield's "tricks" completely cured him of a pernicious habit that would have been to himself a source of great trouble, as well as an annoyance to others.



The Young Spendthrift.

In very early life young Whitefield was a spendthrift; he was extravagant, and, worse than all, the money he spent was ill-gotten gain. The sooner a young lad can learn lessons of *honesty* and *economy* the better. With characteristic frankness he says, "I spent much money, improperly obtained from my mother, in cards, plays, and romances, which were my heart's delight." What a sad picture is this which he draws of himself in his boyish days! It may be true to life, horribly exact; but it is painful to contemplate. While we admire his honesty in thus describing himself, we deplore the profligacy in youth of one who, in after life, became so bright a light in the Christian world.



The Miniature Play-actor.

Young Whitefield, having a good memory and a graceful elocution, early acquired fame as a speaker. He was not only fond of reading plays,

but he spent considerable time in preparation for acting them with his school-fellows. His school-master, perceiving his propensity for the drama, as well as his great dramatic powers, prepared several pieces to be represented by him and his associates in the school, thus encouraging his habit. He also gained a great reputation as an orator, and was called upon to deliver addresses before the city corporation at their annual visitation of the school, by which he not only acquired fame, but also pecuniary rewards.

It may be thought that this early drilling and practice must have been especially beneficial to him in early developing his oratorical powers, and thus giving him the requisite confidence for success as a pulpit orator. He may have derived some benefit, but most likely much more of evil, from such exercises; for his great dramatic powers were for a time a snare to him, as the reader will see from Whitefield's own admissions on the subject. "I cannot," says he, "but observe here, with much concern of mind, how this way of training up youth has a natural tendency to debauch the mind, to raise ill passions, and to fill the memory with things as contrary to the Gospel of Christ as darkness is to light, as hell to heaven." Again he says, "I became acquainted with such a set of debauched, abandoned, atheistical youths, that if God, by his free, unmerited, and special grace, had not delivered me out of their hands, I should have sat in the scorner's chair and made mock of sin.

. . In short, I soon made great proficiency in the

school of the devil. I soon affected to look rakish, and was in a fair way of being as infamous as the worst of them." Miserable school for young Whitefield! Sad lessons, such as came near proving his ruin, did he learn there!

The Dream.

There can be no doubt but that undue importance has often been attached to dreams, though they are at times very significant. This was the case with Joseph and Pharaoh's dream, and with John Bunyan, who dreamed that the end of the world and the day of judgment had arrived; he thought the earth quaked, and opened her mouth to receive him. Once he dreamed that he was just dropping into the flames among the damned, and that a person in white raiment suddenly plucked him as a brand out of the fire. These dreams made impressions on his mind never to be forgotten, and perhaps inclined him many years after to publish that masterpiece of all his works, *Pilgrim's Progress*, under the similitude of a dream.

When George Whitefield was a school-boy sixteen years of age he dreamed that he was to see God on Mount Sinai. This made a deep impression upon his mind. He related it to a lady of his acquaintance, who interpreted it thus: "*George, this is a call from God!*" In this light he viewed it, for he says, "I grew more serious after the

dream." And in this instance, as is frequently the case, a dream had great influence in shaping the future destiny of the dreamer.

The Reproof.

About the time he had the dream just narrated, he one night, while going on an errand for his mother, had a very strong impression made upon him that he should soon preach the Gospel. When he returned home he innocently informed his mother how singularly his mind had thus been wrought upon, and, in connection with it, related his dream. But she had no more confidence in his dream than Jacob had in Joseph's, and no more confidence in his impression than she had in his dream. She gave him a look of reproof, and said to him with a tone of authority, "What does the boy mean? Prithee, hold thy tongue." He afterward said that he was "like Joseph, who had more honesty than policy, or he would never have related his dream."

The Profitable Visit.

George Whitefield and Charles Wesley are names that should be blended together—Wesley the poet, and Whitefield the orator.

Mr. Whitefield ever honored Charles Wesley as his spiritual father, and the love existing between them was like that of Jonathan and David. When Mr. Whitefield was at Oxford University he ad-

mired the conduct of John and Charles Wesley, and he was very anxious to form their acquaintance, and very strangely was the door opened to him.

There was a very poor woman in one of the work-houses who had attempted to commit suicide, but was prevented. Whitefield heard of it, and, knowing that both the Wesleys were good to the poor and kind to the suffering, he sent a poor old apple-woman of the college to inform Charles Wesley of the fact, at the same time charging her not to tell him who it was that had sent her; but she, disobeying the injunction, told him it was a young collegian by the name of Whitefield. Charles Wesley then sent an invitation by the woman, inviting Whitefield to breakfast with him the next morning. Whitefield says, "I thankfully embraced the opportunity; and, blessed be God! it was one of the most profitable visits I ever made in my life. My soul was at that time athirst for some spiritual friend to lift up my hands when they hung down, and to strengthen my feeble knees. He [Charles Wesley] soon discovered this, and, like a wise winner of souls, made all his discourse tend that way."



Whitefield and the Excellent Treatise.

Who can estimate the value of one good book! Charles Wesley lent Mr. Whitefield several books, among others, "The Life of God in the Soul of Man;" of which he says, "Though I had fasted,

watched, and prayed, and received the sacrament so long, yet I never knew what *true religion was* till God sent me that excellent treatise by the hand of my never-to-be-forgotten friend. At my first reading I wondered what the author meant by saying that ‘Some falsely placed religion in going to church, doing hurt to no one, being constant in the duties of the closet, and now and then reaching out their hands to give alms to their poor neighbors.’ Alas! thought I, if this be not religion what is? God soon showed me; for in reading, a few lines further on, that ‘true religion was a union of the soul with God and Christ formed within us,’ a ray of divine light was instantaneously darted in upon my soul, and from that moment, and not till then, did I know that I must be a new creature.” What a flood of light he obtained in regard to his duty! What an era in his history!



Whitefield's Conversion.

Whitefield had been groping for months in the darkness of despair, and his sufferings were intolerable. “Sin revived, and he died.” He says, “Though weak, I often spent two hours in my evening retirements, and prayed over my Greek Testament, and Bishop Hall’s most excellent ‘Contemplations.’” While thus engaged in searching the Scriptures, he discovered the true grounds of a sinner’s hope and justification. The testimony of God concerning his Son became “power unto

salvation." "I found and felt in myself," says he, "that I was delivered from the burden that had so heavily oppressed me. The spirit of mourning was taken from me, and I knew what it was truly to rejoice in God my Saviour. For some time I could not avoid singing psalms wherever I was; but my joy became gradually more settled. Thus were the days of my mourning ended; after a long night of desertion and temptation the star, which I had seen at a distance before, began to appear again—the day-star arose in my heart."

Such is the brief sketch of his conversion, which was not only an important era in his own history, but also in that of thousands who were converted to God under his ministry.



Whitefield and the College Master; or, the Rash Vow.

Whitefield, like the Wesleys, early began to visit the poor and the prisoners. "He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. The blessing of them who were ready to perish came upon him, for he was a father to the fatherless, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

He says, "I incurred the displeasure of the master of the college, who frequently chid, and once threatened to expel me if I ever visited the poor again. Being surprised by this treatment, and overawed by his authority, I spake unadvisedly with my lips, and said if it displeased him I would not. My conscience soon smote me for this sinful

compliance. I immediately repented, and visited the poor the first opportunity, and told my companions if ever I was called to a stake for Christ's sake I would serve my tongue as Archbishop Cranmer served his hand—make that burn first!" Nor were his efforts confined to private houses; he constantly visited the town jail to read and pray with the prisoners.



Whitefield and his Relatives.

When God converts a man his first business is to try to convert some one else. He has the missionary spirit at once. His language is,

“Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.”

Immediately after his conversion he exerted himself on behalf of his relations and friends at Gloucester. His discovery of the necessity of regeneration, like Melancthon's discovery of the truth, led him to imagine that no one could resist the evidence which convinced his own mind. He says, “Like the woman of Samaria when Christ revealed himself to her at the well, I had no rest in my soul till I wrote letters to my relations telling them there was such a thing as the new birth. I imagined they would have gladly received it; but, alas! my words seemed to them as idle tales. They thought I was getting beside myself.”

Whitefield and his First Converts.

Very early he had fruit. It was a harbinger of the glorious harvest that followed. He says, "Being unaccustomed for some time to live without spiritual companions, and finding none that would heartily join me—no, not one—I watched unto prayer all the day long, beseeching God to raise me some religious associates in his own way and time. 'I will endeavor,' said I, 'either to find or make a friend.'" Whitefield here acted on the principle that had once been suggested by a man to his friend John Wesley, "You must find companions or make them. The Bible knows nothing of a solitary religion." "It had been," says Whitefield, "my resolution now for some time, and therefore, after importunate prayer one day, I resolved to go to the house of one Mrs. W., to whom I had formerly read plays, Spectators, Pope's Homer, and such like trifling books; hoping the alteration she would now find in my sentiments might, under God, influence her soul. God was pleased to bless the visit with the desired effect; she received the Word gladly; she wanted to be taught the way of God more perfectly, and soon became 'a fool for Christ's sake.' Not long after God made me instrumental in awakening several young persons, who soon formed themselves into a little society, and had quickly the honor of being despised at Gloucester, as we had before been at Oxford. Thus all who would live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution."

Whitefield's Ordination.

There were serious difficulties in the way of his ordination, but they were singularly overcome or providentially overruled. We insert all pertaining to his ordination, written by his own hand. Never did a man enter upon the work of the ministry more reluctantly or more cautiously. Never did man realize the solemnity and importance of his ordination vows more than he. It was to him as solemn as his dying hour; as solemn as the judgment day. This gives us a key to his whole character, and it was the main-spring of all his actions, and the cause of his unparalleled success. We wonder not that carnal ministers, formal professors, sinners of the grosser sort, sinners of the fashionable sort, trembled under the torrents of eloquence he poured forth. No wonder he shook heaven, and brought salvation down; that he shook earth, and also the trembling gates of hell.

He could say, in the language of his friend Doddridge:

“O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

“High heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.”

During the latter part of Whitefield's residence in Gloucester, although “despised” by many, his

friends multiplied in spite of all the odium which his opinions and practice called forth. They became urgent for his immediate ordination, and solicitous to see him in a sphere worthy of his talents and zeal. But such were, now, his views of the ministry that he put a decided negative upon all their applications, intrenching his refusal in a resolution of the diocesans, "not to ordain any under twenty-three years of age." He was not yet twenty-one. This apparently insurmountable objection was, however, soon removed. He obtained, about this time, an introduction to Lady Selwyn, who had marked her approbation of him by a handsome present of money, and by an immediate application to the Bishop on his behalf. The character she seems to have given of him had its due weight with Dr. Benson. "As I was coming from the cathedral prayers," says Whitefield, "thinking of no such thing, one of the vergers called after me and said the Bishop desired to speak with me. I immediately turned back, considering within myself what I had done to deserve his lordship's displeasure. When I came to the top of the palace stairs, the Bishop took me by the hand, told me he was glad to see me, and bid me wait a little till he had put off his habit, and he would return to me again. This gave me an opportunity of praying to God for his assistance, and adoring him for his providence over me. At his coming again into the room, the Bishop told me that he had heard of my character, liked my behavior at church, and, inquiring my age, said, 'Notwithstanding I have

declared I would not ordain any one under three and twenty, yet I shall think it my duty to ordain you whenever you come for holy orders.' He then made me a present of five guineas to buy me a book." Thus was the chief external hinderance removed at once, and with it his hesitation vanished. "From the time I first entered the University," he continues, "especially from the time I knew what was true and undefiled Christianity, I entertained high thoughts of the importance of the ministerial office, and was not solicitous what place should be prepared for me, but how I should be prepared for a place. That saying of the apostle, 'Not a novice, lest, being puffed up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the evil;' and that first question of our excellent ordination office, 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and administration?' used even to make me tremble whenever I thought of entering into the ministry. The shyness of Moses and some other prophets, when God sent them out in a public capacity, I thought was sufficient to teach me not to run until I was called. He who knoweth the hearts of men is witness that I never prayed more earnestly against any thing than I did against entering into this service of the Church so soon. Oftentimes I have been in an agony in prayer when under convictions of my insufficiency for so great a work; with strong cries and tears I have frequently said, 'Lord, I am a youth of uncircumcised lips; Lord, send me not into thy vineyard yet.' And some-

times I had reason to think God was angry with me for resisting his will. However, I was resolved to pray thus as long as I could. If God did not grant my request in keeping me out of it, I knew his grace would be sufficient to support and strengthen me whenever he sent me into the ministry.

“To my prayers I added my endeavors, and wrote letters to my friends at Oxford, beseeching them to pray to God to disappoint my country friends, who were for my taking orders as soon as possible. Their answer was, ‘Pray we the Lord of the harvest to send thee and many more laborers into his harvest.’ Another old and worthy minister of Christ, when I wrote to him about the meaning of the word *novice*, answered, it meant a novice in grace and not in years; and he was pleased to add, if St. Paul were then at Gloucester he believed St. Paul would ordain me. All this did not satisfy me; I still continued instant in prayer against going into holy orders, and was not thoroughly convinced it was the divine will till God by his providence brought me acquainted with the Bishop of Gloucester.” “Before I came home the news had reached my friends, who, being fond of my having such a great man’s favor, were very solicitous to know the event of my visit. Many things I hid from them; but when they pressed me hard I was obliged to tell them how the Bishop, of his own accord, had offered to give me holy orders whenever I would. On which they, knowing how I had depended on the decla-

ration his lordship had made some time ago, said, and I then began to think myself, that if I held out any longer I should fight against God. At length I came to a resolution, by God's leave, to offer myself for holy orders the next Ember-days."

Having thus surmounted his difficulties, he proceeded at once to prepare himself for ordination. He had before satisfied himself of the truth of the Thirty-nine Articles by comparing them with the Scriptures; but it does not appear that the Prayer Book, as a whole, was submitted to the same test—he seems to have taken its truth for granted. This is the more remarkable because in every thing else he was conscientious.

"I strictly examined myself," says he, "by the qualifications required for a minister, in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, and also by every question that I knew would be put to me at the time of my ordination. This latter I drew out in writing at large, and sealed my approbation of it every Sunday at the blessed sacrament. At length, Trinity Sunday being near at hand, and having my testimonials from the college, I went, a fortnight beforehand, to Gloucester, intending to compose some sermons, and to give myself more particularly to prayer. When I came to Gloucester, notwithstanding I strove and prayed for several days, and had matter enough in my heart, yet I was so restrained that I could not compose any thing at all. I mentioned my case to a clergyman; he said I was an *enthusiast*. I wrote to another, who was experienced in the divine life; he gave me

some reasons why God might deal with me in that manner, and, withal, promised me his prayers. The remainder of the fortnight I spent in reading the several missions of the prophets and apostles, and wrestled with God to give me grace to follow their good examples.

“About three days before the time appointed for ordination the Bishop came to town. The next evening I sent his lordship an abstract of my private examination upon these two questions: ‘Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and administration?’ and, ‘Are you called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the laws of this realm?’ The next morning I waited upon the Bishop. He received me with much love, telling me he was glad I was come, and that he was satisfied with the preparation I had made. Upon this I took my leave, abashed with God’s goodness to such a wretch, but withal exceedingly rejoiced that in every circumstance he made my way into the ministry so very plain before my face. This, I think, was on Friday. The following day I continued in abstinence and prayer. In the evening I retired to a hill near the town and prayed fervently for about two hours on behalf of myself and those that were to be ordained with me. On Sunday morning I rose early, and prayed over St. Paul’s Epistle to Timothy, and more particularly over that precept, ‘Let no one despise thy youth.’ When I went up to the altar I could think of nothing but Samuel’s standing, a little

child, before the Lord, with a linen ephod. When the Bishop laid his hands upon my head my heart was melted down, and I offered up my whole spirit, soul, and body to the service of God's sanctuary. I read the Gospel, at the Bishop's command, with power, and afterward sealed the good confession I had made before many witnesses by partaking of the holy sacrament."

His feelings and views upon this solemn occasion are recorded still more forcibly in two letters to a friend. The first is so excellent that no apology is required for inserting it here entire :

"GLOUCESTER, *June 20, 1736.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND: This is a day much to be remembered, O my soul! for about noon I was solemnly admitted by good Bishop Benson, before many witnesses, into holy orders, and was, blessed be God! kept composed both before and after imposition of hands. I endeavored to behave with unaffected devotion, but not suitable enough to the greatness of the office I was to undertake. At the same time I trust I answered to every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say, Amen. I hope the good of souls will be my only principle of action. Let come what will—life or death, depth or height—I shall henceforward live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the Church. This I began with

reading prayers to the prisoners in the county jail. Whether I myself shall ever have the honor of styling myself 'a prisoner of the Lord' I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I can call heaven and earth to witness, that when the Bishop laid his hand upon me I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into his almighty hands, only I would have you observe, *that till you hear of my dying for or in my work you will not be apprised of all the preferment that is expected by*

“G. WHITEFIELD.”

“Perhaps,” says Philip, “no mind since the apostolic age has been more deeply affected, or suitably exercised, by ‘the laying on of hands’ than Whitefield’s was. A supernatural unction from the Holy One could hardly have produced greater moral effects. That high sense of responsibility, that singleness of heart, that entire and intense devotedness of soul, body, and spirit, which characterized the first ambassadors of Christ, seems revived in him. Accordingly, after reading the narrative of his ordination, we naturally expect from Whitefield a sort of apostolic career. This would be anticipated were we utterly ignorant of the result. After witnessing at the altar a spirit wound up to the highest pitch of ardor, throbbing and thrilling with strong emotions, and, like a renovated eagle, impatient to break away, we nat-

urally look for a corresponding swiftness of flight and width of sweep, and feel that we shall not be surprised by any thing which follows. His unbosomings of himself disclose in his heart a 'secret place of thunder' and 'a fountain of tears,' from which we expect alternate bursts of terror and tenderness—bolts of Sinai and dew of Hermon—and we shall not be disappointed."*



Whitefield's First Sermon.

Whitefield's first sermon was on the "The Necessity and Benefits of Religious Society" from the text "Two are better than one." He says that the next morning after he was ordained, while waiting upon God in prayer to know what he would have him do, the words, "Speak out, Paul," came with great power to his soul. "Immediately," says he, "my heart was enlarged, and I preached on the Sunday following to a very crowded audience with as much freedom as though I had been a preacher for some years." No wonder, for he had sought strength from on high, and could say with Paul, "God has not given unto us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." His own description of the sermon in a letter to a friend is very graphic, and best tells the story.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Glory, glory, glory be ascribed to an almighty triune God! Last Sun-

* Philip's Life and Times of Whitefield, p. 45.

day, in the afternoon, I preached my first sermon in the church of St. Mary De Crypt, where I was baptized, and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Curiosity, as you may easily guess, drew a large congregation together on the occasion. The sight at first a little awed me; but I was comforted by a heart-felt sense of the divine presence, and soon found the unspeakable advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners and poor people at their private houses while at the University. By these means I was kept from being daunted overmuch. As I proceeded I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amid a crowd of those who knew me in my infant, childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked, but most, for the present, seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint had been made to the Bishop that I drove fifteen mad by the first sermon. The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday. Before then I hope my sermon upon 'He that is in Christ is a new creature' will be completed. Blessed be God! I now find freedom in writing. Glorious Jesus,

'Unloose my stammering tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!'

Being thus engaged, I must hasten to subscribe myself,
G. WHITEFIELD."

Whitefield's Sermon and the Clergyman.

Whitefield, in speaking of his first sermon, says, "It was my intention to have had at least a hundred sermons with which to begin my ministry, but I had not a single one by me at the time, except one I had sent to a neighboring clergyman to convince him how unfit I was to take upon myself the important work of preaching. This sermon the clergyman retained a fortnight, and then returned with a guinea for the loan, telling me he had, by dividing it, preached it morning and evening to his congregation."



Whitefield, the Wesleys, and Georgia.

There can be no doubt but that the Wesleys were the means of George Whitefield first coming to America. Had it not been for them he might never have visited this country, nor ever have written his name all over the colonies. John and Charles Wesley were missionaries to Georgia, and, seeing the fields already white to harvest in the New World, invited and urged Whitefield to come over and thrust in the sickle. John Wesley wrote several letters to him, and in one of them he inquired, "Do you ask what you shall have? Food to eat, raiment to wear, a house to lay your head in such as your Lord had not, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away." On receiving the letter Whitefield says

his heart leaped within him and echoed to the call. Nobly he responded to it. It made an era in his history, in that of the Church, and in that of America.

The following extracts are from a poem addressed to Whitefield by Charles Wesley at the time :

“Servant of God, the summons hear ;
Thy Master calls—arise, obey !
The tokens of his will appear,
His providence points out the way.
* * * * *

“Champion of God, thy Lord proclaim ;
Jesus alone resolve to know :
Tread down thy foes in Jesus’ name ;
Go ! conquering and to conquer, go.

“Through racks and fires pursue thy way ;
Be mindful of a dying God ;
Finish thy course, and win the day ;
Look up, and seal the truth with blood !”

He also, in a poetic epistle addressed to Whitefield many years afterward, says :

“In a strange land I stood,
And beckoned thee to cross the Atlantic flood ;
With true affection winged, thy ready mind
Left country, fame, and ease and friends behind ;
And, eager all Heaven’s counsels to explore,
Flew through the wat’ry world and grasped the shore.”

The Wesleys returned to England, Mr. Whitefield taking their place. He at this time says in his journal, “I must labor most heartily since I

come after such worthy predecessors. The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people, and he has laid a foundation that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake. O that I may follow him as he followed Christ!"



Incidents Connected with Whitefield's First Voyage to America.

The latter end of December, 1737, Whitefield embarked for Georgia on board the ship *Whitcar*, though the vessel did not sail till the end of January, 1738.

ROUGH RECEPTION.

There was a curious mixture on board of soldiers and sailors. The captains of both, with the surgeon and cadets, treated him for a time as if he were an impostor, and to mark their contempt for him, turned the vessel into a gambling-house during the whole of the first Sabbath.

WHITEFIELD AND THE MILITARY CAPTAIN.

The military captain was quite haughty and overbearing. Whitefield had a peculiar dread of him; but by kindness and attention to his "red-coat parishioners" he made a fine impression upon the officers as well as upon the men. Having been invited to take coffee with the captain in his cabin, he went, and took the opportunity of saying that he thought it "a little *odd* to

preach and pray to the servants, and not to the master." This good-humored hint he followed up by proposing to read a collect now and then to him and the other gentlemen in the great cabin. At first the captain shook his head; but after a pause he said, "I think we may when we have *nothing else* to do." It was not long before the military captain, without being asked, requested that they might have public service and expounding twice a day in the great cabin.

WHITEFIELD AND THE SEA-CAPTAIN.

While the vessel was lying in the Downs, Mr. Whitefield ventured one day to remove "The Independent Whig" from the captain's pillow and replace it with a book called "The Self-Deceiver." Next morning the captain came to him smiling, and asked who it was that had made the exchange. Whitefield acknowledged he had done it, and begged the captain to accept of the book. He read it, and it produced in him a visible change. Whitefield preached a sermon on board against drunkenness. Captain Mackay backed up the word, urging the men to attend to the things that had been spoken to them, telling them that he had been a notorious swearer, and beseeching them for Christ's sake to give up their sins. There was a wonderful reformation on board the vessel. The ship became almost as orderly as a church. The men were regularly summoned by the drum to morning and evening prayers. Cards and profane books were thrown overboard; religious books

were in great demand; an oath became a strange thing. So marked was the change produced in Captain Mackay that the general exclamation on board the vessel was, "What a change in our captain!"

WHITEFIELD AND THE WEDDING.

During the voyage a marriage took place on board the vessel, the ceremony being performed on the deck. The bridegroom exhibited great levity while Mr. Whitefield was going through the service. He thereupon closed the prayer book, and refused to proceed further until a more serious appreciation of the obligations they were taking upon themselves had been evinced, when he finished the ceremony, and on closing gave the bride a Bible.

WHITEFIELD AND FALSE FRIENDS.

We have already noticed Mr. Whitefield's great power in illustrating his subjects. The following is a specimen. "To-day," he says in his journal of his first voyage to Georgia, "Colonel C. came to dine with us, and in the midst of our meal we were entertained with a most agreeable sight. It was a shark about the length of a man, which followed our ship, attended by five small fish called pilot-fish, much like our mackerel, but larger. These, I am told, always keep the shark company; and, what is most surprising, though the shark is such a ravenous creature, yet, let it be ever so hungry, it will never touch one of them. Nor are they less faithful to him; for I am informed that

when the shark is hooked very often these little fish will cleave close to his fins, and are taken up with him. Go to the pilot-fish, thou that forsakest a friend in adversity; consider his ways, and be ashamed."

Whitefield and the Dying Infidel.

In speaking of incidents connected with his sojourn in Savannah Whitefield says: "I was obliged to express my resentment against infidelity by refusing to read the burial service over the most professed unbeliever I ever met with. God was pleased to visit him with lingering illness, during which I went to see him frequently. About five weeks ago I asked him what religion he was of. He answered, 'Religion is of so many sects I know not which to choose.' Another time I offered to pray with him, but he would not accept it, upon which I resolved to go to see him no more. But being told, two days before he died, that he had an inclination to see me, I went again, and after a little conversation put the following questions to him: 'Do you believe Jesus Christ to be God, and the one Mediator between God and man?' He said, 'I believe Jesus Christ was a good man.' 'Do you believe the Holy Scriptures?' 'I believe something of the Old Testament; the New I do not believe at all.' 'Do you believe, sir, in a judgment to come?' He turned himself about and replied, 'I know not what to say to that.' 'Alas, sir!' said I, 'if all these things

should be true, what?' which words, I believe gave him great concern, for he seemed afterward to be very uneasy, grew delirious, and in a day or two departed. Unhappy man, how quickly he was convinced! The day after his decease he was carried to the ground, and I refused to read the service over him; but I went to the grave, and told the people what had passed between him and myself; and, warning them all against infidelity, I asked them whether I could safely say, 'As our hope is, this our brother doth?' Upon which I believe they were thoroughly satisfied that I had acted right."

Whitefield and the Indian King.

Whitefield, like John Wesley, had poor success among the Indians. Soon after his first arrival in America he was taken sick, and on recovering the first thing he did was to visit Tomo-Chichi, the Indian king, then on his death-bed. This was the micoe, or king, whom Oglethorpe brought to England in 1734 and introduced to George II. He was accompanied by his wife and son, and seven other Indians of the Creek nation. His eloquent speech to the king and queen is well known, and was so well received at court that he was loaded with presents, and even sent in one of the royal carriages to Gravesend, when he had to embark again. "He now lay," says Whitefield, "on a blanket, thin and meager; little else but skin and bones. Senanki, his wife, sat by, fanning him with

Indian feathers. There was no one could talk English, so I could only shake hands with him and leave him." A few days after Whitefield went again to visit Tomo-Chichi, and found that his nephew, Tooanoo-wee, could speak English. "I desired him to ask his uncle whether he thought he should die; who answered, 'I cannot tell.' I then asked where he thought he should go after death? He replied, 'To heaven.' But, alas! how can a drunkard enter there? I then exhorted Tooanoo-wee, who is a tall, proper youth, not to get drunk, telling him that he understood English, and therefore would be punished the more if he did not live better. I then asked him whether he believed in a heaven? 'Yes,' said he. I then asked whether he believed in a hell, and described it by pointing to the fire. He replied, 'No.' From whence we may easily gather how natural it is to all mankind to believe there is a place of happiness because they wish it to be so; and on the contrary, how averse they are to believe a place of torment because they wish it may not be so. But God is just and true; and as surely as the righteous shall go away into everlasting happiness, so the impenitently wicked shall go into everlasting punishment."



Incidents of a Perilous Voyage.

In September, 1738, Whitefield left Charleston for London on his first return voyage from America. At that time a trip across the Atlantic at

best was a very different matter from what it now is. The ship being out of repair, and poorly provisioned, the passengers and crew were soon reduced to an allowance of water, and the voyage proved a most perilous one.

HEROISM.

They were overtaken by a vessel having a plentiful supply of water and provision. The captain sent for Mr. Whitefield to come on board, and offered him a most commodious berth. But he declined to leave his shipmates in distress, and remained on board the vessel, sharing in their sufferings and fate. Here was genuine heroism! Here was nobleness of soul! Here was abnegation of self! The remainder of the voyage was still more distressing; not only on account of a short allowance, but also from being beset with terrific storms, fierce gales of wind, and huge waves, causing death to stare them in the face.

FRUIT.

Whitefield was instant in season and out of season. He worked for his Master on the ocean as well as on the land. He was comforted with the large attendance on public worship twice a day, and the impressions that were made under the word. God gave him souls upon the ocean and in the midst of storms. The captain of the vessel cried out under the word, "Lord, break this heart of mine!" A Captain Gladman, one of the passengers, was converted; and afterward, at the earnest request of Whitefield, became his fellow-traveler.

Blessed are they that sow beside all waters !
After nine weeks' tossing and beating to and fro
they heard the joyful cry of "land," and soon after
found themselves safe in the harbor of Limerick.

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Whitefield and the Chancellor.

Whitefield when rapidly rising to eminence as a popular minister visited Bristol. The Chancellor of that diocese had told him that he would not prohibit any minister from lending him a church ; but in the course of a week he sent for him, and told him he intended to stop his proceedings. He then asked him by what authority he preached in the diocese of Bristol without a license. Whitefield replied, "I thought that custom obsolete." "And pray, sir," said the Chancellor, "why did you not ask the clergyman this question who preached for you last Thursday?" He then read to him those canons which forbade any minister preaching in a private house. Whitefield answered that he apprehended they did not apply to professed ministers of the Church of England. When he was informed of his mistake he said, "There is also a canon, sir, forbidding all clergymen to frequent taverns and to play at cards. Why is not that put in execution?" and he added that, notwithstanding those canons, he could not but speak the things which he knew, and that he was resolved to proceed as usual. The answer was written down, and the Chancellor then said, "I am resolved, sir, if you preach or expound any

where in this diocese till you have a license I will first suspend and then excommunicate you." With this declaration of war they parted, but the advantage was wholly on the side of Whitefield.

In recording his interview with the Chancellor he says, "This day my Master honored me more than he ever did yet." He rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer for the cause of his Master, and on he went with his heaven-approved work.



Whitefield and his First Field Pulpit.

To Whitefield belongs the high honor of first introducing field preaching. He was preaching one Sunday at Bermondsey Church to a crowded audience, and hundreds had gone away, not being able to find room, besides which there were a thousand people in the church-yard, and he had a strong inclination to go out and preach to them from one of the tomb-stones. "This," he says, "put me first upon thinking of preaching out of doors. I mentioned it to some of my friends, who looked upon it as a mad notion. However we knelt down and prayed that nothing might be done rashly."

Kingswood, that had in its day been a royal chase, was inhabited by colliers, who were savage and ignorant, and had no house of worship. Mr. Whitefield having spoken at Bristol of his being about to start for America for the purpose of converting the savages, some one remarked, "What

need of going abroad for this? Have we not Indians enough at home? If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough in Kingswood." For these colliers Whitefield felt wonderful sympathy, they being very numerous, and like sheep without a shepherd. On Sabbath, February 17, 1739, he stood upon a mount, in a place called Rose Green, his "first field pulpit," and preached to the colliers the "word of life." "I thought," said he, "it might be doing the service of my Creator, who had a mountain for his pulpit and the heavens for a sounding-board; and who, when his Gospel was refused by the Jews, sent his servants into the highways and hedges." He had crossed the Rubicon. He was fully aware of the importance of this first step. In his Journal he says, "Blessed be God that the ice is now broken, and I have now taken the field. Some may censure me, but is there not a cause? Pulpits are denied, and the poor colliers ready to perish for lack of knowledge."



Field Preaching.

Whitefield having once taken the field was encouraged to go on, for God set the broad-seal of his approbation upon his course. All the churches being shut against him, and, if open, not able to contain half who came to hear him, he went again to Kingswood; his second audience consisted of two thousand persons, his third from four to five thousand, and they kept on increasing to ten, four-

teen, and twenty thousand. "The sun shone very bright," he says, "and the people standing in such an awful manner round the mount, in the profoundest silence, filled me with holy admiration." On another occasion he says, "The trees and hedges were full. All was hushed when I began; the sun shone brightly, and God enabled me to preach for an hour with great power, and so loud that all could hear me." No wonder one exclaimed, "The fire is kindled in the country." The deep silence of his rude auditors was the first proof that he had impressed them; then he saw the white gutters made by the tears which plentifully rolled down their blackened cheeks—black as they came out of their coal-pits. "The opening firmament above me," says he, "the prospect of the adjacent fields with thousands and thousands in view, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together—to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening—were almost too much for, and quite overcame me."



Whitefield and John Wesley at Bristol.

Bristol is one of the most ancient and beautiful cities in England, and many persons of distinction have been born and buried there. It was the birthplace of Sebastian Cabot, the famous navigator, who first discovered the continent of America, and it was from this port that he sailed on his

voyage of discovery. Hannah More, Southey, Coleridge, and Chatterton were born in Bristol. Bishop Butler, author of the "Analogy," Robert Hall, and Captain Thomas Webb, who helped lay the foundations of Methodism in America, were buried in Bristol. It was near this place that field preaching achieved its first grand triumph; and it was here that Wesley built the first Methodist chapel in Great Britain, which is still standing in its primitive simplicity. Mr. Whitefield, after preaching there with great success, sent word to John Wesley, who had never been at Bristol, requesting him to come there without delay. On his arrival Whitefield gave him a hearty welcome, and introduced him to persons who were prepared to listen to him with most intense interest. "Help, Lord Jesus," said Whitefield, "to water what thine own right hand has planted, for thy mercy's sake." Having provided for so worthy a successor, after his splendid triumphs Mr. Whitefield departed, amid the sighs and tears of thousands who had been blessed by his ministry in that place.



Kingswood School.

Whitefield's journey after leaving Bristol lay through Kingswood, and there the colliers, without his knowledge, had prepared an entertainment for him. He had previously preached to them on the subject of a school, and being informed they were willing to subscribe toward building a charity-

school for their children, says it was surprising to see with what cheerfulness they parted with their money. All seemed willing to assist either by their means or their labor, and at this farewell visit they entreated that he would lay the first stone. The request was somewhat premature, for it was not yet certain whether the site they desired would be granted them. A person, however, was present who declared he would give a piece of ground in case the lord of the manor should refuse, and Whitefield then laid a stone; after which he knelt, and prayed God that the gates of hell might not prevail against their design, to which the colliers responded a hearty Amen! Such was the origin of this famous school. The two founders of Methodism united in laying the foundation of the first Methodist seminary in the world—Whitefield laying the foundation, and Wesley completing the enterprise which has proved a blessing to so many thousands.



Whitefield and the Church-warden.

Bigotry is often seen among those who profess to be good. The Vicar of Islington had lent Whitefield his pulpit, but the Church-warden forbade his preaching there unless he could produce a license. This Whitefield interpreted as a manifestation of the Divine pleasure that he should preach in the church-yard, which, as he says, his Master by his providence and spirit compelled him to do.

M o o r f i e l d s .

This tract of land, in the suburbs of London, was a place for the rabble—for wrestlers, boxers, mountebanks, and merry-andrews—where fairs were held during the holidays, and where at all times the idle, the dissolute, and the reprobate resorted—those who were pests of society, and those who were being trained up to succeed them in the ways of profligacy and wretchedness. It was one of Satan's strongholds, and Mr. Whitefield concluded to attack him there. He needed as much courage as did Luther at the Diet of Worms. He was warned of his danger, and told that if he attempted to preach there he would never come away alive. None of these things moved him; onward he went with the tread of a conqueror. Matters looked forbidding at first, and would have intimidated any but a stout heart. The table which had been placed for him was broken in pieces by the crowd, and he took his stand upon a wall that divided the upper and lower Moorfields, and there preached without interruption.

This became his grand battle-ground, where he carried the war into the territories of the devil. A sea of upturned faces would be gazing upon him as he thrilled, captivated, and moved his large audience. Here he on a certain occasion took up a collection for his Orphan-house, and such influence had he over the masses that they readily contributed £52 19s. and 6d., of which over £20 were in half-pence. In fact, so numerous were the half-pence given him

by his poor auditors that he was wearied in receiving them, and they were more than one man could carry home.

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The Great Field-Day.

Whitefield's popularity at the time of the incident we are about narrating was unbounded, and so great was his confidence in his powers over the rudest of mankind that he ventured to preach to the rabble in Moorfields during the Whitsun holiday, when, as he said, Satan's children kept up their annual rendezvous there. It was a sort of pitched battle with the Prince of Darkness, and Whitefield marshaled his hosts against him, showing great generalship.

He began with his praying people at six in the morning, before the enemy had mustered his strength. Not less than ten thousand persons were assembled, waiting for the sports; and, having nothing else to do, they for mere pastime flocked around his field-pulpit. "Glad was I," said he, "to find that for once I had got the start of the devil." Encouraged by the success of his morning preaching he ventured there again at noon, when, in his own words, "The fields, the whole fields, seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white; ready not for the Redeemer's but Beelzebub's harvest. All his agents were in full motion; drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet-shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, etc., etc., all busy in entertaining their respective audi-

tors." He estimated the crowd at from twenty to thirty thousand, and thinking that, like St. Paul, he should now in a metaphorical sense be called to fight with wild beasts, he took for his text "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." "You may easily guess," said he, "that there was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honored with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and dead cats thrown at me while engaged in calling them from their favorite but lying vanities. My soul was indeed among lions; but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very large, seemed for awhile to be turned into lambs." Whitefield then gave notice he would preach there again at six in the evening. "I came," he says, "I saw—but what? Thousands upon thousands more, if possible, still more deeply engaged in their unhappy diversions, but some thousands among them waiting as earnestly to hear the Gospel. One of Satan's choicest servants was exhibiting, trumpeting on a large stage; but as soon as the people saw me in my black robes ascend the pulpit I think all to a man left him and ran to me. For awhile I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of roaring some distance from our camp. At length they approached nearer, and the merry-andrew, attended by others who complained they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching, got upon a man's shoulders, and, advancing near the pulpit, attempted several times to slash

me with a long heavy whip, but always, from the violence of his motion, tumbled down." Soon after they got a recruiting officer, with his drums, fifes, and followers, to pass through the congregation.

But Whitefield by his tactics baffled this maneuver; he ordered them to make way for the king's officers. The ranks opened, and when the party had marched through closed again. When the uproar became, as it sometimes did, such as to overpower his single voice, he called the voices of all his people to his aid, and began singing; and thus, what with singing, praying, and preaching, he continued, by his own account, three hours upon the ground, till the darkness made it time to break up.

So great was the impression which this wonderful man produced during this extraordinary scene that more than a thousand notes were handed up to him from persons who had been awakened that day, and three hundred and fifty persons joined his congregation. It was a splendid triumph, a stupendous victory, and that on the enemy's favorite ground. Whitefield accomplished more that day than some ministers do in a life-time. It is no wonder John Angell James, who was a great admirer of Mr. Whitefield, says, "No such scenes have transpired under the preaching of the Gospel since the Day of Pentecost under the sermon Peter preached as those of Whitefield's great field-day." Never had he a grander day. Never did he exhibit greater heroism. It not only demonstrated his courage, but it exhibited his overwhelming elo-

quence. It showed his tremendous power over the masses. Never had the Gospel a more unyielding champion than Whitefield on that famous day, and never had it a more splendid triumph. Never did he do greater service for his Master, or more harm to the kingdom of darkness. It was one of the most splendid days of his life.



Whitefield and the Young Rake.

Whitefield on the following Tuesday went to Marylebone fields, a similar place of resort to Moorfields. A Quaker had prepared a very high pulpit for him, but, not having fixed the supports well in the ground, the preacher found himself in some jeopardy, especially when the mob endeavored to push the circle of his friends against it, and so throw it down. But he had a narrower escape after he had descended; "For," says he, "as I was passing from the pulpit to the coach I felt my wig and hat to be almost off. I turned about, and observed a sword just touching my temples. A young rake, as I afterward found, was determined to stab me; but a gentleman, seeing the sword thrust near me, struck it up with his cane, and so the destined victim providentially escaped." The man who made this atrocious attempt was seized by the people, and would have been handled as severely as he deserved had he not been protected by one of Whitefield's friends, who showed great lenity to the young ruffian who had so richly merited a severe punishment.

Whitefield and the Impudent Man.

The next day Whitefield returned to the attack in Moorfields, and here he gave a striking example of that ready talent which turns every thing to its purpose. A merry-andrew, finding that no common acts of buffoonery were of any avail, got into a tree near the pulpit, and, as much in spite as in insult, exposed his bare posteriors to the preacher in sight of all the people. The more brutal mob applauded him with loud laughter, while decent persons were abashed, and Whitefield himself was, for a moment, confounded; but, instantly recovering, he appealed to all, since now they had such a spectacle before them, whether he had wronged human nature in saying with Bishop Hall that man when left to himself is half a fiend and half a brute; or in calling him, with William Lane, a motley mixture of the beast and devil! The appeal was not lost upon the crowd, if it was upon the wretch by whom it was occasioned.



Whitefield and the Children.

Whitefield was at times greatly affected, and it must have had a powerful effect upon others. Several children, boys and girls, used to sit round him on the pulpit while he preached for the purpose of handing him the notes which were delivered by persons who were inquirers of the way of salvation. These poor children were exposed to all the missiles with which he was assailed; but

however much they were terrified or hurt, they never shrank "but on the contrary," says Whitefield, "every time I was struck they turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me."



Whitefield and the Madman.

There was a young man in London, in 1739, named Joseph Periam, who had read Mr. Whitefield's sermon on *Regeneration*, which had had a wonderful influence over him, and his conduct was so singular that his family had him sent to Bethlehem mad-house, where he was treated as "Methodistically mad," and as one of "Whitefield's gang." The keepers threw him down, and thrust a key into his mouth to make him swallow medicine. He was then placed in a cold room without windows which had a damp cellar under it. The young man having sent a letter requesting Whitefield to visit him in the asylum, Whitefield did so, and found him sane in mind and healthy in body. He then visited his sister, who gave him the three following symptoms of her brother's madness: *First*, that he fasted for nearly a fortnight; *secondly*, that he prayed so loud as to be heard all over a house four stories high; *thirdly*, that he sold his clothes and gave the money to the poor. The young man informed Whitefield that under his first awakening he had read of a young man in the Gospel whom our Lord commanded to sell all he had and give the money to the poor; and,

understanding it in a literal sense, he had, out of love to Jesus, sold his clothes and given the money to the poor. Whitefield, with several other friends, went before the hospital committee to explain the case, and the doctors told the whole deputation frankly that Whitefield and his followers were really beside themselves. However, on learning that Whitefield was going to Georgia, the committee and his friends consented to the release of the young man, provided Mr. Whitefield would take him with him to his place of destination. He consented to accompany Whitefield to America, which he did, and made himself very useful there as a school-master in the Orphan House, never giving any evidence of madness, but sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. He married one of the matrons of the Orphan House. A few years after he and his wife died, leaving two orphan boys, who found a home in "Bethesda."



Whitefield and the Commissary.

Whitefield on returning, full of life and hope, to Charleston, S. C., after a northern tour, was surprised to find that on account of his field-preaching he had lost the friendship of the Rev. Alexander Garden, the Commissary at that place, who had on one occasion promised to be his faithful friend, and said he was ready to defend him with his life and fortune. The Commissary kept out of the way on Whitefield's arrival, and the Curate said

he could not admit Mr. Whitefield to the pulpit while Garden was absent. The people, however, had not forgotten him. All the town were clamorous for him to preach somewhere. Accordingly he accepted invitations to preach in the French Church and the Independent Chapel. The congregations were large and polite, but presented an "affected finery and gayety of dress and deportment which," says Whitefield, "I question if the Court End of London could exceed." Before he left, however, there was what he called "a glorious alteration in the audience." Many wept, and the light and airy had a visible concern in their faces. Such was their urgency to hear more that they won him back from the boat after he had gone to the shore to sail for Georgia, and prevailed on him to preach again.



Taking it Coolly.

In a controversy the man who keeps cool is "master of the situation," ready at all times to seize upon the weak points of his adversary and confound him.

Commissary Garden having written Whitefield a letter attacking his doctrine of justification, and challenging him to defend what he had said concerning the Bishop of London and his clergy, Mr. Whitefield the next day responded thus: "I perceive you are angry overmuch. Were I never so much inclined to dispute I would stay till the cool of the day."

The Suspension.

Mr. Whitefield being summoned by Commissary Garden to appear before an ecclesiastical tribunal in Charleston did so, and interposed his objections. The trial was postponed. He was cited again and again to appear, but he paid no attention to the summons, being too busily employed. "The King's business required haste." The following is the account given of the result :

"The fact of his frequently preaching in Dissenting meeting-houses without using the forms of prayer prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer being proved by Hugh Anderson, Stephen Hartley, and John Redman, a final decree, after a full recital of all the facts, was pronounced in these words :

"Therefore we, Alexander Garden, the Judge aforesaid, having first invoked the name of Christ, and setting and having God himself alone before our eyes, and by and with the advice of the reverend persons — William Guy, Timothy Mellichamp, Stephen Roe, and William Orr, with whom in that part we have advised and maturely deliberated, do pronounce, decree, and declare the aforesaid George Whitefield, clerk, to have been at the times articted, and now to be a priest of the Church of England, and at the times and days in that part articted to have officiated as a minister in divers meeting houses in Charles-Town, in the province of South-Carolina, by praying and preaching to public congregations ; and at such times to

have omitted to use the form of prayer prescribed in the Communion-book, or Book of Common Prayer, or at least according to the laws, canons, and constitutions ecclesiastical in that part made, provided, and promulged, not to have used the same according to the lawful proofs before us in that part judicially had and made. We, therefore, pronounce, decree, and declare that the said George Whitefield, for his excesses and faults ought duly and canonically, and according to the exigence of the law in that part of the premises, to be corrected and punished, and also to be suspended from his office; and accordingly by these presents we do suspend him, the said George Whitefield, and for being so suspended, we also pronounce, decree, and declare him to be denounced, declared, and published openly and publicly in the face of the Church.' ”

Mr. Whitefield totally disregarded the trial and the suspension, and went forward in his work, which was such as angels will applaud and the Prince of Peace approve.



Tit for Tat.

After the trial Alexander Garden not only wrote pamphlets against Mr. Whitefield, but in order to counteract his teachings he preached a sermon from this text: “These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also.” Acts xvii, 6. The sermon was published. Mr. White-

field replied to it in a sermon from 2 Tim. iv, 14: "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works."



The Infamous Libel and the Defense.

In 1741, while Mr. Whitefield was waiting at Charleston for a vessel in which to sail for England he received the following notice:

"To all and singular, the constables of Charleston.

"WHEREAS, I have received information on oath that George Whitefield, clerk, hath made and composed a false, malicious, scandalous, and infamous libel against the clergy of this province, in contempt of his majesty and his laws, and against the king's peace; these are, therefore, in his majesty's name, to charge and command you, and each of you, forthwith to apprehend the said George Whitefield and bring him before me, etc., etc., etc.

"Given under my hand and seal, B. W."

This mandate referred to a letter which Whitefield had only revised for the press. It was written by one of his friends, and had just come out on his arrival at Charleston. The writer was apprehended, and "frankly" confessed that "corrections and alterations" had been made by Whitefield.

Whitefield's account of it is that "it hinted that the clergy break the canons." If this was all he might well write with emphasis in his diary, "I think this may be called persecution! I think it is for righteousness' sake."

He went before the magistrate at once, and gave security for appearing, by attorney, under a penalty of £100 proclamation money. He became his own attorney, however, before he left. Even next day he preached in the morning upon Herod's stratagem to kill Christ; in the afternoon on the murder of Naboth. That he did not spare the persecutors is evident. "My hearers," he says, "as well as myself, made application. It was pretty close. I especially directed my discourse to men in authority, and showed them the heinous sin of abusing their power."



Whitefield and the Noble Minister.

While in Charleston Mr. Whitefield formed an intimate friendship with the Independent minister, Josiah Smith, the first native of South Carolina who received a literary degree. Smith published a remarkable sermon soon after entitled, "The Character and Preaching of Whitefield, impartially Represented and Supported." Smith's defense of Whitefield's doctrine is masterly. His account of his manner is exceedingly graphic. "He is," says Smith, "certainly a finished preacher. A noble negligence ran through his style. The passion and flame of his expressions will, I trust, be long felt by many. My pen cannot describe his action and gestures in all their strength and decencies. He appeared to me, in all his discourses, very deeply affected and impressed in his

own heart. How did that burn and boil within him when he spake of the things he had made 'touching the king!' How was his tongue like the pen of a ready writer, touched as with a coal from the altar! With what a flow of words, what a ready profusion of language, did he speak to us upon the great concerns of our souls! In what a flaming light did he set our eternity before us! How earnestly he pressed Christ upon us! How did he move our passions with the constraining love of such a Redeemer! The awe, the silence, the attention which sat upon the face of the great audience was an argument how he could reign over all their powers. Many thought he spake as never man spake before. So charmed were the people with his manner of address that they shut up their shops, forgot their secular business, and laid aside their schemes for the world; and the oftener he preached the keener edge he seemed to put upon their desires to hear him again. How awfully, with what thunder and sound, did he discharge the artillery of heaven upon us! And yet, how could he soften and melt even a soldier of Ulysses with the mercy of God! How close, strong, and pungent were his applications to the conscience—mingling light and heat; pointing the arrows of the Almighty at the hearts of sinners, while he poured in the balm upon the wounds of the contrite, and made broken bones rejoice. Eternal themes, the tremendous solemnities of our religion, were all alive upon his tongue. So, methinks, if you will forgive the figure, St.

Paul would look and speak in a pulpit. In some such manner I am tempted to conceive of a seraph, were he sent down to preach among us and to tell us what things he had seen and heard above. How bold and courageous did he look! He was no flatterer; would not suffer men to settle on their lees; did not prophesy smooth things, nor sew pillows. He taught the way of God in truth, and regarded not the person of men. He struck at the politest and most modish of our vices, and at the most fashionable entertainments, regardless of every one's presence but His in whose name he spake with this authority. And I dare warrant, if none should go to these diversions until they have answered the solemn questions he put to their consciences, our theaters would soon sink and perish. I freely own he has taken my heart."



First Collection in America for the Orphans.

Whitefield having purchased five hundred acres of land about ten miles from Savannah for his orphan asylum, and provided for the temporary accommodation of the orphans in a hired house, took up his first collection in America, in furtherance of his noble undertaking, in the meeting-house of his friend, Rev. Mr. Smith, in Charleston. The amount realized was three hundred and fifty dollars. Thus was inaugurated a series of collections which, in response to Whitefield's persuasive power, called forth the noble generosity of thousands.

Whitefield and Dr. Franklin.

In 1739 Whitefield first arrived in Philadelphia, where thrilling incidents occurred and wonderful scenes transpired.

Dr. Franklin, to whom we are indebted for many anecdotes of Whitefield, related in his own peculiar style, says: "He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refused him their pulpits, and he was obliged to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was a matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him notwithstanding his common abuse of them by assuring them that they were naturally *half-beasts and half-devils.*"



Power of Whitefield's Voice.

Dr. Franklin says: "Mr. Whitefield had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words so perfectly that he might be heard and understood at a great distance, especially as his auditors observed the most perfect silence. He preached one evening from the top of the Court-house steps, which are in the middle of Market-street, and on the west side of Second-street, which crosses it at right angles. Both streets were filled with hearers to a considerable distance, and, being among the hind-

most in Market-street, I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard by retiring backward down the street toward the river, and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front-street, when some noise in that street drowned it. Imagine then a semicircle, of which my distance should be the radius, and that it was filled with auditors, to each of whom I allowed two feet square, I computed that he might well be heard by more than 30,000. This reconciled me to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to 25,000 in the fields."

Effect of Whitefield's Sermons.

"It was wonderful," says Dr. Franklin, "to see the change soon made in the manner of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that we could not walk through the town of an evening without hearing psalms in different families of every street."

This is no mean testimony of the power and success of Whitefield's preaching in the "City of Brotherly Love," when we consider that it came from the philosophical and skeptical Franklin.

The Contrast.

"By hearing Mr. Whitefield often," says Dr. Franklin, "I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those which he had

often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter were so improved by frequent repetition that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well-turned and well-placed that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse; a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music. This is an advantage itinerant preachers have over those who are stationary, as the latter cannot well improve their delivery of a sermon by so many rehearsals."



Whitefield, Franklin, and the Collection.

Dr. Franklin having gone on one occasion to hear Whitefield preach, and perceiving that he meant to conclude with a collection, resolved that he should get nothing from him—that he would not give a farthing. He says, "I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles of gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket into the collection dish, gold and all." Was ever a greater tribute paid to the persuasive powers of any man? Whitefield had equal influence over the refined and the uncultivated, and had power over men's pockets as well as their hearts.

Whitefield, Hopkinson, and the Quaker.

Mr. Hopkinson, the intimate friend of Dr. Franklin, was the father of Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and grandfather of Joseph Hopkinson, author of our national song, "Hail, Columbia." Dr. Franklin relates the following anecdote concerning his friend Hopkinson, which illustrates Whitefield's irresistible powers of oratory.

Mr. Hopkinson went with Dr. Franklin to hear Mr. Whitefield preach, and knowing that a collection was to be taken for an object of which he did not altogether approve, took the precaution to leave his money at home, so that he might be sure not to give any thing; but the eloquent appeals of Whitefield so moved and melted him that he tried to borrow some money from a Quaker to put into the collection. The Quaker in declining said, "At any other time, Friend Hopkinson, I would lend thee freely, but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses." Franklin coolly says, "The request was *fortunately* made, perhaps, to the only man in the company who had the *firmness* not to be affected by the preacher."



Whitefield's Honesty.

Dr. Franklin says: "Some of Mr. Whitefield's enemies affected to suppose he applied the collections he took up to his own private emolument; but I, who was intimately acquainted with him,

being employed in printing his sermons and journals, never had the least suspicion of his integrity ; and I am to this day decidedly of the opinion that he was, in all his conduct, a perfectly honest man ; and, methinks, my testimony ought to have the more weight as we had no religious connection. He used sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of having his prayers heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship, sincere on both sides, and lasted to his death."

Whitefield Franklin's Guest.

Whitefield, on one of his arrivals from England, wrote from Boston to Dr. Franklin that he expected soon to come to Philadelphia, but he knew not where he could lodge when there, as his old friend and host, Mr. Benezet, had removed to Germantown. Dr. Franklin replied thus : " You know my house ; if you can make shift with its scanty accommodations you will be most heartily welcome." Whitefield replied that if Franklin had made that kind offer for Christ's sake he would not miss of a reward. Dr. Franklin rejoined, " Don't let me be mistaken in giving you the invitation ; it was not for *Christ's sake*, but for *your sake*."

Franklin, and Whitefield's Works.

Dr. Franklin was the first publisher of Mr. Whitefield's works. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette*,

a paper published by Franklin, appeared the following notice, Nov. 15, 1739 :

“The Rev. George Whitefield having given me copies of his journals and sermons, with leave to print the same, I propose to publish them with all expedition if I find sufficient encouragement. The sermons will make two volumes, and the journals two more, which will be delivered to subscribers at two shillings for each volume, bound. Those, therefore, who are inclined to encourage this work are desired speedily to send in their names to me that I may take measures accordingly.”

They were ready for delivery to subscribers in May, 1740.

A copy of Whitefield's Journal in New England, published by Franklin, was sold at auction in Philadelphia, in 1855, for over thirty times its original cost.



Influence of Whitefield's Works.

Dr. Franklin says: “Mr. Whitefield's writing and printing from time to time gave great advantage to his enemies. Unguarded expressions, and even erroneous opinions delivered in preaching, might have been afterward explained or guarded by supposing others might have accompanied them, or they might have been denied *litera scripta manet*. Critics attacked his writings violently, and with so much appearance of reason as to diminish the number of his votaries and prevent their increase ; so that I am satisfied that if he had

never written any thing he would have left behind him a much more numerous and important sect, and his reputation might, in that case, have been still growing even after his death. There being, then, nothing of his writing on which to found a censure, and give him even a lower character, his proselytes would be left at liberty to attribute to him as great a variety of excellences as their enthusiastic admiration might wish him to have possessed."



Letter from Dr. Franklin to Whitefield.

The following letter of Franklin to Whitefield is rare, and gives us an inside view of the man, and of his friendly relation to Mr. Whitefield :

"PHILADELPHIA, *June 6, 1753.*

"SIR: I received your kind letter of the 2d instant, and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending till you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you.* But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others I do not

*Dr. Franklin had relieved Whitefield in a paralytic case by the application of electricity.

look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels and since my settlement I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. Those kindnesses from men I can, therefore, only return on their fellow-men, and I can only show my gratitude for those mercies from God by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree, and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to merit such rewards. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person should expect to be paid with a good plantation would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more the happiness of heaven! For my part I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well

confide, that he will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

“The faith you mention has certainly its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavor to lessen it in any man; but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works: works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; no holiday-keeping, sermon-hunting or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity.

“The worship of God is a duty. The hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and reading and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit. Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to the mere hearers; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he de-

clares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry, Lord! Lord! who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected.

“He professed that he came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time who thought themselves so good that they need not hear even him for improvement; but nowadays we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations, and whoever omits them offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness; being your friend and servant, B. FRANKLIN.”



Whitefield's Fidelity to Franklin.

Through the courtesy of a friend we are permitted to furnish to the reader an original letter of Whitefield's never before published. It was written to Dr. Franklin when he was in England, about a year and a half prior to Whitefield's death. Though on business, the writer does not forget the interests of eternity.

“TOTTENHAM COURT, *Jan. 21, 1768.*

“MY DEAR DOCTOR: When will it suit you to have another interview? The college affair is dormant. For above a week I have been dethroned

by a violent cold and hoarseness. Who but would work and speak for God while it is day! 'The night [of sickness and death] cometh when no man can work.' Through rich grace I can sing 'O death, where is thy sting?' but only through Jesus of Nazareth. Your daughter, I find, is beginning the world. I wish you joy from the bottom of my heart. You and I shall soon go out of it. Ere long we shall see it burst. Angels shall summon us to attend on the funeral of time. And (O transporting thought!) we shall see eternity rising out of its ashes. That you and I may be in the happy number of those who, in the midst of the tremendous final blaze, shall cry Amen, Halleluiah! is the hearty prayer of, my dear doctor,

"Yours, etc., etc.,

G. WHITEFIELD."

What increases the value of this letter is that it is indorsed on the back in Franklin's own handwriting, "Mr. Whitefield."



Franklin's Tribute to Whitefield.

In a letter written to a gentleman after Whitefield's death, Dr. Franklin expresses his pleasure to see the respect paid to the memory of the departed Whitefield, and adds, "I knew him intimately upward of thirty years. His integrity, disinterestedness, and indefatigable zeal in prosecuting every good work I have never seen equaled, I shall never see excelled."

Whitefield and the Drummer.

In preaching Whitefield was subject to frequent interruptions, but was always ready by some witty remark or some striking thought to silence disturbers, confound cavilers, and convince gainsayers. His life abounds with such striking incidents. The following characteristic anecdote is related on the authority of Dr. Franklin. It occurred in or near Philadelphia.

Whitefield was preaching in an open field to an immense multitude in his usual eloquent manner, when a drummer who was present was determined to interrupt the preacher, and he beat his drum in a violent manner in order to drown his voice. Whitefield elevated his voice very high, but the drummer made more noise than he did. The annoyance was terrible, and likely to destroy the effect of the sermon, when Whitefield concluded to put an end to it, and, addressing the drummer, said, "Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings. You beat up for volunteers for King George, I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, then, let us not interrupt each other. The world is wide enough for both, and we may get recruits in abundance." This ingenuous appeal, showing how well he understood human nature, had the desired effect. The drum ceased its sound, and the drummer was so well pleased with Whitefield's address to him that he went away in the best of humor, and left the field-preacher alone in his glory.

Whitefield and the Young Lady.

During Mr. Whitefield's first visit to Philadelphia there was a young lady converted who for some time had been a professor of religion, but who under his preaching was convinced that she was a stranger to experimental godliness. She was a constant attendant on his ministry, and often told her friends that after the first sermon she had heard him preach she was ready to say with the woman of Samaria, "Come see a man that told me all things that ever I did." She said that Whitefield so exactly described all the secret workings of her heart, her wishes, and her actions, that she really believed he was either more than human, or else he was supernaturally assisted to know her heart. So fond of hearing him was this young lady that she once walked twenty miles to enjoy the privilege, and was amply repaid for her pains. She became a distinguished saint, and married a man who was also one of the seals of Mr. Whitefield's ministry. For over sixty years she was a "bright and shining light."



Whitefield and the Five-pound Note.

In reading the account given by Dr. Franklin of the extraordinary effect which Whitefield's eloquence produced on him, in drawing from his pocket first his coppers, then his silver, and at last his gold, we were reminded of a similar anecdote.

dote concerning "old Father Flynt," formerly tutor of Harvard College. This gentleman was noted for his parsimony, and had several times reproved the students for attending Whitefield's preaching. One day he yielded to a request of another officer of the college, and went with him to hear Whitefield. There was a collection taken up for the asylum at the South, and Flynt, being transported with his eloquence, unconsciously drew from his pocket a bill and dropped it in the box. He invited his friend back to take tea with him, and on the way scarcely opened his mouth. As soon as Flynt entered the room he was asked by one of the students who boarded with him how he liked Mr. Whitefield. "Like him!" replied Flynt; "why the dog has robbed me of a five-pound note!"



Whitefield and the Philanthropist.

Anthony Benezet was a native of France, from whence he removed to Philadelphia. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and a teacher of the Friends' school, and afterward of a school for the blacks. He was a distinguished philanthropist, and a great friend of the colored race, who shared both in his sympathy and his bounty.

Mr. Benezet was a great admirer of Mr. Whitefield, with whom he was on intimate terms, and he had the honor of entertaining him at his house when he was in Philadelphia, his parlors witnessing the hearty welcomes the itinerant received. He

confessed to Mr. Whitefield with tears that the Society of Friends, to which he belonged, were in general in a state of carnal security. This stimulated Whitefield to be very plain and powerful in exposing their errors. The consequence was that many of the Society of Friends were displeased, and forsook him.

This friend of Whitefield—his host, and the friend of humanity—died in 1784, causing great mourning and sad lamentation. At his funeral, while hundreds of negroes were weeping, an American officer who witnessed the scene said, “I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin than George Washington with all his fame.”



Whitefield and the Man at a Distance.

Much has been said and written about the noble voice of Whitefield, and the immense distance it could be heard. No wonder it was said that “Whitefield had a voice like a lion.” It is stated that one clear day while preaching in Philadelphia he was heard at Gloucester Point, two miles below the city, and on the other side of the Delaware. He was preaching in England one calm summer evening in a meadow on the bank of a river; his voice was in perfect order, and it thrilled like a trumpet, and, as he repeated his text ever and anon, his voice was wafted along the stream, and the words were heard by a man working in a field a mile or two distant, who knew nothing of White-

field's preaching, but concluded that it was the voice of God speaking to him from heaven. He responded to it, and falling on his knees prayed for the forgiveness of his sins and for a change of heart. Heaven in mercy answered his prayer, and he arose a new creature in Christ Jesus.



Whitefield and the Log College.

The "Log College" has been immortalized by Dr. Archibald Alexander. When Whitefield was in Philadelphia in 1739 old Mr. Tennent came to visit and to hear him. The "good old man" was delighted, and through him Whitefield soon became acquainted with his son Gilbert. He went with Gilbert to Neshaminy, to visit the good old patriarch and to see the log-house, so like "the school of the ancient prophets." In that theological seminary, that "Log College," the old father had not only trained and educated his four sons for the ministry, but also several others, who became in time bright and shining lights, among whom were Rowland, Campbell, Lawrence, Beatty, Robinson, and Blair. Hallowed spot! Memorable place!

Mr. Whitefield was charmed with the scene, and predicted the result of the Christian enterprise. He said, "The devil will certainly rage against the work, but I am persuaded it will not come to naught." His prediction was verified; the devil did rage against it, but all in vain. The work had the broad-seal of heaven upon it. The "Log Col-

lege" gave birth to Nassau Hall, the College at Princeton, and its Theological Seminary, institutions which have been honored of God, are ornaments to our country, a blessing to the Church, the nation, and the world.

On Mr. Whitefield's arrival in Philadelphia in 1763 he rejoiced to hear that sixteen students had been converted the previous year at New Jersey College. This was medicine to him for every thing but his asthma, with which he was at times troubled. This college conferred on Mr. Whitefield the degree of A. M.



Whitefield and Gilbert Tennent.

Gilbert Tennent, the oldest son of the old patriarch of whom previous mention has been made, settled in New Brunswick, New Jersey. George Whitefield and he were kindred spirits. They were just the men to meet at that time. Both were unboundedly popular, and both had suffered persecution. They became as intimate as Jonathan and David, and fought heroically side by side the battles of the Lord. Whitefield heard him preach with profound admiration, declaring that he was "a son of thunder who must either convert or enrage hypocrites." Again he heard him with self-abasement. "Never before," says he, "heard I such a searching sermon. He went to the bottom indeed, and did not daub with untempered mortar. He convinced me more and more that we can

preach the Gospel of Christ no further than we have experienced the power of it in our own hearts. I found what a *babe* and *novice* I was in the things of God."

Gilbert Tennent was exceedingly useful in Boston, where, through the influence of Aaron Burr, then President of Princeton College, he went to water the seed which Whitefield had sown there. He was also very useful in preaching in Philadelphia. Mr. Whitefield corresponded with him, prepared the way for his going to England to solicit funds for the New Jersey College, cordially welcomed him on his arrival, and introduced him to his financial friends, who nobly responded to his call.

Whitefield and William Tennent.

William Tennent was a younger brother of Gilbert, and he was a marked character. He once lay in a trance so many days that his friends supposed him to be dead, and made preparations to bury him. The old house in which he used to preach, and where also Whitefield preached, is still standing at Freehold, New Jersey, in its primitive simplicity, and, when visiting there not long since, we found the old parsonage, was still standing, though greatly dilapidated. We brought away a shingle which bears the mark of very great age. Not far from the old church the battle of Monmouth was fought, the church edifice serving at the time as a hospital.

William Tennent was the intimate friend of Whitefield, and they frequently itinerated together. In 1740 he went to New York to meet Mr. Whitefield, and they itinerated on Long Island, where Mr. Whitefield preached, but was so exhausted that his sermon proved something of a failure, and, turning to Mr. Tennent and other ministers who were present, he exclaimed with wonderful emphasis, "*O that we were all a flame of fire!*"

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Pentecostal Scenes.

William Tennent and Mr. Whitefield were together at Fogg's Manor, when the fires of Pentecost were rekindled, and the scenes of Pentecost were re-enacted.

Whitefield gives the following graphic description of the scene: "Look where I would, most of the audience were drowned in tears. The word was sharper than a two-edged sword. Their bitter cries and tears were enough to pierce the hardest heart. O what different visages were then to be seen! Some were struck as pale as death; some were lying on the ground; others wringing their hands; others sinking into the arms of their friends, and most of them lifting up their eyes to heaven, and crying out to God for mercy. I could think of nothing when I looked at them so much as of the great day. They seemed like persons awakened by the last trump, and coming out of their graves to judgment." In these wonder-

fully thrilling scenes William Tennent was one of the principal actors. Infidels were confounded, sinners saved, and God honored.

Whitefield reproved by Tennent.

Very singular, very powerful, as well as characteristic, was the reproof William Tennent gave Mr. Whitefield against impatience for his work to be done, and a longing for heaven. They were dining one day with Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, when Mr. Whitefield, exhausted by severe labor, expressed a hope that he might soon enter into rest, and, turning to Mr. Tennent, he appealed to him to know if it were not also his source of consolation. Mr. Tennent replied, "What do you think I should say if I were to send my man Tom into the field to plow, and at noon should find him lounging under a tree, complaining of the heat, and begging to be discharged from his hard service? What should I say? Why, that he was an idle, lazy fellow, and that his business was to do the work I had assigned him." This was a hard reproof, and the "Prince of Pulpit Orators" felt the force of the illustration.

Whitefield and the Infidel.

Mr. Whitefield was preaching one afternoon in Philadelphia against "reasoning unbelievers." He had not his usual freedom, and his sermon fell

powerless upon the people. An infidel who had been one of his auditors was delighted at his failure, and said to one of Mr. Whitefield's friends, "What! Mr. Whitefield could not make the people cry this afternoon." "A good reason for it," said his friend, "is, that he was preaching against deists, and *you* know they are a hardened generation."

Whitefield and the Deist.

Mr. Brockden, a lawyer of Philadelphia, eminent in his profession, and Recorder of Deeds for that city, had for many years been distinguished as a deist. Whitefield says: "In his younger days he had some religious impressions; but, going into business, the cares of the world choked the good seed, so that he not only forgot his God, but at length he began to have doubts of, and to dispute, his very being. In this state he continued many years, and had been very zealous in propagating his deistical, I could almost say atheistical, principles among moral men. He told me that when I was in Philadelphia a year before he had not had sufficient curiosity to come and hear me, but on this occasion, a brother deist having pressed him, he, after much persuasion, complied. I preached at the Court-house stairs upon the conference which the Lord had with Nicodemus. I had not spoken much before the Lord struck his heart. 'For,' said he, 'I saw your doctrine tended to make people good.' His family knew nothing of

his having been present, and when he went home his wife, who had also heard the sermon, came in and said that she heartily wished that he had heard me, to which he made no response. Shortly after another member of the family coming in expressed the same wish, and then another, till, alas! being unable to refrain any longer, he, with tears in his eyes, said, ‘Why, I have been hearing him,’ and then expressed his approbation. Ever since he has followed on to know the Lord, and Jesus was made manifest to his soul. Though upward of threescore years of age, he is now, I believe, born of God! He is as a little child, and often, as he tells me, receives such communications from God when he retires into the woods that he thinks he could die a martyr for the truth.” What a wonderful change! What a transformation!



Whitefield a Merchant.

There is such a thing as spiritual merchandise. Solomon says, in regard to wisdom, “The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver; and the gain thereof, than fine gold.” Mr. Whitefield, on one occasion while preaching in Philadelphia, cried out in the midst of the sermon, “I am going to turn merchant to-day. I have valuable commodities to offer for sale, but I say not, as your merchants do, If you will come *up* to my price I’ll sell to you; but, If you will come *down* to my price; for if you have a farthing to

bring you cannot be a purchaser." They were urged to "*buy* the truth;" to "buy wine and milk without money and without price."

"See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls."

During the sermon a broken-hearted man took courage, and his language was,

"In my hands no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling."

He bought without money and without price, and returned home in possession of true riches.

Woman's Preaching.

Mr. Whitefield announced one day in Philadelphia to his audience, "I am going to set a woman to preach to you to-day." While the people were waiting with breathless anxiety to see a woman come forward and address them from the platform, Mr. Whitefield, to their great surprise, exclaimed, "She is a Samaritan, and she says, 'Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?'"

No Sects in Heaven.

Mr. Whitefield on one occasion was preaching in Market-street, Philadelphia, from the balcony of the Court-house, when suddenly he cried out,

“Father Abraham, whom have you in heaven? Any Episcopalians?” “No.” “Any Presbyterians?” “No.” “Have you any Independents or Seceders?” “No.” “Have you any Methodists there?” “No, no, no.” “Whom have you there?” “We don’t know those names here. All who are here are Christians—believers in Christ—men who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony.” “O, is this the case?” said Whitefield; “then God help me, God help us all, to forget party names, and to become Christians in deed and in truth!”

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The Aged Disciples.

Mr. Whitefield was a kind of John the Baptist in preparing the way for those who were to come after him. He was a pioneer for the Wesleyan Methodist preachers. When he preached at Quantico, Maryland, many were converted under his ministry, among others a family by the name of Rider. Years after this family heard the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson preach, and they were much affected. After the sermon they approached Mr. Garrettson with tears, and Mrs. Rider said to him, “Many years ago we heard Mr. Whitefield preach, and were brought to taste the sweetness of religion; but previous to hearing you, we had not listened to a Gospel sermon for about twenty years. The first time I heard you preach I knew it was the truth, but I had only a little spark left.

Yesterday we heard you again, and the little spark was blown into a coal, and, glory to God! the coal is blown into a flame. We cannot hide ourselves any longer from you. Our house and our hearts are open to receive you and the blessed word you preach." Mr. Garrettson accepted the invitation, went to their house and preached. He found many in the place ripe for the Gospel. A gracious revival followed, and many were converted; a society was formed, and she who so many years before had been one of Mr. Whitefield's hearers and converts became a pillar in the society, a "mother in Israel," and a mother to the preachers.

How true it is that one soweth and another reapeth; and the time is coming when the sower and the reaper shall overtake each other and rejoice together!



Whitefield and the Young Burglar.

There are prodigies of mercy, miracles of grace, as the following incident serves to show.

A young man by the name of Bedgood, young in years but old in iniquity, an apt scholar in the school of vice, and whose associates were of a similar class, was, with one of his companions, suddenly cut short in his career of sin by being arrested for burglary. For this crime they were tried at Gloucester, convicted, and condemned to die. While under sentence of death the Rev. Mr. Bretherton visited them, and the dark mind o

young Bedgood becoming enlightened, he became a true penitent. His young companion in crime suffered death, but his punishment was changed to fourteen years' transportation to America. After his arrival on this continent he often had the privilege of attending the ministry of Whitefield, and under it he was converted to God. He was another seal of Whitefield's ministry. Through him the prodigal was brought home. Tremendous change! The prisoner was made free, the exile brought back to his father's house. Feeling it his duty to preach deliverance to the captives, his spiritual father, Mr. Whitefield, prepared the way for his entrance into the ministry. He was settled in Charleston, S. C., as Pastor for several years, and the Church greatly prospered under him. He was humble, earnest, eloquent, and successful. He enjoyed the friendship and society of Mr. Whitefield when he was in America, and often corresponded with Mr. Bretherton, who had been to him an angel of mercy, visiting him in prison, pouring light into his dark mind, and reaching out the hand that providentially rescued him from ruin.



Whitefield and the Devil.

Mr. Whitefield, having delivered a discourse of rare beauty and eloquence in the city of Charleston, had just retired from the pulpit and was wending his way out of the church, when he met an acquaintance in the aisle, who, shaking him cor-

dially by the hand, congratulated him on the splendid effort he had just made, saying, "Brother Whitefield, you have preached a most eloquent discourse. I was highly delighted." Whitefield, instead of being in the least elated, replied in the most solemn and impressive manner, "Ah, brother, there is one in advance of you, for the devil told me so before I left the pulpit."



Not a Single Plank.

There is a great difference in the ability of ministers to secure the attention and interest of their auditors. Some succeed in pretty effectually mesmerizing and putting them to sleep; others will manage to keep them awake, but not particularly interested. During the preaching of some their hearers will be listless and inattentive, while others will secure attention from the time they utter the first word until the conclusion of their remarks.

Mr. Whitefield knew right well how to secure the undivided attention of his hearers. The following is a good illustration.

A ship-builder was asked what he thought of Mr. Whitefield's preaching. "Think!" he replied. "I tell you, sir, that every Sunday I go to my parish church I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon, but were it to save my soul I could not under Mr. Whitefield's preaching lay a single plank."

Whitefield and the Doomed Village.

There is a beautiful village in New England from which Whitefield was driven with such shameful abuse that he shook the dust from his feet as a testimony against them. He then turned prophet, and uttered the fearful prediction that the Spirit of God would not visit that place till the last of those persecutors was dead. How they might have prayed in poetic language,

“Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despote;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight!”

How true the language of the Saviour: “He that despiseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me.” It is a fearful thing to grieve the Holy Spirit, to treat with contempt an ambassador of Christ!

Mr. Whitefield’s terrible prediction was fulfilled. The village seemed to suffer under the influence of a moral paralysis. Its inhabitants became twice dead, plucked up by the roots. For nearly a century they fed on the unwholesome food of a strange doctrine. The place was the very garden of natural loveliness, and yet in its moral aspect was like a heath or desert upon which for a long season no dew nor gentle rain had fallen. It was not till that whole generation had passed away that Zion awoke “and put on strength, and put on her beautiful garments.”

Whitefield, his Friend, and the Idol.

Mr. Whitefield, in order to show the folly of making idols of our children, and the transient nature of all the joys of earth, related the following incident: He had a friend in London who was dotingly fond of his children, one of whom he completely idolized. Mr. Whitefield noticed his exceeding fondness for his pet, and when he was in Georgia wrote a letter to the fond father beginning with this sentence, "Is your idol dead yet?" The reason of his making this singular inquiry was his belief that it was such an idol it could not long be retained—that the flower would probably wither, that the lamb would be sacrificed. When Mr. Whitefield returned to London he saw the father of the child, who told him that the day before the receipt of Mr. Whitefield's letter from America making inquiry concerning his idol, the child had died—the dear idol had been torn from him. He stated that the child had suffered such pain, such indescribable agony, that he would rather himself have endured a thousand deaths than that his darling should so suffer; and, in order to end those sufferings, he had been obliged to go to the Lord and beseech him to take his dear child away.



The Vane and the Compass.

Whitefield during the year 1745 spent several days in Ipswich, Mass. The Rev. Mr. Pickering

refused to admit him to his pulpit, giving his reasons for so doing in a published letter. Mr. Whitefield, in a reply he made to a pamphlet of the Bishop of London on the "Enthusiasm of the Methodists," had said that "all ought to be thankful for a pilot who will teach them to steer a safe and middle course." Mr. Pickering, in his reply to Mr. Whitefield's request for the use of his pulpit, quotes this expression, and shrewdly inquires, "But what if the pilot should mistake the vane for the compass?"



Whitefield and the Trumpeter.

Mr. Whitefield was persecuted in America as well as in Europe, and often the lion was changed into a lamb, as in the following instance.

A black trumpeter, belonging to an English regiment, resolved to interrupt him while delivering an expected discourse in the open air. At the hour appointed for the sermon he repaired to the field where it was to be preached, carrying his trumpet with him, on purpose to blow it with all his might about the middle of the sermon. He took his stand in front of the minister, and at no great distance. The concourse that attended became very great, and those who were toward the extremity of the crowd pressed forward in order to hear more distinctly, and caused such a pressure at the place where the trumpeter stood that he found it impossible to raise up his arm which held

the trumpet at the time he intended to blow it. He attempted to extricate himself from the crowd, but found this equally impossible, so that he was kept within hearing of the Gospel as securely as if he had been chained to the spot. In a short time his attention was arrested, and he became so powerfully affected by what the preacher presented to his mind that he was seized with an agony of despair, and was carried to a house in the neighborhood. When the service was over he was visited by Mr. Whitefield, who tendered some seasonable counsels, and the poor trumpeter from that time became an altered character.

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Shrewd Reply.

On Whitefield's arrival in Boston, where he had not yet preached, he met, while walking through the streets, a famous Doctor of Divinity, who not only had a deep-seated prejudice against him, but was also his enemy. Recognizing each other at once, the doctor remarked, "I am sorry to see you here." Whitefield replied, "And so is the devil."

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Whitefield and the Inquiring Woman.

Whitefield had just finished a sermon in New England when a woman said to him, "Mr. Whitefield, what do you think of Cotton Mather and Mr. —? [another minister whom she named.] One of them said I ought to receive the sacra-

ment before my experience was given in, and the other said not; and I believe the angels were glad to carry them both to heaven." Mr. Whitefield replied, "Good woman, I believe they have never talked about it since, for they will no more talk about those things." How inquisitive some people are! How ingeniously he answered the query of this inquiring woman!



Whitefield and the Wit.

When Whitefield visited Boston, in 1774, a number were converted; among others a man of brilliant wit and racy humor, who delighted to preach over a *bottle* to his boon companions. Having gone to hear Whitefield in order to get up a new "tavern harangue," and having, as he thought, heard enough of the sermon for his purpose, he was about leaving the church for the inn, when "he found his endeavors to get out fruitless, being so pent up." While thus fixed, and waiting for "fresh matter of ridicule," he was arrested by the power of the Gospel. That night he went to Mr. Prince, a preacher in Boston, full of horror, and earnestly desiring to beg Mr. Whitefield's pardon. Mr. Prince encouraged him to visit Mr. Whitefield. He did so with fear and trembling. Whitefield says of him, "By the paleness, pensiveness, and horror of his countenance, I guessed he was the man of whom I had been apprised. 'Sir, can you forgive?' he cried in a low but plaintive

voice. I smiled, and said, 'Yes, sir, very readily.' 'Indeed, you cannot,' he said, 'when I tell you all.' I then asked him to sit down; and, judging that he had sufficiently felt the lash of the law, I preached to him the Gospel. The man was converted, and consecrated his wit, genius, and talents to God." This and other remarkable conversions gave to Mr. Whitefield's preaching in Boston increased power and influence.



The Sleeper.

Many were skeptical as to the great pulpit powers of Whitefield; but when listening to his organ-like voice and impressive appeals, their skepticism soon vanished. This was the case with a young student in the New Jersey College, who, having heard that Whitefield was to preach near Princeton, and being very anxious to hear and judge for himself whether he was really entitled to the celebrity he enjoyed, went to hear him.

It was a rainy day, and the audience was small. The preacher, accustomed to addressing thousands, did not feel his powers called forth as at other times. The young man at first was disappointed, and concluded that Whitefield's powers had been overrated. When he was about one third through with his discourse the young man said to himself, "This man is not so great a wonder after all—quite commonplace and superficial—nothing but show, and not a great deal of that." Looking

around upon the audience he saw that they looked about as disinterested as usual, and that the old father, who always sits directly in front of the pulpit, and always goes to sleep after hearing the text and plan of the sermon, was enjoying his accustomed nap. Just then Whitefield suddenly paused; his face went rapidly through many changes, till finally it looked more like a rising thunder-cloud than any thing else; and, beginning very deliberately, he said, "If I had come to speak to you in my own name you might rest your elbows upon your knees and your heads upon your hands and go to sleep, once in a while looking up and muttering, 'What does this babbler say?' But I have not come to you in my own name; no, I have come to you in the name of the Lord God of hosts, and" (here he brought down his hand and foot at once, so as to make the whole house ring) "I must and will be heard." Every one in the house started, the old father, who always slept, among the rest. "Aye, aye," continued the preacher, looking at the old father, "I have waked you up, have I? I meant to do it. I have not come here to preach to stocks and stones; I have come to you in the name of the Lord God of hosts, and I must and will be heard." The old father's slumber was at an end, the congregation fully aroused, and the remaining part of the sermon produced a powerful effect.

The young man came away satisfied that the talents of Whitefield as a pulpit orator had *not* been overrated.

Splendid Retort.

Whitefield knew right well how to retort upon an adversary. He might be sharp, but Whitefield was a little sharper. He well understood when and how to answer a fool according to his folly.

Being in Philadelphia on a certain occasion, he was obliged not only to repel the charge of Antinomianism, but also that of false zeal. He went to church to listen to a sermon, and heard the minister make a rude attack upon him. The clergyman took for his text, "I bear them record that they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." Then came the charge against Whitefield, at whom he fired his heavy guns. But he expended his ammunition in vain.

The text proved a most unfortunate selection for his accuser, for Whitefield, while preaching in the evening before an audience of twenty thousand, turned the context upon him with tremendous point and power, saying, "I could have wished the preacher this morning had considered the next words, 'For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.'" Rom. x, 3, 4. Truth prevailed; the word of God was vindicated. Multitudes were the seals to his ministry under that sermon. That night *fifty negroes*, besides many others, came to tell Whitefield "what God had done for their souls."

Whitefield and the Lantern Boy.

Whitefield often stood on the outside steps of the Court-house in Philadelphia, and preached to thousands who crowded the streets below. On one of these occasions a youth pressed as near to his favorite preacher as possible, and, to testify his respect, held a lantern for his accommodation. Soon after the sermon began he became so absorbed in the subject that the lantern fell from his hand and was dashed to pieces, and that part of the audience in the immediate vicinity of the speaker's stand was not a little discomposed by the occurrence.

Some years after, Mr. Whitefield, in the course of his fifth visit to America, about the year 1754, on a journey from the southward, called at St. George's, in Delaware, where Mr. Rodgers was then settled in the ministry, and spent some time with him. In the course of this visit Mr. Rodgers, riding one day with his visitor in a close carriage, asked him whether he recollected the occurrence of the little boy who was so much affected with his preaching as to let the lantern fall. Whitefield answered, "O yes, I remember it well, and have often thought I would give any thing in my power to know who that little boy was, and what had become of him." Mr. Rodgers replied with a smile, "I am that little boy." Mr. Whitefield, with tears of joy, started from his seat, clasped him in his arms, and with strong emotion remarked that he was the fourteenth person then in

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the ministry whom he had discovered in the course of that visit to America of whose hopeful conversion he had been the instrument.

The Mimic and the Drinking Club.

A negro boy who attended to the wants of the members of a drinking club in Delaware, and who, for the diversion of its members, would at times mimic various persons, was asked to mimic Whitefield, which he for a time positively refused to do; but they insisting, he suddenly rose, and in a most impressive and striking manner said, "I speak the truth in Christ. I lie not. Except ye repent you will all be damned." It was like an earthquake shock—like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. The speech was so sudden, so unexpected, and so marked in its effects, that the club was disbanded and never met afterward.

Whitefield's Attempt at Courtship.

Marriage is said by St. Paul to be honorable in all. Mr. Whitefield had not much time to devote to courtship, nor to a wife after having obtained one; but the time came when he thought it not good for him to be alone, and he desired a "help-mate," and he wrote to the parents of a young lady one of the most singular letters ever written or ever read. We wonder not that his application was a failure.

LETTER TO THE PARENTS.

“On board the Savannah, bound to Philadelphia from Georgia, *April 4*, 1740.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS : I find by experience that a mistress is absolutely necessary for the due management of my increasing family, and to take off some of that care which at present lies upon me. Besides, I shall in all probability, at my next return from England, bring more women with me ; and I find, unless they are all truly gracious, (or indeed if they are,) without a superior, matters cannot be carried on as becometh the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It hath been, therefore, much impressed upon my heart that I should marry, in order to have a helpmate for me in the work whereunto our dear Lord Jesus hath called me. This comes (like Abraham’s servant to Rebekah’s relations) to know whether you think your daughter, Miss E., is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking. If so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage unto her ? You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal ; for I bless God, if I know any thing of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love. I write only because I believe it is the will of God that I should alter my state ; but your denial will fully convince me that your daughter is not the person appointed by God for me. He knows my heart ; I would not marry but for him, and in him, for ten thousand worlds. But I have sometimes thought Miss E. would be my helpmate, for she has often been impressed on

my heart. I should think myself safer in your family, because so many of you love the Lord Jesus, and consequently would be more watchful over my precious and immortal soul. After strong crying and tears at the throne of grace for direction, and after unspeakable troubles with my own heart, I write this. Be pleased to spread the letter before the Lord, and, if you think this motion to be of him, be pleased to deliver the inclosed to your daughter; if not, say nothing, only let me know you disapprove of it, and that shall satisfy, dear sir and madam,

“Your obliged friend and servant in Christ,

“GEORGE WHITEFIELD.”

LETTER TO THE DAUGHTER.

The letter to the daughter was as curious as that to the parents. Whitefield was awkward at courting, and he did not understand writing love-letters. Such letters would never win the heart of any intelligent young lady. It shows the purity of his heart more than the wisdom of his head. It shows his artless simplicity—that he was perfectly transparent.

“On board the Savannah, *April 4, 1740.*”

“Be not surprised at the contents of this; the letter sent to your honored father and mother will acquaint you with the reasons. Do you think you could undergo the fatigues that must necessarily attend being joined to one who is every day liable to be called out to suffer for the sake of Jesus Christ? Can you bear to leave your father and

kindred's house, and to trust on Him who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him for your own and children's support, supposing it should please him to bless you with any? Can you bear the inclemencies of the air, both as to cold and heat, in a foreign climate? Can you, when you have a husband, be as though you had none, and willingly part with him, even for a long season, when his Lord and Master shall call him forth to preach the Gospel, and command him to leave you behind? If, after seeking to God for direction, and searching your heart, you can say, 'I can do all these things, through Christ strengthening me,' what if you and I were joined together in the Lord, and you came with me, at my return from England, to be a helpmate for me in the management of the orphan house? I have great reason to believe it is the divine will that I should alter my condition, and have often thought you were the person appointed for me. I shall still wait on God for direction, and heartily entreat him that if this motion be not of him it may come to naught. I write thus plainly, because I trust I write not from any other principles but the love of God. I shall make it my business to call on the Lord Jesus, and would advise you to consult both him and your friends; for, in order to obtain a blessing, we should call both the Lord Jesus and his disciples to the marriage. I much like the manner of Isaac's marrying with Rebekah, and think no marriage can succeed well unless both parties concerned are like-minded with Tobias and his wife.

I think I can call the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to witness that I desire 'to take you, my sister, to wife, not for lust, but uprightly,' and therefore I hope he will mercifully ordain, if it be his blessed will we should be joined together, that we may walk as Zachary and Elizabeth did, in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless. I make no great profession to you, because I believe you think me sincere. The passionate expressions which carnal courtiers use I think ought to be avoided by those who marry in the Lord. I can only promise, by the help of God, 'to keep my matrimonial vow, and to do what I can toward helping you forward in the great work of your salvation.' If you think marriage will be any way prejudicial to your better part, be so kind as to send me a denial. I would not be a snare to you for the world. You need not be afraid of speaking your mind. I trust I love you only for God, and desire to be joined to you only by his command, and for his sake. With fear and much trembling I write, and shall patiently tarry the Lord's leisure till he is pleased to incline you, dear Miss E., to send an answer to

"Your affectionate brother, friend, and servant
in Christ, G. WHITEFIELD."



Whitefield and his Wife.

Whitefield received no favorable answer from the young lady whose hand he had solicited.

Still feeling it his duty to marry, he the following year (1741) was united in matrimony to a Mrs. James in Wales. She was a widow, ten years older than himself. Washington, John Wesley, and Whitefield married widows. The marriage of Whitefield has been represented as unhappy, like John Wesley's, but this appears to be a mistake. He always spoke of his wife in the highest terms, and he speaks well of her piety. He wrote to Gilbert Tennent with reference to his marriage, saying that Mrs. Whitefield, "although not rich in fortune nor beautiful in person, was a true child of God," and who would not "for the world hinder him in God's work." To another American friend he writes, "The Lord has given me a daughter of Abraham." He speaks of her in the most endearing manner as his "dear partner," his "dear fellow-pilgrim," his "dear yoke-fellow." She must have been quite a heroine. At one time when he was preaching the mob rallied, stones flew, and, being in great danger, he began to have fears. His wife, who was standing behind him, pulled his gown, and said, "Now, George, play the man for God." This inspired him with more than mortal strength, the enemy retreated, and victory was proclaimed on the Lord's side. Again, in 1744, when they were on board the ship *Wilmington*, bound for America, and were about to be attacked by an enemy's vessel, he says, "All except myself seemed ready for fire and smoke. My wife, after having dressed herself to prepare for all events, set about making cartridges, while the husband wanted to

go into the hold of the ship, hearing that was the chaplain's usual place."

He writes to one not "to forget his widow-wife. Blessed be God, her Maker is her husband, and ere long we shall sit down together at the marriage-supper of the Lamb." Again, in 1768, he writes to a friend, "My wife is as well as can be expected. Both of us are descending in order to ascend

Where sin, and pain, and sorrow cease,
And all is calm, and joy, and peace.' "

She died in 1768, two years before her husband, and Whitefield preached her funeral sermon, and praised her many virtues. He very soon joined her where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," but are equal to the angels of God. It was a custom in those days for one relative to preach the funeral sermon of another. John Wesley preached his mother's, Whitefield his wife's.



Whitefield and the Bishop of Gloucester.

The Bishop of Gloucester had sent a letter to Mr. Whitefield, saying that he ought only to preach in that congregation to which he was lawfully appointed. The Bishop cautioned him against acting contrary to the commission given him at his ordination. Mr. Whitefield in his reply said, "Then all persons act contrary to their commission when they preach occasionally in a strange

place, and consequently your lordship equally offends when preaching out of your own diocese."



Inveighing Against the Clergy Without a Cause.

This was one of the charges the Bishop brought against him. Mr. Whitefield in his reply denied the charge, saying, "Let those that bring reports to your lordship about my preaching be brought face to face, and I am ready to give them an answer. St. Paul exhorts Timothy 'not to receive an accusation against an elder under two or three witnesses;' and even Nicodemus could say, 'The law suffered no man to be condemned unheard.' I shall only add that I hope your lordship will inspect into the lives of your other clergy, and censure them for being over-remiss as much as you censure me for being over-righteous. . . . As for declining the work in which I am engaged, my blood runs chill at the very thought of it. I am convinced that it is as much my duty to act as I do, as that the sun shines at noonday. I can foresee the consequences very well. They have already in one sense thrust us out of the synagogues. By and by they will think they are doing God's service to kill us. But, my lord, if you and the Bishops cast us out, our great and common Master will take us up. Though all men deny us, yet will not he. In patience, therefore, do I possess my soul. I willingly tarry the Lord's leisure."

Queries and Scruples.

A pamphlet against Mr. Whitefield with the above singular title was published by some one who professed to be of the Presbyterian persuasion. Whitefield in replying, having a suspicion as to who the author was, says, "I think I may say with David, though on a different occasion, 'Joab's hand is in this.' If your ministers were really the authors, and you only their representatives, they have not acted wisely. They had better have spoken out. I should have as readily answered them as you. Solomon says, 'He that hateth reproof is brutish.' And if I know any thing of my own heart, I should think myself obliged to any one that convinced me of an error either in principle or practice."

Whitefield candidly answers their queries and scruples, and as they found fault with him for preaching extemporaneously, he says, "Do not condemn me for preaching *extempore*, and for saying I am helped often immediately in that exercise, when thousands can prove as well as myself that it is so. Neither should you censure me as one who would lay aside reading. I am of Bishop Sanderson's mind: 'Study without prayer is atheism, prayer without study presumption.'" He says he cannot disapprove of those who exclaim against dry, sapless, unconverted ministers. Such surely are the bane of the Christian Church. He omits some of the latter part of their queries for their own and not for his sake. "I hope," says he, "I

can say with more sincerity than Hazael, 'Is thy servant a dog' that he should do what you suggest?" He wishes that those who advised them to publish their queries had also cautioned the writer against dipping his pen in so much gall. "Surely your insinuations," he says, "are contrary to that charity which hopeth and believeth all things for the best." Thus with great wit and superior skill did Whitefield answer the queries and scruples of carping critics.

"The Bold, Importunate Beggar."

In a pamphlet published in 1742, entitled "The State of Religion in New England since the Rev. George Whitefield arrived there," he is severely attacked. In his reply he says, "I think the contents in no way answer to the title-page. It rather ought to be entitled 'The State of Religion Falsely Stated.'" His answer is a masterpiece. The author calls Whitefield "a bold and importunate beggar." Whitefield replies, "I acknowledge I learned that from the wise man, who tells me, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;' and from the Apostle Paul, who, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians (vii, 9) says, 'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich,' and who here shows himself to be the most bold, insinuating, and importunate beggar for pious uses that I ever met with."

The Young Mimic.

In the early part of 1756 an instance of conversion occurred by a singular process in connection with, though not an immediate consequence of, Whitefield's preaching. While at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, his endeavors to propagate divine knowledge were treated with contempt, and malicious falsehoods were circulated to counteract the good effects of his ministry. Among the most virulent of his opposers was a Mr. Thorpe, who, with three of his associates, agreed for a wager to mimic the preacher. It was concluded that each should open the Bible, and hold forth from the first text that should present itself to his eye. Accordingly three in their turn mounted the table, and thus profanely entertained their wicked companions. When they had exhausted their little stock of buffoonery, it devolved on Mr. Thorpe to close this very irreverent scene. Much elevated, and confident of success, he exclaimed as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all!" The judges were to be the members of the convivial assembly which had met on the occasion.

Mr. Thorpe, when the Bible was handed to him, had not the slightest preconception what part of the Scripture he should make the subject of his banter. However, by the guidance of an unerring Providence, it opened at that remarkable passage, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Luke xiii, 3. No sooner had he uttered the words than his mind was affected in a very extraordinary

manner. The sharpest pangs of conviction now seized him, and conscience denounced tremendous vengeance upon his soul. In a moment he was favored with a clear view of his subject, and divided his discourse more like a divine who had been accustomed to speak on portions of Scripture than like one who never so much as thought on religious topics, except for the purpose of ridicule. He found no deficiency of matter, no want of utterance; and he afterward frequently declared, "If ever I preached in my life by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was at that time." The impression that the subject made upon his mind had such an effect upon his manner that the most ignorant and profane could not but perceive that what he had spoken was with the greatest sincerity. The unexpected solemnity and pertinency of his address, instead of entertaining the company, first spread a visible depression, and afterward a deep gloom, upon every countenance. This sudden change in the complexion of his associates did not a little conduce to increase the convictions of his own bosom. No one appeared disposed to interrupt him; but, on the contrary, their attention was deeply engaged with the pointedness of his remarks; in fact, many of his sentences, as he has often related, made, to his apprehension, his own hair stand erect! On his getting down from the table not a syllable was uttered concerning the wager, a profound silence pervading the entire company.

Mr. Thorpe immediately withdrew, without tak-

ing the least notice of any person present, and returned home with very painful reflections, and in the deepest distress imaginable. Happily for him, this was his last bacchanalian revel. His impressions were genuine, and from that hour the connection between him and his former companions was entirely dissolved. The result was his conversion to God, and his entrance into the Christian ministry. Such was the result of his mimicking Mr. Whitefield. What a strange and unexpected result! He became Pastor of the Church in Masborough, Yorkshire, was a laborious and successful minister, beloved in life, lamented in death. He died in 1776, after a ministry of thirteen years.



Whitefield and the Irish Mob.

Whitefield was desirous of the honors of martyrdom. He said, "It would be sweet to wear a martyr's crown." He came near having his wish gratified in June, 1756, when he received honorable scars that he carried with him to the grave. It was while preaching in Dublin, Ireland. At first his reception was very courteous and encouraging. One of the bishops told a nobleman, who repeated the remark to Mr. Whitefield, that he was glad he had come to rouse the people. His life, however, was soon afterward in danger from the attacks of an ignorant rabble on his return from preaching. Volleys of stones were thrown at him from all quarters, till he was covered with blood. At length,

with the greatest difficulty, he staggered to the door of a minister's house near the green, which was humanely opened to him. For a considerable time he remained speechless, and gasping for breath; but his weeping friends, having given him some cordials and washed his wounds, procured a coach, in which, amid the volleys of oaths, horrid imprecations, and violent threatenings of the rabble, he came safe home, and joined in a hymn of thanksgiving with his mourning, yet rejoicing friends, of whom he says, "None but spectators could form an idea of the affection with which I was received." His sincerity and the strength of his principles were shown on this occasion, and proved that he had imbibed much of the spirit of his Lord. He says, "I received many blows and wounds; one was particularly large, and near my temples. I thought of Stephen, and was in hopes, like him, to go off in this bloody triumph to the immediate presence of my Master."

Whitefield used to say, in speaking of this event, that in England, Scotland, and America he had been treated only as a common minister of the Gospel; but that in Ireland he had been elevated to the rank of an APOSTLE, in having had the honor of being stoned.

The sermon which he at this time delivered was not, however, without fruit. Under his powerful appeals a young man named John Edwards, although concealed from the view of the preacher, had felt as if every word were directed to him. He was converted, and became a successful minister

of the Gospel, and had the honor of being mobbed himself several times.

Mr. Edwards was one of the earliest preachers at the Tabernacle in London; and he itinerated, preaching the Gospel over the greater part of England, Scotland, and Ireland. When preaching in Ireland the mob were going to throw him over the bridge into the Liffey, but he was rescued by another party. Again, after having preached in the fields he retired to a house, which the mob threatened to burn to the ground unless he were driven out of it, but his friends let him down in a basket through a window into a garden, and he thus escaped. He proved himself a worthy son of his spiritual father.

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“Wicked Will.”

There are some sinners of the baser sort who are bold in sin, and who glory in their shame. This was the case with a young man in Plymouth, who was such a heaven-daring sinner, so bold a transgressor, that he was called “Wicked Will.” Having heard of Whitefield as the man who was “turning the world upside down,” he went to hear him, not merely out of curiosity to hear what the babbler would say, but to persecute him. Whitefield rolled Mount Sinai’s thunders over sinners’ heads, and flashed its vivid lightnings around them till trembling seized them as it did Belthazar when he read the handwriting on the wall.

“Wicked Will” felt the power of the truth, and he cried out, “What must I do to be saved?” His sins may have been crimson and scarlet, but they were made white as snow. His character and conduct were so wholly changed that it was no longer “Wicked Will,” but “Pious Will,” a child of God, and an heir of immortality. He related his experience with the utmost simplicity, and said, “I came to pick a hole in the preacher’s coat; but the Holy-Ghost picked a hole in my heart.”

Going to Hell his own Way.

Profanity has been for ages a common sin. It is so still. “Because of swearing the land mourneth.” Whitefield heard a young man profane the name of the Lord, and he reproved him, telling him that God would not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain, and requested him to swear no more. He replied, “Doctor, it is very hard that you will not let a man go to hell his own way.”

How true that sinners have their own way of going to hell! “They chose death in the error of their way.” “They bring upon themselves swift destruction.”

Whitefield and the Catholic Minister.

Whitefield at one time called on a minister at Oxford, and asked him if he might visit some of his parishioners, and whether he was offended at his going to visit the prisoners. “No, no,” said

he, "I am glad to have any such curate as you ; and," continued he, "as good Philip Henry said to the minister of Broad Oaks, from whence he had been ejected, but where he had afterward preached in a barn, 'Sir,' said he, on meeting him after the sermon was over, 'I have been making bold to throw a handful of seed into your ground. 'Thank you, sir,' said he; 'God bless it, and may it make work enough for us both!'"

Whitefield and the Wounded Man.

Whitefield was preaching at a time of religious persecution. Some one threw a stone and struck him in the forehead, causing it to bleed. A laboring man, who was listening with intense interest to his powerful discourse, was wounded by another stone, and directly after by the sword of truth. He afterward came to Whitefield and said, "Sir, the man gave me a wound, but Jesus healed me. I never had my bonds broke till I had my head broke."

Whitefield and the Gamblers.

Whitefield with a friend was staying one night at a public-house, and both were annoyed by a set of noisy gamblers in an adjoining room. Their clamorous talk and horrid blasphemies so excited Mr. Whitefield that he could not sleep, and his righteous soul was stirred up within him at hearing the name of God thus profaned, and he resolved

to arise and go and reprove them. He did so, but his words were of no effect; it was like casting pearls before swine. Discouraged, he returned to his room and lay down to sleep. His companion, who had tried to persuade him not to go, saying, "It will avail nothing, it will be labor lost," asked him on his return, "What did you get for your pains?" "A soft pillow," replied Whitefield, and very soon he fell asleep and had pleasant dreams.



Whitefield and the Story-teller.

There resided in Gloucester (Mr. Whitefield's native place) an aged and venerable dissenting minister. Whitefield when a boy was taught to ridicule him. He would run into his meeting-house and cry out, "Old Cole! old Cole! old Cole!" Whitefield was once asked what business he intended to follow. He answered, "A minister; but," added he, "I will take care never to tell stories in the pulpit like the old Cole." About twelve years after this Mr. Cole heard Mr. Whitefield preach in one of the churches at Gloucester. In illustrating the subject he related a story. Mr. Cole, who had been informed what Whitefield had said concerning his telling stories in the pulpit, remarked to one of his elders, "I find that young Whitefield can now tell stories as well as old Cole." He was so powerfully affected under Whitefield's preaching that he almost renewed his youth, and used to say, when coming to and returning from

the place of worship, "These are days of the Son of man indeed." Mr. Cole so admired young Whitefield that he went about preaching after him from place to place. He used to subscribe himself "Whitefield's Curate."

Mr. Cole died very suddenly. One evening while preaching he was struck with death, and asked for a chair to lean upon till the conclusion of his sermon. At its conclusion he was carried up stairs, and died. Mr. Whitefield says, "O blessed God! if it be thy holy will, may my exit be like his."

The Separation and the Reconciliation.

Whitefield and the Wesleys were, as we have seen, intimate friends—brothers beloved—fighting side by side the battles of the Lord, and achieving stupendous victories. But the scenes greatly changed. In 1741 they separated on doctrinal points, Whitefield becoming a Calvinist, and the Wesleys remaining Arminians.

Mr. Whitefield was in America when John Wesley preached and published a sermon on "Free Grace," to which was appended Charles Wesley's hymn on "God's universal love." Some one sent a copy of it to America, and it fell into the hands of Whitefield; and, although his name was not mentioned in it, he considered it personal, and was exceedingly grieved. He wrote an answer to it, which was published in America before his return to England. Besides which he wrote to the Wes-

leys, expostulating with them thus: "My dear, dear brethren, why did you throw out the bone of contention? Why did you print that sermon against predestination? Why did you, my dear Brother Charles, affix your hymn to it? O my dear brethren, my heart almost bleeds within me! Methinks I could be willing to tarry on the waters here forever rather than come to England to oppose you." They afterward had a meeting, and Whitefield says: "Ten thousand times would I rather have died than part with my old friends. It would have melted any heart to have heard Mr. Charles Wesley and I weeping after prayer that if possible the breach might be prevented."

There was considerable correspondence, several interviews, and some unpleasant feeling. John Wesley tenderly wrote to Whitefield, in answer to one of his letters: "The case is plain; there are bigots both for predestination and against it. God is sending a message to either side, but neither will receive it unless from one who is of their own opinion. Therefore for a time you are suffered to be of one opinion, and I of another. But when his time is come, God will do what men cannot, namely, make us of one mind." This prophecy was fulfilled in spirit though not in the letter, for, though they always after differed on theological points, they became one heart. They agreed to differ—the one to remain an Arminian, the other a Calvinist.

"Thus did Methodism divide into two currents and thereby watered a wider range of the moral

wilderness. Both flowed from the same source and in the same general direction.”* “It was a happy thing for the world and the Church they were not of one opinion; for had they been united in either, extreme truth would have made less progress. As joint Arminians, they would have spread Pelagianism; and as joint Calvinists, they would have been *hyper*, though not Antinomian. It was well, therefore, that they modified each other; for they were ‘two suns’ which could not have fixed

‘One meridian.’” †

Mr. Whitefield was a moderate Calvinist. He says, in a letter written two years before his death, “Moderate Calvinism I take to be a medium between two extremes. I should not choose to use expressions that need an apology. This seems to be a blemish in Dr. Crisp and other sublapsarian writers.” ‡

THE RECONCILIATION.

The Wesleys and Whitefield were soon reconciled, so as to become life-time friends, feeling the deepest interest in each other’s welfare, and each rejoicing in the prosperity of the other.

John Wesley says: “Mr. Whitefield called on me. Disputings are no more! We love one another, and join hand in hand to promote the cause of our common Master.” § Mr. Whitefield

* Dr. Stevens’s History of Methodism, vol. i, p. 155.

† Philip’s Life and Times of Whitefield, p. 203.

‡ Letter, vol. iii of Whitefield’s Works, p. 379.

§ Journal, November, 1745.

wrote: "I love and honor you for Christ's sake, and when I come to judgment will thank you before men and angels for what you have done for my soul." He also wrote to John Wesley from Philadelphia, Sept. 1747, "My heart is really for an outward as well as an inward union. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to bring it about; but I cannot see how it can possibly be effected till we all think and speak the same things. . . . As for *universal redemption*, if we omit on either side the talking for or against reprobation, which we may do fairly, and agree, as we already do, in giving a universal offer to all poor sinners that will come and taste of the waters of life, I think we may manage very well. In the meanwhile the language of my heart is,

'O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
See how these brethren love!'

"I long to owe no man any thing but love. This is a debt, reverend sir, I shall never be able to discharge to you or your brother. Jesus will pay you all. For his sake I love and honor you very much, and rejoice in your success as much as in my own. I cannot agree with you in some principles, but that need not hinder love, since I trust we hold the same foundation, even Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Will you salute, in the kindest manner, all the followers of the Lamb within your sphere of action?"

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon all their dear souls!" Was ever any thing more catholic, or full of a sweeter spirit?

The same day Whitefield wrote to Charles Wesley thus: "Both your letters and your prayers have reached me. May mine reach you also, and then it will not be long ere we shall be indeed one fold under one Shepherd. However, if this should not be on earth, it will certainly be effected in heaven. Thither, I trust, we are hastening apace. Blessed be God that you are kept alive, and that your spiritual children are increasing! May they increase more and more! Jesus can maintain them all. He wills that his house should be full. Some have written me things to your disadvantage. I do not believe them. Love thinks no evil of a friend. Such are you to me. I love you most dearly. That you may be guided unto all truth, turn thousands and tens of thousands more unto righteousness, and shine as the stars in the future world for ever and ever, is my hearty prayer."

The following poem was written by Charles Wesley after the reconciliation:

"COME on, my Whitefield, (since the strife is past,
And friends at first are friends again at last,)
Our hands and hearts and counsels let us join
For mutual league, t' advance the work divine.
Our one contention, now our single aim,
To pluck poor souls as brands out of the flame,
To spread the victory of that bloody cross,
And gasp our latest breath in the Redeemer's cause.

Too long, alas! we gave to Satan place,
When party zeal put on an angel's face;
Too long we listened to the coo'ning fiend,
Whose trumpet sounded, "For the faith contend!"
With hasty, blindfold rage, in error's night,
How did we with our fellow-soldiers fight!
We could not then our Father's children know,
But each mistook his brother for his foe.
"Foes to the truth, can you, in conscience, spare?"
"Tear them (the tempter cried) in pieces, tear!"
So thick the darkness, so confused the noise,
We took the stranger's for the Shepherd's voice;
Rash nature waved the controversial sword,
On fire to fight the battles of the Lord;
Fraternal love from every breast was driven,
And bleeding charity returned to heaven.
The Saviour saw our strife with pitying eye,
And cast a look that made the shadows fly;
Soon as the dayspring in his presence shone,
We found the two fierce armies were but one;
Common our hope and family and name,
Our arms, our Captain, and our crown the same;
Enlisted all beneath Immanuel's sign,
And purchased every soul with precious blood divine.
Then let us cordially again embrace,
Nor e'er infringe the league of Gospel grace;
Let us in Jesus' name to battle go,
And turn our arms against the common foe;
Fight side by side beneath our Captain's eye,
Chase the Philistines, on their shoulders fly,
And, more than conquerors, in the harness die.
For whether I am born to "blush above,"
On earth suspicious of electing love,
Or you, o'erwhelmed with honorable shame,
To shout the universal Saviour's name,
It matters not; if, all our conflicts past,
Before the great white throne we meet at last;

Our only care while sojourning below,
Our real faith by real love to show :
To blast the alien's hope, and let them see
How friends of jarring sentiments agree :
Not in a party's narrow banks confined,
Not by a sameness of opinions joined,
But cemented with the Redeemer's blood,
And bound together in the heart of God.
Can we forget from whence our union came,
When first we simply met in Jesu's name ?
The name mysterious of the God unknown,
Whose secret love allured, and drew us on
Through a long, lonely, legal wilderness,
To find the promised land of Gospel peace.
True yokefellows, we then agreed to draw
Th' intolerable burden of the law,
And, jointly lab'ring on with zealous strife,
Strengthened each other's hands to work for life ;
To turn against the world our steady face,
And, valiant for the truth, enjoy disgrace.
Then, when we served our God through fear alone,
Our views, our studies, and our hearts were one ;
No smallest difference damped the social flame ;
In Moses' school we thought and spake the same,
And must we, now in Christ, with shame confess,
Our love was greater when our light was less ?
When darkly through a glass with servile awe
We first the spiritual commandment saw,
Could we not then, our mutual love to show,
Through fire and water for each other go ?
We could—we did. In a strange land I stood,
And beckoned thee to cross the Atlantic flood ;
With true affection winged, thy ready mind
Left country, fame, and ease and friends behind,
And, eager all heaven's counsels to explore,
Flew through the watery world and grasped the shore.
Nor did I linger at my friend's desire,

To tempt the furnace and abide the fire ;
When suddenly sent forth, from the highways
I called poor outcasts to the feast of grace,
Urged to pursue the work by thee begun,
Through good and ill report I still rushed on,
Nor felt the fire of popular applause,
Nor feared the torturing flame in such a glorious cause.
Ah ! wherefore did we ever seem to part,
Or clash in sentiment while one in heart ?
What dire device did the old serpent find,
To put asunder those whom God hath joined ?
From folly and self-love opinion rose,
To sever friends who never yet were foes ;
To baffle and divert our noblest aim,
Confound our pride, and cover us with shame ;
To make us blush beneath his short-lived power,
And glad the world with one triumphant hour.
But lo ! the snare is broke, the captive's freed,
By faith on all the hostile powers we tread,
And crush, through Jesu's strength, the serpent's head.
Jesus hath cast the cursed accuser down ;
Hath rooted up the tares by Satan sown ;
Kindled anew the never-dying flame,
And rebaptized our souls into his name.
Soon as the virtue of his name we feel,
The storm of life subsides, the sea is still,
All nature bows to his benign command,
And two are one in his almighty hand.
One in his hand O may we still remain,
Fast bound with love's indissoluble chain :
(That adamant which time and death defies ;
That golden chain which draws us to the skies !)
His love, the tie that binds us to his throne,
His love, the bond that perfects us in one ;
His love, (let all the grounds of friendship see,)
His only love constrains our hearts t' agree,
And gives the rivet of eternity !

Whitefield's Sympathy for Wesley in Affliction

John Wesley, while at Lewisham in 1753, was taken dangerously ill, and it was thought he would not recover. Whitefield hearing of it wrote him the following letter, which does honor to his head and heart :

“BRISTOL, *December 3, 1753.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: If seeing you so weak on leaving London distressed me, the news and prospect of your approaching dissolution have quite weighed me down. I pity myself and the Church, but not you. A radiant throne awaits you, and ere long you will enter into your Master's joy. Yonder He stands with a massy crown, ready to put it on your head amid an admiring throng of saints and angels. But I fear I, that have been waiting for my dissolution these nineteen years, must be left to grovel here below. Well! this is my comfort! It cannot be long ere the chariots will be sent even for worthless me. If prayers can detain you, reverend and dear sir, you shall not leave us yet. But if the decree has gone forth that you must now fall asleep in Jesus, may he kiss your soul away, and give you to die in the embraces of triumphant love.

“If in the land of the dying, I hope to pay my last respects to you next week. If not, reverend and very dear sir, F-a-r-e-w-e-ll. I shall follow, though not with equal steps. My heart is too big, tears trickle down my cheeks too fast, and you are, I fear, too weak for me to enlarge. Underneath

you may there be Christ's everlasting arms! I commend you to his never-failing mercy, and am, reverend and very dear sir, your most affectionate, sympathizing, and afflicted young brother in the Gospel of our Lord,

“G. WHITEFIELD.”

This letter was never transcended for sweetness of spirit, real sympathy, and brotherly kindness. Mr. Wesley recovered, and survived his brother Whitefield nearly twenty years.

Whitefield's last Token of Friendship to the Wesleys.

Whitefield showed his undying friendship for the Wesleys in his last will and testament, made six months before his death, wherein he says, “I also leave a mourning ring to my honored and dear friends, and disinterested fellow-laborers, the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine. Grace be with all them, of whatever denomination, that love our Lord Jesus our common Lord, in sincerity!”

John Wesley's Tribute to Whitefield.

Mr. Keen had often said to Mr. Whitefield while in London, “If you should die abroad, whom shall

we get to preach your funeral sermon? Must it be your old friend John Wesley?" and his invariable answer was, "He is the man."

Wesley did preach Whitefield's funeral sermon, and in it he paid a noble tribute to his departed friend, dwelling particularly upon his friendship. "Shall we not mention," says Wesley, "that he had a heart susceptible of the most generous and the most tender friendship? I have frequently thought that this, of all others, was the distinguishing part of his character. How few have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections! Was it not principally by this that the hearts of others were so strongly drawn and knit to him? Can any thing but love beget love? This shone in his very countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private. Was it not this which, quick and penetrating as lightning, flew from heart to heart? which gave that life to his sermons, his conversation, his letters? Ye are witnesses." And in his Journal he says, "In every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man."



Whitefield and the Wicked Captain.

Mr. Whitefield having been invited by an American merchant then in England, in the name of thousands, to make another visit to America, took passage with that gentleman on board of a vessel

that was to sail from Portsmouth. The captain, hearing of the character of Whitefield and of his calling, refused to take him, saying he was afraid he would spoil the sailors. Whitefield left the vessel, and was obliged to go to Plymouth, where he came near being assassinated. But on his way, and at Plymouth, especially at the Dock, he met with great success. The devil's kingdom suffered loss, and the kingdom of the Redeemer was greatly advanced. This offended his Satanic majesty and his imps, and stirred them up to the guilt of the bloody scenes that followed.



The Ferry men.

Whitefield, during the five weeks that elapsed while waiting at Plymouth for a vessel in which to sail for America, preached with great power and success. He says, "Could the fields between Plymouth and the Dock, now Devonport, speak, they could tell what blessed seasons were then enjoyed there." He records a remarkable effect of his preaching at this time. It is worthy to be read and admired. It speaks well for the unselfishness of the ferrymen, who might have had a rich harvest of gain from the crowds who crossed the ferry to hear the unequalled preacher. "There is a ferry over to Plymouth, and the ferrymen were so much attached to me that they would take nothing of the multitudes that crossed to hear me preach, saying, 'God forbid that we should sell the word of God.'"

Whitefield and his would-be Murderers.

Whitefield was in peril on the land and on the ocean, in deaths oft ; but Jehovah

“ Covered his defenseless head
With the shadow of his wing.”

During his detention at Plymouth four gentlemen came to the house of one of his particular friends, kindly inquiring after him, and desiring to know where he lodged. Soon afterward Whitefield received a letter informing him that the writer was a nephew of Mr. S——, an attorney at New York, that he had the pleasure on one occasion of supping with Mr. Whitefield at his uncle's house, and again desired his company to sup with himself and a few friends at a public-house. Whitefield sent him word that it was not customary for him to sup abroad at taverns, but that he should be glad of the gentleman's company to eat with him at his lodging. The gentleman accordingly came and supped, but was observed to look around him and to be very absent-minded. At last he took his leave and returned to his companions at the tavern, and on being asked what he had done, he answered that he had been used so civilly that he had not the heart to touch him. Upon which another of the company, a lieutenant of a man-of-war, laid a wager of ten guineas that he would do the business for him. His companions, however, had the precaution to take away his sword.

It was now about midnight, and Whitefield,

having that day preached to a large congregation, had gone to bed, when the landlady came and told him that a well-dressed gentleman desired to speak with him. Whitefield, supposing that it was some one under conviction for sin, wished him to be admitted into his room. He was introduced, took a seat by the bedside, congratulated Mr. Whitefield on the success that had attended his ministry, and expressed much concern on being detained from hearing him. Soon after he broke out into the most abusive language, and in a cruel and cowardly manner beat him in his bed. The landlady and her daughter, hearing the noise, rushed into the room, and laid hold of the cruel and cowardly assailant, but he soon disengaged himself from them and repeated his blows upon Whitefield, who, being apprehensive that he was going to shoot or stab him, suffered intensely. Soon another came into the house, and cried out from the foot of the stairs, "Take courage, I am ready to help you." "Murder, murder!" was repeatedly cried, so the two men were alarmed and fled. The plan was to murder him. Mr. Whitefield escaped almost by a miracle.

Whitefield coolly says, "The next morning I was to expound at a private house, and then to set out for Biddeford. Some urged me to stay and prosecute, but, being much better employed, I went on my intended journey, was greatly blessed in preaching the everlasting Gospel, and upon my return was well paid for what I had suffered; curiosity having led two thousand more than usual to

see and hear a man that had like to have been murdered in his bed. And I trust in the five weeks that I waited for the convoy that hundreds were awakened and turned to the Lord.”



Whitefield and the Ship-Carpenter.

In the year 1742 a young man by the name of Henry Tanner removed to Plymouth, and obtained employment at his trade—ship-carpenter. One day while at work he heard the voice of one who was preaching in the fields. He concluded the preacher was a madman, and resolved, with a number of his companions, to go and knock the preacher off from the place where he stood, and, in order to injure the mad parson, as they termed him, they loaded their pockets with stones; but when young Tanner beheld Whitefield, with extended arms and in the most pathetic language, inviting sinners to Christ, he was struck with amazement, and his resolution to injure the preacher failed him. He listened with astonishment, and was convinced the preacher was not mad, but was speaking the words of truth and soberness. Mr. Whitefield was then preaching from Acts xvii, 19, 20, “May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? for thou bringest certain strange things to our ears.” The text riveted his attention. The word of the Lord sank deep into his soul, and with a thoughtful heart he left, resolving to hear the preacher the

next day. Young Tanner came on the morrow, and was deeply affected by the fervent prayer offered before the sermon. Whitefield then preached from "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." The sermon was in accordance with the text, and was delivered in Mr. Whitefield's unequalled style. He spoke of the crimson guilt of the Jews and of the Roman soldiers who imbrued their hands in the heart's blood of the Messiah. He said, "We are reflecting now on the cruelty of those inhuman butchers who crucified the Lord of life and glory." Then, turning suddenly around and looking intently at Mr. Tanner, he exclaimed in a tone of thunder, "Thou art the man!" These words, sharper than any two-edged sword, pierced through his heart. He felt himself the sinner who by his iniquities had crucified the Son of God; his sins were set before him as plain as if written in letters of fire. His agony of soul was so great he cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Mr. Whitefield, who had been a son of thunder, suddenly became a son of consolation, and in tones soft and sweet as heaven's own melody proclaimed the free and superabounding grace of God in Christ, which was commanded to be preached first of all to Jerusalem sinners, the very people who had killed the Prince of Life, and then to all other guilty sinners among all nations. It was to Mr. Tanner like the voice of an angel. The message of mercy was sweet to his soul, and hope sprang up in his heart. Not only was he convinced

of his sins under this sermon, but many others were pricked to the heart by the arrows of truth. The next evening Mr. Tanner heard Mr. Whitefield preach on "Jacob's Ladder," under which sermon he found peace in believing, and became a witness for Jesus. Mr. Tanner soon felt it his duty to preach the faith he once opposed. He soon became a herald of the cross to gather in his hundreds, first preaching in his own hired room. In 1769 he built the Tabernacle at Exeter, where listening multitudes thronged to hear this eloquent minister of Jesus. He also itinerated into the dark neighborhoods in pursuit of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He was in labors more abundant, and success crowned his efforts.

Mr. Tanner had often expressed a desire that he might die in his Master's work. His desire was granted him. He had commenced a sermon, but was unable to finish it. He was taken out of the pulpit and carried to his own house, where he soon fell asleep. He died March 30, 1805, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was the spiritual son of Mr. Whitefield. Like him, he was in labors more abundant, and, like him, was suddenly called to his reward.



Whitefield and Augustus Toplady.

Augustus Toplady was a minister of superior talents and of rare eloquence. His sermons were extemporaneous, and delivered in strains of unadulterated oratory. His voice was one of uncom-

mon melody, and his manner in the pulpit was "singularly engaging and elegant." His audiences were generally melted into tears because he wept himself.

He was also a poet of rare excellence. Two hymns which he wrote are enough to immortalize any man. That universal favorite in the Church,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

which is sung with delight all over the Christian world, was a production of his pen, as is also "The Dying Believer." We quote two verses of this hymn of uncommon beauty as a specimen:

"Deathless spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies—
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought:—

"Go to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return."

This distinguished minister is said to have been the spiritual son of George Whitefield. For him Toplady had the most profound admiration. He gives Whitefield credit "for having been useful in the course of his ministry to tens of thousands besides himself."

The following splendid eulogy is from the pen of Toplady: "I deem myself happy in having an

opportunity of thus publicly avowing the inexpressible esteem in which I held this wonderful man, and the affectionate veneration which I must ever retain for the memory of one whose acquaintance and ministry were attended with the most important spiritual benefit to me, and to tens of thousands besides.

“It will not be saying too much if I term him THE APOSTLE OF THE ENGLISH EMPIRE, in point of zeal for God, a long course of indefatigable and incessant labors, unparalleled disinterestedness, and astonishingly extensive usefulness.

“He would never have quitted even the walls of the church had not either the ignorance or the malevolence of some who ought to have known better compelled him to a seeming separation.

“If the absolute command over the passions of immense auditories be the mark of a consummate orator, he was the greatest of the age. If the strongest good sense, the most generous expansions of heart, the most artless but captivating affability, the most liberal exemptions from bigotry, the purest and most transpicuous integrity, the brightest cheerfulness, and the promptest wit, enter into the composition of social excellence, he was one of the best companions in the world.

“If to be steadfast, immovable, always abound in the works of the Lord; if a union of the most brilliant with the most solid ministerial gifts, ballasted by a deep and humbling experience of grace, and crowned with the most extended success in the conversion of sinners and edification of saints, be

signatures of a commission from heaven, George Whitefield cannot but stand highest on the modern list of Christian ministers.

“England has had the honor of producing the greatest men in almost every walk of useful knowledge. At the head of these are Archbishop Bradwardin, the prince of divines; Milton, the prince of poets; Newton, the prince of philosophers; Whitefield, the prince of preachers.”

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Whitefield and James Hervey.

James Hervey, well known in the Christian world not only as an able preacher, but also as the author of several popular works, “Meditations among the Tombs,” “Reflections in a Flower-garden,” and others, was the spiritual son of George Whitefield. In a letter to Mr. Whitefield he says, “Your Journals, dear sir, and your sermons, especially that sweet sermon on ‘What think ye of Christ?’ were the means of bringing me to a knowledge of the truth.” Their souls ever afterward were knit together like Jonathan and David’s; their hearts, like kindred drops, were mingled into one.

WHITEFIELD’S GUEST.

Hervey was the honored guest of Whitefield when in London. “The seraphic Mr. Hervey,” says Whitefield, “when he did me the honor to sojourn under my roof, said, ‘My dear friend, it is an awful thing when you see an unconverted man

die and his eyes close, to think that his poor soul will never see one gleam of comfort or life more ; to have a sight of God, of Christ, and the heavenly angels and saints, but to see—what the rich man saw—Lazarus now taken notice of in heaven, and to see himself a beggar in hell.”

THE REVISION.

Whitefield and Hervey revised each other's writings. Of his friend's writings Mr. Whitefield says : “ For me to play the critic on them would be like holding up a candle to see the sun. I, however, will just mark a few places as you desire. I foretell their fate. I thank you a thousand times for the trouble you have taken in revising my poor compositions, which I am afraid you have not treated with becoming severity. How many pardons I ask for mangling, and I fear murdering, your *Theron* and *Aspasia* ! If you think my two sermons will do for the public return them immediately.” How humiliating the views he entertains of his own talents, for he adds, “ I have nothing to comfort me but this, namely, the Lord chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and things that are not to bring to naught things that are. I write for the poor, you for the polite and noble. God will assuredly own and bless what you write.”

THE DELIGHTFUL INTERVIEW.

James Hervey had a delightful interview, at the home of Philip Doddridge, at Northampton, with his host, George Whitefield, and two other clergy-

men distinguished for their learning and valuable writings. There was a mingling and commingling of pure spirits, and

“The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.”

Heart met heart, soul met soul. They felt that

“Their hopes and fears and aims were one—
Their comforts and their cares.”

Hervey says, “I never spent a more delightful evening, nor ever saw one who seemed to make nearer approaches to the felicities of heaven than Mr. Whitefield.”

THE FEAST.

A gentleman of great rank and worth in Northampton invited Doddridge, Hervey, Whitefield, and other clergymen, to a splendid entertainment. Hervey says: “How mean was his provision, how coarse his delicacies, compared with the fruit of Mr. Whitefield’s lips! They dropped as the honey, and were as a well of life.”

THE PORTRAITURE.

Hervey thus draws a portraiture of Whitefield which is inimitably beautiful, and does him great honor:

“Surely people do not know that amiable and exemplary man, or else I cannot but think, instead of depreciating, they would applaud and love him. For my part I never beheld so fair a copy of our Lord, such a living image of the Saviour, such exalted delight in God, such enlarged benev-

olence to man, such a steady faith in the divine promises, and such a fervent zeal for the divine glory; and all this without the least moroseness of humor or extravagance of behavior, sweetened with the most engagedness of temper, and regulated by all the sobriety of reason and wisdom of Scripture; insomuch that I cannot forbear applying the wise man's portraiture of an illustrious woman to this eminent minister of the everlasting Gospel: 'Many sons have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'"

What a portrait have we here, drawn by the hand of a master! How exquisitely fine! How inimitably beautiful! What a pencil, dipped not only in "color's native well," but in the colors of the Sun of Righteousness! How angelic the character! If this portraiture be correct, we no longer wonder that Whitefield is called "The Seraphic." And yet with characteristic modesty Whitefield said, "It is too much embellished, and the character too extravagant."*

Lady Huntingdon.

Selina Huntingdon was born August 13, 1707, and was married to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, in 1728, and had three sons and three daughters.

"In the spring day of her life there was little to distinguish Lady Huntingdon from the many charming and intelligent young women who ever

* Letter to Lady Huntingdon, August 4, 1750.

grace the courtly circle in which she moved. She was naturally gay, and the quickness of her disposition rendered her sprightly and amusing; but it does not appear that her gayety tended toward dissipation, or that her conversational talents amounted to wit." How far her religious education had been attended to is not indicated, but there is no reason to surmise that it was defective; and had not her maternal and conjugal affections suffered from the shock of family bereavements her character would probably have remained not less worthy, though far less remarkable, than it was, had it not been for the death of her husband and children, which to her covered earth with a pall of darkness, and led her to look for light from above. She then sought and found an interest in the Saviour, devoting the rest of her life to his service. She became a member of the Church of England. She was delighted with the great religious movement inaugurated by Wesley and Whitefield, and on Whitefield's arrival from America in 1748 she formed his acquaintance. Having heard that he was expected, she had engaged Howell Harris to bring him to Chelsea as soon as he should arrive. Whitefield became her guest, and preached twice in her drawing-room, and so deep was the impression his sermons made upon her she resolved to invite the nobility to hear him. A friendship as lasting as their existence was then formed. He afterward not only preached frequently at her house, but she supplied him largely with funds, built chapels, which he dedicated, and appointed him her chap-

lain. Whitefield wrote hundreds of letters to her, had a splendid painting of her hung up in the Orphan House, and in his will left in trust to her the whole of that valuable property.

Lady Huntingdon's life was useful, her death triumphant. She left large legacies for benevolent objects, and also bequeathed a support for sixty-four chapels, which she had contributed toward establishing throughout the kingdom.



Lady Huntingdon, the Bishop, and Whitefield.

After Lady Huntingdon's conversion Bishop Benson went to convince her ladyship that she was "righteous overmuch." She was a lady of rare intelligence, and she argued with him, giving "a reason of the hope that was in her." She out-reasoned the distinguished prelate, supporting her sentiments and defending her experience from the authority of the Church of England and the word of God. She pressed upon him with great force his own responsibility. The reprover was re-proved, the corrector corrected. Mortified and chagrined, the Bishop rose hastily to depart, saying that George Whitefield was the author of the errors of her ladyship, and expressed a regret that he had ever ordained him. The Countess replied, "My Lord, mark my words: When you are on your dying bed that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency." This prophecy was most strikingly fulfilled, for when Bishop Benson lay on his dying bed he sent

Whitefield ten guineas as a token of respect, and requested an interest in his prayers. The Bishop had learned more perfectly the way of God, and therefore he had a very different view of the character and mission of George Whitefield.



Whitefield and the Devil's Castaways.

We are indebted to Lady Huntingdon for the following characteristic anecdote of Whitefield.

Some ladies of the nobility having called on Lady Huntingdon one morning, her ladyship during their visit inquired if they had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach, to which they responded that they had not. "He is to preach to-morrow evening," said she, "and I wish you would hear him." They promised they would do so, and were as good as their word. They called the following morning on the Countess, who anxiously inquired if they had heard Mr. Whitefield the previous evening, and if so, how they liked him." The reply was, "O, my lady, of all the preachers we ever heard, he is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things, (would your ladyship believe it?) he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners that he did not object to receive even the devil's castaways. Now, my lady, did you ever hear of such a thing since you were born?" To which her ladyship replied, "There is something, I acknowledge, a little singular in the invitation,

and I do not recollect to have ever met with it before; but as Mr. Whitefield is below in the parlor, we'll call him up and let him answer for himself."

Upon Whitefield making his appearance in the drawing-room Lady Huntingdon said, "Mr. Whitefield, the ladies here have been preferring a heavy charge against you, and I thought it best that you should come up and defend yourself; they say that in your sermon last evening, in speaking of the willingness of Jesus Christ to save sinners, you expressed yourself in the following terms: that so ready was Christ to receive sinners who came to him that he was 'willing to receive the devil's castaways.'" Whitefield immediately replied, "I certainly, my lady, must plead guilty of the charge; whether I did what was right or otherwise, your ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance. Did your ladyship notice, about half an hour ago, a very modest single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable-looking aged female, who requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlor, when she accosted me in the following manner: 'I believe, sir, you preached last evening at—' [mentioning the chapel.] 'Yes, I did.' 'Ah, sir, I was accidentally passing the door of the chapel, and, hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing, I went in; and one of the first things I heard from you was that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners that he did not object to receiving the devil's castaways.

Now, sir, I have been on the town for many years, and am so worn out in the devil's service that I think I may with truth be called one of the devil's castaways. Do you think Jesus Christ would receive me?' I assured her there was not a doubt of it if she were but willing to go to him. She did so, and was received." The noble cavaliers were silenced, and Mr. Whitefield was justified.

The sequel of the story showed that he was right in his belief in the sound conversion of the poor outcast of a woman worn out in the service of the devil. Her guilty stains were all washed away in Judah's fountain. Lady Huntingdon afterward learned from the most respectable authority that the woman left a charming evidence behind her that though her sins had been of crimson hue they were washed as white as snow.



Whitefield's Brother and Lady Huntingdon.

A brother of Mr. Whitefield, who had been a professor of religion, had for some time walked in the light; the candle of the Lord had shone delightfully upon him, and Jesus all the day long was his joy and his song. But he had lost his first love, and he could exclaim,

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

He now had not only backslidden, but had sunk into a state of despondency. Being on a visit at the Countess of Huntingdon's, that lady, knowing his spiritual state, endeavored one afternoon while they were taking tea together to raise his hopes by dwelling on the infinite mercy of God through Jesus Christ. For awhile it was all in vain. "My lady," said he, "I know what you say is true; the mercy of God is infinite. I see it clearly; but ah, my lady, there is no mercy for me; I am a wretch entirely lost!" "I am glad to hear that," said Lady Huntingdon; "glad in my heart that you are a lost man." Looking up with great surprise, he exclaimed, "What, my lady? glad! glad in you heart that I am a lost man!" "Yes, Mr. Whitefield, truly glad; for Jesus Christ came into the world to save the lost." "Blessed be God for that!" he said; "Glory to God for that word! O what unusual power I feel attending it! Jesus Christ came to save the lost; then I have a ray of hope!" As he was taking his last cup of tea he complained of feeling very ill. He went out of the house to get some fresh air—he staggered, was brought into the house, and shortly afterward expired.



Whitefield and George II.

A Bishop was complaining to King George II. of the popularity and success of Mr. Whitefield, and entreating his Majesty to use his influence some way or other to silence him. The monarch,

no doubt thinking of a class of ministers described by Hugh Latimer as "unpreaching prelates," replied ironically, "I believe the best way to silence him would be to make a Bishop of him."

Whitefield and the Prince of Wales.

Whitefield's preaching had great influence with dignitaries, those who moved in high circles, and it extended to the royal family. The oldest son of George II. died during his father's reign, aged forty-four years. As Prince of Wales, and heir to the British throne, he had great influence. Bolingbroke and Chesterfield had tried the influence of their subtile infidelity upon him; but curiosity led the Prince to hear Mr. Whitefield preach. He was greatly pleased and profited, and made many inquiries concerning the doctrines of Whitefield, the Wesleys, and their contemporaries. He was able, therefore, to meet Bolingbroke in argument, and his lordship declared that his royal highness was fast verging toward Methodism. The death of the Prince was sudden, but not without hope.

Whitefield and Lord Chesterfield.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, known as Lord Chesterfield, has been called, on account of his superior eloquence, the "British Cicero." He was also distinguished for brilliant talents, elegant manners,

and sparkling wit. He was a statesman and a diplomatist. He was also noted for his skepticism. He will long be remembered as an accomplished, eloquent, and witty peer.

THE SERMON.

Lord Chesterfield was very intimate with Lady Huntingdon, and, as she had preaching in her parlor, he with others of the nobility attended. One morning Mr. Whitefield preached a sermon there of uncommon beauty, eloquence, and power, to which Lord Chesterfield listened with intense interest. He not only was much pleased with the sermon, but seemed very much affected under Whitefield's powerful appeals. At the conclusion of the service he conversed very freely with Mr. Whitefield, and said, "Sir, I shall not tell you what I shall tell others, how highly I approve of you." It was a great triumph for Whitefield to find the way to such a cultivated mind, such a skeptical heart. It was wonderful in him to be able to secure admiration from such a source. Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon had at the time great hopes of the conversion of Lord Chesterfield, but they were soon blasted. The impression made upon him was not lasting. His lordship's goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew—it soon passed away.

THE STRIKING FIGURE.

Whitefield's sermons abounded in striking figures and apt illustrations. His eloquence was at times overpowering. At one time, when Lord

Chesterfield was present, Whitefield represented the votary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar led by a little dog. The dog had broken the string. The blind cripple, with his staff between both hands, groped his way unconsciously to the brink of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff it dropped down the descent too deep to send back an echo. He thought it on the ground, and, bending forward, took one step to recover it. But his foot trod on vacancy; poised for a moment, he fell headlong. Chesterfield, who had listened with thrilling interest to Whitefield's graphic description till he thought the scene real, bounded from his seat and exclaimed, "*By heavens, he's gone!*"

THE TABERNACLE.

When Mr. Whitefield was raising funds to build the tabernacle in London, Lord Chesterfield sent him, through Lady Huntingdon, twenty pounds toward paying for the building, and in his letter to her said, "Mr. Whitefield's eloquence is unrivaled, his zeal inexhaustible."

HOW TO STOP A MAN PREACHING.

When Mr. Whitefield was in the height of his popularity, and thousands hung in silent wonder upon the eloquent words that fell from his lips, it was agitated in the Privy Council that some method should be used to stop his preaching. Lord Chesterfield being present, turned upon his heels and said, "Make him a Bishop, and you will silence him at once."

Whitefield, Lady Chesterfield, and King George II.

Lady Chesterfield, the wife of Lord Chesterfield, was a most estimable woman. She was an intimate friend of Lady Huntingdon, and one of Mr. Whitefield's distinguished converts. He said at one time, "Some more coronets, I hear, are likely to be laid at the Redeemer's feet. They glitter gloriously when set in and surrounded by a crown of thorns."

At the court of George II., on one occasion Lady Chesterfield appeared in a dress "with a brown ground and silver flowers," of foreign manufacture. The King, with a smiling countenance, said to her aloud, "Lady Chesterfield, I know who chose that gown for you—Mr. Whitefield. I hear you have attended on him for a year and a half." Her ladyship acknowledged she had done so, and she approved of his character and ministry. She afterward deeply regretted that she had not said more to his Majesty when such a splendid opportunity had been afforded her, the subject having been introduced by the King himself.

**Bolingbroke and Whitefield.**

Lord Bolingbroke was a statesman, a wit, a poet, and an author. He was illustrious in the reigns of Anne and George I. After his death a series of essays on religion and philosophy showed that he was an opposer of Christianity. He was

for a time the intimate friend of Alexander Pope, but that friendship was suddenly broken off by Bolingbroke without cause. There are some things about Bolingbroke to admire, but not much to love. He was one of the nobility who attended the preaching of Whitefield at Lady Huntingdon's.

The morning Lord Chesterfield heard Whitefield at Lady Huntingdon's house, Bolingbroke listened to him in the evening. He sat there like an archbishop. He was delighted and affected under the discourse, and said to Mr. Whitefield that he had in his discourse done great justice to the divine attributes. Bolingbroke invited Whitefield to call and see him the next morning. He did so, and they had a long conversation together, his lordship showing great candor and frankness, but the impression was not lasting. We can see the impression that was made upon him under the sermon by what he said to the Countess of Huntingdon: "You may command my pen when you will. It shall be drawn in your service. For, admitting the Bible to be true, I shall have little apprehension of maintaining the doctrines of predestination and grace against all your revilers." David Hume was also present the evening Bolingbroke heard Whitefield.

Bolingbroke's Brother.

Lord St. John, the brother of Lord Bolingbroke, was one of the hearers of Whitefield's parlor preaching. He was called to die, and was greatly

alarmed. His constant cry was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The Bible was read to him, and he was pointed to the sinner's friend.

Lady Huntingdon wrote thus to Mr. Whitefield : "My Lord Bolingbroke was much struck with his brother's language in his last moments. O that his eyes might be opened by the illuminating influence of divine truth! He is a singularly awful character, and I am fearfully alarmed lest the Gospel he so heartily despises, yet affects to reverence, should prove the savor of death unto death to him."

Bolingbroke's Philosophy.

Lord Bolingbroke, notwithstanding his fine learning and deistic principles, wrote a letter which Mr. Whitefield saw and read, in which his lordship said: "Now I am under this affliction I find my philosophy fails me." "Their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges."

Bolingbroke and the Clergyman.

From the following anecdote, related to the Countess of Huntingdon by Lord Bolingbroke himself, it appears that Lord Bolingbroke had some good thoughts in his head. A clergyman by the name of Church having one day called upon him, lord Bolingbroke said, "You have caught me reading John Calvin. He was indeed a man

of great parts, profound sense, and vast learning; he handles the doctrines of grace in a masterly manner." "Doctrines of grace!" replied the clergyman, "the 'doctrines of grace' have set all mankind by the ears." "I am surprised to hear you say so," said Lord Bolingbroke, "you who profess to believe and to preach Christianity. Those doctrines are certainly the doctrines of the Bible, and if I believe the doctrines of the Bible I must believe them. And let me seriously tell you that the greatest miracle in the world is the existence of Christianity, and its continued preservation as a religion, when the preaching of it is committed to the care of such unchristian men as you." This was a tremendous reproof, especially when we consider the source from whence it came. It must have been like a thunderbolt in a clear sky.



Whitefield and the Distinguished Beauty.

"Honorable women not a few" heard Mr. Whitefield at Lady Huntingdon's, not only with pleasure, but profit. His sermons to the "brilliant circle" were as faithful as they were eloquent. The well-known Countess of Suffolk was distinguished for rare beauty. She admired herself, and was admired by others. She also heard Mr. Whitefield preach at Lady Huntingdon's. He knew nothing of her presence, but his sermon was so plain and pointed that while he drew the bow at a venture every arrow seemed aimed at her;

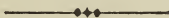
every thing he said she regarded as personal, and her indignation was aroused. It was with difficulty she could sit till the sermon had ended. When Mr. Whitefield had retired she flew into a fury, abused Lady Huntingdon to her face, and denounced the sermon as a deliberate attack upon herself. There was no quelling the storm of indignation; there was no silencing the beautiful fury. Lady Betty Jermain tried to explain to her the mistake under which she was laboring. Lady Bertie and the Duchess Dowager of Ancaster commanded her to be silent. All, all in vain. Neither explanations, entreaties, nor commands appeased her. She contended that she had been insulted, and had a right to repel it with indignation. However, her relatives, who were present, compelled her to apologize to Lady Huntingdon, which she did reluctantly and with exceeding bad grace, and immediately left to return no more. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."



The Nicodemite Corner.

Lady Huntingdon built a chapel at Bath, which Whitefield dedicated, and in which he often preached. Whitefield said it was "beautifully original; extremely plain, and equally grand." There was in this chapel a seat for the Bishops, where they could see and hear, and, being screened by a curtain, could not be seen. It was often

occupied by them. The witty and eccentric Lady Betty Cobbe, the daughter-in-law of the Archbishop of Dublin, called this curtained seat "*The Nicodemite Corner.*" She was in her element when she could get the Bishops into this place, where they could "see and hear the Methodists unseen." The Bishop of Derry, Dr. Barnard, who ordained Thomas Maxfield to help Mr. Wesley, that that "good man might not work himself to death," often occupied that curtained pew.



Whitefield and Lord Dartmouth.

Lord Dartmouth is known and esteemed in America as having been the patron of an institution of learning that bears his honored name—Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. Lord Dartmouth was a Methodist, and he and Mr. Whitefield were most intimate friends. The poet Cowper knew him well, and thus refers to him :

"We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,
And one who wears a coronet and prays."

George III. admired him, and said, "They call my Lord Dartmouth an enthusiast; but surely he says nothing on religion but what any Christian may and ought to say."

In 1768 preaching excursions were made by Whitefield and others of the evangelical clergy. On visiting Cheltenham, the home of Lord Dart-

mouth, the use of the church, though asked for by his lordship as well as Whitefield, was refused. His lordship thereupon invited Whitefield and those accompanying him to his beautiful mansion. Whitefield, however, went to the church, at the door of which an immense assemblage, attracted by the fame of the preacher, had assembled, and, standing upon a moss-grown tombstone, cried out, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," etc. What a wonderful scene! The church closed, the graves covered with thousands of people, a number of Church ministers, with their gowns on, all proscribed from preaching to the famishing multitudes, and this, too, while Lord Dartmouth, a peer of the realm, a nobleman distinguished for his wealth and dignity, and admired by the King, stood among them with his family, their friend and patron.

Pentecostal scenes transpired that day. Rev. Henry Venn said, "They transcended my descriptive powers." He says that he was overwhelmed by a sense of the awful power and presence of Jehovah; that the effect of Whitefield's discourse was so irresistible that some of the hearers fell prostrate upon the graves, others sobbed aloud, some wept in silence, and almost the whole assembly seemed struck with awe. When Mr. Whitefield came to the application of his text to the ungodly his word cut like a sword. Many cried out with anguish. At this juncture Whitefield made an awful pause of a few seconds, then burst into a flood of tears. Ministers stood up and desired the

people to restrain their emotions. "O with what eloquence," writes Venn, "what energy, what melting tenderness, did Whitefield beseech sinners to be reconciled to God!" When the sermon was ended the people seemed to be spell-bound, reluctant to move.

The evening of that memorable day Mr. Whitefield and the ministers were kindly entertained at Lord Dartmouth's mansion, and there Mr. Whitefield administered the Lord's Supper; Jesus was made known unto them in the breaking of bread, and they felt the transforming power of that death they commemorated. How the noble Lord Dartmouth's conduct contrasted with that of the skeptical Bolingbroke or the polite Lord Chesterfield!



Whitefield and Horace Walpole.

Horace Walpole, who was commonly called "the gay courtier," was the third son of Robert Walpole, who made the remark so often quoted, "Every man has his price." They were both singular characters, and figure considerably in English history. Horace Walpole was a Member of Parliament, but no statesman, no orator. He was a most singular genius—a perfect oddity. He was gay, witty, and censorious; sarcastic, ironical, and scathing. His works were published in six volumes. His readers are amused by his liveliness of style, his wit and acuteness, and sometimes by his malevolence. He was never profound, and his

judgment on men and things must be received with large discount, for it was often erroneous, and hence could not be relied upon. In regard to religion, he occupied the seat of the scorner. He delighted to caricature a good man, and ridicule experimental Christianity, cutting and carving men without mercy, and sometimes making

“Most hellish meals of good men’s names.”

No wonder he is spoken of as a “heartless trifler,” a man who “lived amid men and things which he affected to disregard and despise, but to the least of which he was an inferior,” indulging in “cold and cruel levity,” “a retail dealer in the small wares of literature.” *

Whitefield, with all his purity and disinterestedness, did not escape the lashes of his malignant tongue, or the venom of his poisonous pen.

Walpole heard Mr. Whitefield preach, and he sneered at the power of the Gospel in high places. He wrote in a scoffing way to a friend on the Continent thus: “If ever you think of returning to England you must prepare yourself with Methodism! this sect increases as fast as almost any other religious nonsense ever did. Lady Fanny Shirley has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty, and Mr. Lyttleton is very near making the same sacrifice of all the dregs of all those various characters he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, and, indeed, they have a plentiful harvest.” He introduces Whitefield into his “Private

* British Critic, 1818, p. 590.

Correspondence," and professes to state facts which he knew were as false as the father of lies. He says, "The Apostle Whitefield has come to shame. He went to Lady Huntingdon lately; and asked for forty pounds for some distinguished saint or other. She said that she had not so much money in the house, but she would give it to him the first time she had it. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, 'There's your watch and trinkets; you don't want such vanities; I will have that.' She would have put him off; but he persisting, she said, 'Well, if you must have it you must.' About a fortnight after she was at his house, and, being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the Countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism. She tells the story herself. I had it not from Saint Frances, [Lady Fanny Shirley,*] but I hope it is true."

Horace Walpole unwittingly bears testimony to the consistency of Mr. Whitefield's creed and character. "When the peace festival was celebrated at Ranelagh, some one in the clique of wits [most likely himself] asked, 'Has Whitefield *recanted*?' Lady Townsend replied, 'O no! he has only *canted*.'" Walpole thought this a happy hit, little dreaming it to be a compliment to a man who might have had preferment at the time if he had recanted his clerical irregularities. Walpole treated John Wesley with much greater candor.

* By way of ridicule he called her "Saint Fanny."

Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

Lady Elizabeth Hastings was the eldest daughter of the Countess of Huntingdon. She was an amiable and accomplished lady, much admired for her grace, vivacity, and talents. In 1749 she was appointed "Lady of the Bed-chamber" to the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, sisters of George III. She remained in office only a few months. We can see the scornful spirit exhibited by Horace Walpole, his sarcasm, his invective, when we read what he said concerning it. It was superlatively impudent. "The Queen of Methodists got her daughter named 'Lady of the Bed-chamber' to the princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play cards on Sunday."



Whitefield and the Earl of Ferrers.

Well does Doctor Young say that "With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool." The Earl of Ferrers was a young man of brilliant talents and superior education. He was a man of violent temper, became dissipated, abused his wife and threatened to murder her, and afterward did murder his faithful steward, Johnson. For this crime he was tried by the House of Lords, found guilty, and condemned to be executed. Instead of being penitent he gloried in his shame, and his heart was like adamant. Being the cousin of Lady Huntingdon, the utmost sympathy was felt

for him, every effort being made to save his life, and also his soul. But all in vain. Mr. Whitefield and Charles Wesley visited him in prison, and by kindness tried to find the way to his heart. No more impression could be made upon him than upon the walls of his prison or its iron grates. Mr. Whitefield called the attention of the congregation at the Tabernacle to the lamentable condition of the young nobleman, and asked their prayers on his behalf, and publicly invoked the God of heaven to have mercy upon him. Horace Walpole sneered at this, and said, "That impertinent fellow, Whitefield, told his enthusiasts in his sermon that my lord's heart was stone." Whitefield did use this language; was it not true? Did not his former life as well as his subsequent history confirm it? The Earl, in compliance with his own request, rode to the place of execution in his fashionable carriage drawn by six horses, and dressed in his wedding-suit, which was of a light color, trimmed with silver. He was reckless and heaven-daring to the last, and in this spirit passed on to meet the Judge and render up account.

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Whitefield and Hume.

Hume, the historian, was born in Edinburgh. He early developed that fondness for study and aptness in literature which characterized his maturer manhood. He was educated in Edinburgh University, and became an elegant scholar, an accomplished historian, and a profound skeptic. Real

merit the minister must have possessed whom David Hume eulogizes. Skeptic as he was, he had great admiration for the talents and genius of George Whitefield.

An intimate friend of Mr. Hume, who knew of his having heard Mr. Whitefield preach in Edinburgh, asked him what he thought of his preaching. "He is, sir," replied Mr. Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard; it is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him;" and on referring to the latter part of the discourse he had heard he said, "After a solemn pause Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his numerous auditory: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold and ascend to heaven. Shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among all this multitude reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give greater effect to this exclamation he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!' He then in the most simple but energetic language described what he called a Saviour's dying love to sinful man, so that almost all the assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated yet natural action that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard from any other preacher." This is remarkable testimony to Whitefield's superior power as a pulpit orator when we consider the source from whence it emanated.

Whitefield and Lord Clare.

There are times when lords, statesmen, and politicians are desirous to secure the services of Christian ministers.

When Mr. Whitefield was in the zenith of his popularity, and his influence was powerful, Lord Clare wrote him a letter requesting his assistance at Bristol at the ensuing general election. Whitefield, in replying to him, said that he never interfered in general elections, and concluded by earnestly exhorting his lordship to give all diligence to making his own calling and election sure. He endeavored to impress upon his lordship's mind the sentiment of his friend and brother, Charles Wesley :

“Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies !
How make mine own election sure ;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.”

The Ignorant Baronet.

A Baronet who was examining some works of Bacon, the celebrated sculptor, observed among them a bust of Rev. George Whitefield. This led the Baronet to comment on the distinguished man, saying, “After all that has been said concerning Mr. Whitefield, he was truly a great man ; he was the founder of a new religion.” “A new religion,

sir?" inquired Mr. Bacon. "Yes," said the Baronet; "what do you call it?" "Nothing," was the reply, "but the old religion revived with new energy, and treated as if the minister meant what he said."



Whitefield and Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson and Whitefield were fellow-collegians. The Doctor took great pleasure in boasting of the many eminent men who were educated at Pembroke College; among others, Blackstone, the illustrious English lawyer, commentator, and judge; Shenstone, the poet, and George Whitefield, the pulpit orator. But the doctor greatly undervalued Whitefield, and would not allow much merit to his eloquence. He says: "Whitefield's popularity is owing chiefly to his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a night-cap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree." Again he said, "Whitefield never drew as much attention as a mountebank does; he did not draw attention by doing better than others but by doing what was strange. Were Astley to preach a sermon standing upon his head upon horseback he could collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that. I never treated Whitefield's ministry with contempt; I believe he did good. He had devoted himself to the lower classes of mankind, and among them he was of use. But when familiarity and noise claim the

praise due to knowledge, art, and elegance, we must beat down such pretensions."*

The great lexicographer mistook the character and talents of the great prince of pulpit orators. Whitefield did not confine his ministry to the lower classes. In the higher, among the nobility, he had splendid seals to his ministry, who are brilliant stars in his crown.



Whitefield and the Barber.

A young man, a barber in the city of Norwich, England, about eighteen years of age, was walking out one morning with a party of young men who had agreed to make that a holiday. The first object that attracted their attention was an old woman who pretended to tell fortunes. That she might tell theirs more accurately they gave her plenty of liquor, and their fortunes were told, after which the young man said to his companions, "O, Whitefield, the famous Methodist preacher, is to preach to-night, and I'll go hear him."

In the evening the young man was present, and Mr. Whitefield preached from Matthew iii, 7: "But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee the wrath to come?" His theme was *Future Wrath*, and his eloquence was overwhelming. The young man, in giving his impressions of the ser-

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, p. 417.

mon, said: "Mr. Whitefield described the Sadducean character; but this did not touch me. I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went on to that of the Pharisees. He described their external decency, but said the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length in the course of his sermon he abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears, lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed with tremendous emphasis, 'O, my hearers, the wrath's to come! the wrath's to come!' These words sank into my heart like lead in the waters. I wept, and when the sermon was ended I retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went, 'The wrath's to come! the wrath's to come!'" This led him to seek a shelter from the gathering storm. He realized that

"Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide:

"Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene;
For, lo! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in."

In the cleft of the rock he found a hiding-place. He experienced the forgiveness of his sins, and became an acceptable and useful minister of the Gospel, whose grand employment was to warn the people to flee the wrath to come. His singular

awakening under Mr. Whitefield's sermon he related to the Rev. Andrew Fuller.

That young man was the Rev. Robert Robinson, a man of superior talents, afterward a popular and useful Baptist minister in Cambridge, England. He was the author of some useful works, one of the most popular of which was his "Plea for the Divinity of Jesus," which is said to be one of the best books ever written on the subject. He afterward unfortunately fell into the dregs of Socinianism. Rev. Samuel Bradburn and Dr. Whitehead went to hear him preach in London, and after the sermon had an interview with him, when Dr. Whitehead said, "Mr. Robinson, will you answer me a question?" "I will if I can," he replied. "Well, then, if you had it to do now, would you publish your 'Plea for the Divinity of Jesus?'" He paused for a moment, and, looking very serious, slowly and solemnly replied, "Doctor, I would."

It is said that Robinson was afterward reclaimed, and died in the orthodox faith.

Mr. Robinson was not only a preacher and an author, but also a poet. One of his hymns is universally admired, being sung all over the Christian Church :

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it ;
Mount of thy redeeming love ! "

Whitefield and John Cownley.

John Cownley was an early Methodist preacher in connection with John Wesley, who said Cownley was the best preacher in England. He was the intimate friend of Mr. Whitefield, with whom he frequently corresponded. He loved Mr. Whitefield for his work's sake, and revered his memory to the last. Mr. Whitefield's letters not only illustrate his character, but also his exalted esteem for Mr. Cownley.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

Mr. Cownley had been very sick, but recovered. Mr. Whitefield writes to him thus, Sept. 16, 1755: "I wish you joy (after having been in sight of your heavenly port) of putting out to sea again. I hear you are upon the recovery, and therefore humbly hope, as your sickness has not been unto death, that it has been only a kind of purgation to cause you to bring forth more fruit. Then shall you sing,

"O happy rod,
That brought me nearer to my God."

MARRIAGE.

"Perhaps ere this reaches your hands," writes Whitefield, referring to Cownley's marriage, "you may be entered into the marriage state. May the everlasting and ever-loving Bridegroom of the Church bless both you and yours, and give you to live as becometh the heirs of the grace of life!

I hope you will never say, 'I have married a wife, and therefore can no longer come forth into the highways and hedges.' I trust you will never say, 'I pray thee have me excused.' A good wife and a good fortune call for double diligence in the work of God."

HUMILITY.

In the same letter Whitefield writes, "O this pilgrim's life! With a pilgrim's heart how sweet! I want to begin to do something for Jesus. I am a dwarf, a dwarf; and yet, amazing love! Jesus still vouchsafes to bless and own my feeble labors."

LIMITATION.

Mr. Whitefield, after having been sick, says in another letter to Cownley, "But, alas! like you when putting into harbor, I am likely to put out to sea again. O that it may be to take some prizes for my God! Blessed be his name, though I am reduced to the ungrateful necessity of preaching only once a day, yet I find the word of the Lord doth not return empty."

CONGRATULATION.

In a letter of August 14, 1756, Whitefield says, "I am glad to hear that you are restored to your throne again. In London there has been a most glorious awakening all the winter. Jesus hath done wonders. And surely it is the wonder of wonders that such a worthless wretch as I should be employed by him. Help, O help me to praise

redeeming love! O for a hundred thousand lives to spend in the service of Christ!"

PILGRIM—NO HOME.

Mr. Whitefield in a letter to Mr. Cownley, written Sept. 1, 1766, writes thus: "Indeed, and indeed, I received no letter from you while abroad. Sickness prevents my corresponding more frequently now I am come home. Home, did I say? Where is my home? Where yours lies—in heaven. There is our citizenship."

CATHOLIC SPIRIT.

"Is it practicable," continues Whitefield, "for you to come to London to assist at the Tabernacle for a month or six weeks. My helpers as well as myself are invalids. Dear Mr. Wesley, I am persuaded, will readily consent. We are on good terms.

"O may we find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
See how these Christians love!"

COWNLEY, THE CLERGYMAN, AND THE QUAKER.

The following characteristic anecdote of Whitefield's friend Cownley is also illustrative of the times in which they lived:

In one of Mr. Cownley's excursions into the Dales he was insulted by a mob headed by a clergyman. Warm from the village tavern, this zealous son of the Church, with the collected rabble,

advanced to the field of action. Mr. Cownley was preaching near the door of an honest Quaker when the minister insisted that he was breaking the order of the Church, and began to recite the canon against conventicles. Mr. Cownley replied, "If I am disorderly, you are not immaculate," and reminded him of the canon "for sober conversation, and against frequenting ale-houses." Confounded with the application, the parson retired for awhile; but, mustering up his courage, he again returned, and, with threats of prosecution, began to take down the names of the hearers. A Quaker, who was one of the congregation, hearing the alarming denunciations, stepped up, and with unruffled gravity clapped the parson on the back and said, "Friend John, put my name down first." This ended the contest. Quite disconcerted, the clergyman withdrew, and left Mr. Cownley to finish his discourse in peace.



Whitefield and Rev. John Pool.

Mr. Pool was one of Wesley's itinerant preachers, and yet he had long been acquainted with, and was the intimate friend of, Mr. Whitefield. They happened to meet one day, when Mr. Whitefield accosted him thus: "Well, John, are you still a Wesleyan?" "Yes, sir," replied John, and I thank God that I have the privilege of being in connection with Mr. Wesley, and one of his preachers." "John," said Mr. Whitefield, "thou art in the right place. My Brother Wesley acted wisely.

The souls that were awakened under his ministry he joined in class, and thus preserved the fruits of his labor. This I neglected, and my people are a rope of sand.”

Whitefield and the Uncharitable Minister.

A minister who had not a large share of that charity which thinketh no evil, being in company with Whitefield, was during the interview very free in his reflections on Wesley and his followers. Finally he expressed a doubt as to Wesley's final salvation, and said to Whitefield, “When we get to heaven shall we see John Wesley?” “No, sir,” replied Mr. Whitefield, “I fear not, for he will be so near the eternal throne and we at such a distance we shall hardly get a sight of him.” Old Bigotry blushed in his presence.

Whitefield and Rev. William Grimshaw.

William Grimshaw, the intimate friend of Whitefield and of the Wesleys, whom he always welcomed to his parish, was the Vicar of Hawarth, in Yorkshire. He was not only a settled Pastor, but an itinerant minister.

Mr. Grimshaw attended the Wesleyan Conference with Mr. Whitefield in 1762, and they both preached sermons of great power. Mr. Grimshaw was a man of rare gifts, an eccentric genius, but he labored with untiring zeal, and preached with great unction and success. Mr. Wesley's ministers

were received with joy by him, and they preached at his house. After one of them had preached there, Mr. Grimshaw encircled him in his arms and said, "I am not worthy to stand in your presence." At one time, after Benjamin Beanland had been preaching at his house, Mr. Grimshaw said to him, "The Lord bless thee, Ben; this is worth a hundred of my sermons." When preaching on a certain occasion he reproved the people for their ingratitude, and said, "You are worse than the very swine; for the pigs will gruff over their victuals, but you will say nothing."

THE BOLD REPROOF.

Mr. Whitefield often preached at Mr. Grimshaw's church, or, rather, outside of the church, for the edifice could not hold the audiences. One day Whitefield, while preaching, having spoken of "those professors of religion who by their loose and evil conduct caused the ways of truth to be injuriously spoken of, said he did not think it necessary to dwell much upon that topic to the congregation before him, who had so long enjoyed the benefit of such an able and faithful minister as Mr. Grimshaw that he was willing to believe their profiting appeared to all men." This shocked Mr. Grimshaw, and his spirit was stirred up within him, and, notwithstanding his high regard for Mr. Whitefield, he stood up and interrupted him, exclaiming in a loud tone, "O, sir, for God's sake do not speak so! I pray you do not flatter; I fear the greater part of them are going to hell with their

eyes open." While Whitefield was exceedingly surprised at the interruption, the effect upon the audience was overwhelming.

THE WATCH-NIGHT.

Whitefield, Grimshaw, and Charles Wesley were most intimate friends, and made a noble trio. In 1756 Charles Wesley, having heard that Whitefield and Grimshaw had come to Leeds, called upon them. They agreed to hold a union "watch-meeting." The house was crowded, and Charles Wesley was urged to preach, which he did from "I will bring the third part first out of the fire," a favorite text of his, from which he preached a most able and effective sermon. Mr. Whitefield followed from "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." After which Mr. Grimshaw delivered one of his most pungent discourses. The prayers and hymns, as well as the sermons, were attended with Divine power. Memorable watch-night! What a trio—Whitefield, Grimshaw, and Wesley!

WARNING VOICES.

When Mr. Whitefield preached in Yorkshire, near Haworth, where Mr. Grimshaw was settled, thousands gathered in the fields to hear him preach. A temporary pulpit had been erected, and Whitefield, on ascending it and surveying the vast multitude, who with upturned faces stood ready to hear the words about to fall from his lips, was pervaded with a peculiarly solemn feeling. With uplifted hands he offered a most impressive prayer, invok-

ing the Divine presence and the Divine blessing. Then, in a manner peculiarly solemn, he announced his text, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." Few who heard it thought the king of terrors was in their midst, and that he would lay his skeleton hand on some in that audience before the sermon ended; that

"A point of time, a moment's space,
Would remove some to that heavenly place,
Or shut them up in hell."

After reading the text he paused for a moment before he proceeded, when suddenly a wild, terrifying shriek issued from the center of the congregation. At once there was great alarm and confusion. Whitefield requested the people to remain quiet until the cause could be ascertained. Mr. Grimshaw, leaving the pulpit where he had been sitting during the sermon, hurried to the spot, and in a few moments was seen passing toward where Mr. Whitefield stood, exclaiming, "Brother Whitefield, you stand between the dead and the dying! An immortal soul has just passed into eternity; the destroying angel is passing over the congregation; cry aloud and spare not." The solemn event was announced to the awe-struck congregation—

"It hushed their very hearts in horror and amaze."

After a few moments Mr. Whitefield read his text again, and was about to proceed with his discourse, when another loud and piercing shriek proceeded from near the place where Lady Huntingdon and Lady Margaret Ingham were standing.

It fell upon the multitude like the sound of the last trump when they ascertained the cause of this second alarm, that another person had fallen by the hand of death.

When the consternation had somewhat subsided, Mr. Whitefield proceeded with his sermon amid the stillness of death and the solemnity of the grave. All sounds ceased but sighs and groans as Whitefield, inspired by the scenes of the day, proceeded with solemn countenance and with most impressive eloquence to warn the people to seek a shelter from the gathering storm.

What impressive sermons! What an application of his text! What a terrible appeal from eternity! What an illustration of the words of the poet:

“Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th’ eternal state of all the dead
Upon life’s feeble strings.

“Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!”

GRIMSHAW AND HIS ONLY SON.

How many hopes cluster around an only son. Mr. Grimshaw had only one son, and in him his hopes were blasted, and his expectations cut off, for he was a drunkard, and remained one till after the death of his father. He was educated in Mr. Wesley’s school at Kingswood. He was in the

habit of riding the old circuit horse his father had formerly ridden, and would address the animal thus: "Once thou carried a saint, but now thou carryest a devil." The prayers of his father were answered when he was in the grave. His son reformed, and devoted his life to the service of Jesus. The restored prodigal used to ask, "What will my father say when he meets *me* in heaven?"



Whitefield and the Tragedian.

David Garrick was the most celebrated actor that ever appeared on the English stage. He made an effort to restore it to the popularity and dignity of its palmy days in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James. He was ever ready to do homage to superior talent. In a prologue written for him by Dr. Johnson, and delivered at the opening of Drury Lane Theater, Garrick paid a well-merited compliment to the immortal Shakspeare, who, as he said,

"Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

Garrick's career as an actor was long and brilliant. He was the intimate friend of Hannah More, and brought out some of her tragedies at Drury Lane. She was a great admirer of the man and his talents, and deeply lamented his death. Lady Huntingdon was also well acquainted with him.

Garrick was a great admirer of Whitefield's eloquence, and frequently attended his ministry.

He heard him with great delight, and, like Franklin, distinguished between his new and his old sermons, saying that his eloquence advanced up to its fortieth repetition before it reached its full height, and that Whitefield could make his audiences weep or tremble merely by varying his pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia. Garrick once said, "I would give a hundred guineas if I could only say 'O!' like Mr. Whitefield."

Horace Walpole ascribed to Whitefield "the fascinations of a Garrick."



Whitefield and Dr. Stonehouse.

Dr. Stonehouse was a physician of considerable eminence, and as such was highly esteemed by Dr. Philip Doddridge and Lady Huntingdon, in whose families he was professionally employed. Brilliant as were his talents as a man, superior as were his qualifications as a physician, he was skeptical concerning the great truths of Christianity. He resided at Northampton, the home of Doddridge, where the conversation, the preaching, writings, and counsels of the doctor, as well as those of James Hervey, led him to reconsider the ground on which he stood. Upon examination he found he was building on the sand and not on a rock. Having discovered his perilous condition, he abandoned his infidelity and embraced the doctrines of Christianity with joy, becoming a noble advocate of the faith he had once denounced. Mr. Whitefield met him several times at Dr. Doddridge's, where

they conversed together. He felt the deepest interest in the welfare of Dr. Stonehouse, and was very anxious that he should abandon his profession and become a physician of souls. He wrote to the doctor thus: "I have thought of you and prayed much for you since we parted at Northampton. How wonderfully doth the Lord Jesus watch over you! How sweetly doth he lead you out of temptation! O follow his leadings, my dear friend, and let every idol, even the most beloved Isaac, be immediately sacrificed for God. God's law is our rule, and God will have all the heart or none. Agags will plead, but they must be torn in pieces. May you quit yourself like a man, and in every respect behave like a good soldier of Jesus!" Mr. Whitefield's powerful appeals were not lost. In a letter to Lady Huntingdon Dr. Stonehouse said: "What high and holy examples have I in the exalted piety and ministerial fidelity of Doddridge, Hervey, Hartley, and the undaunted zeal of that great apostle, Mr. Whitefield."

Mr. Whitefield wrote to "dear Mr. Hervey" saying, "For Christ's sake exhort Dr. Stonehouse, now he has taken the gown, to 'play the man.'" The doctor did play the man, and became one of the most eloquent ministers in Great Britain, admired by multitudes. Whitefield had much to do with molding his ministerial character. Dr. Stonehouse was exceedingly useful. He was the spiritual guide of the gifted Hannah More, and the "Mr. Johnson" of her admirable and far-famed tract, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

Dr. Stonehouse and Garrick.

For elegance and grace, as well as propriety in the pulpit, Doctor Stonehouse, it is said, was chiefly indebted to that prince of actors, David Garrick. Dr. Stonehouse on a certain occasion was to read prayers and preach in a certain church in London, and being acquainted with Garrick, he invited the tragedian to come and hear him, which he did. At the close of the meeting Garrick asked the doctor what particular business he had to attend to now that the service was over. "None," he replied. "I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." He next asked the doctor what books he had before him. He answered, "Only the Bible and prayer book." "*Only* the Bible and prayer book!" said Garrick; "why, you tossed them backward and forward, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger." Dr. Stonehouse acknowledged the force of the criticism, and ever afterward avoided the faults it was designed to correct.

GARRICK'S IDEA OF HOW A SERMON SHOULD BE DELIVERED.

Doctor Stonehouse having requested Garrick to favor him with an opinion of the manner in which

a sermon ought to be delivered, received the following answer :

“ You know how you would feel and speak in a parlor concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You could not think of playing the author, of studying your emphasis, cadences, and gestures. You would be yourself, and the interesting nature of your subject impressing your heart would furnish you with the natural tone of voice, most proper language, and the most suitable and, at the same time, the most graceful gestures. What you would thus be in the parlor be in the pulpit, and you will not fail to please, to affect, and profit.”

Pamphleteering.

Multitudes were the pamphlets published against Whitefield both in Europe and America. We have already noticed some of them. Many of them were violent, and there were enough of them to have annihilated any ordinary man. It shows they must have considered him important game or so many would not have fired at him. Some were written by Bishops, others by Pastors, some by Synods, Consociations, and other ecclesiastical bodies. In New England, which he loved so well that he called it “ dear New England,” and especially in

Boston, where he was unboundedly popular, and had some of his grandest triumphs—where he enjoyed the friendship of the Governor and of some of the most distinguished ministers, such as Prince, Webb, Coleman, and others—pamphlets abounded against him. Sometimes his friends answered them, and sometimes he replied to them himself in the most ingenious manner, showing both his wisdom and his wit, and thus spiking their guns and silencing cavilers. The pamphlets that assailed him are among the things that were. But his name will live, and brighten with each successive age; while those who wantonly attacked him and slandered his character as a minister of the Gospel are consigned to the completest oblivion.

THE WARNING.

One of these pamphlets, entitled "*A Warning against countenancing the Ministrations of Mr. George Whitefield,*" we have now lying before us. The author cautions his readers against this "*foreigner.*" He says: "His [Whitefield's] present ministrations have a direct tendency to introduce among us a *latitudinarian* scheme, and particularly to make men mere skeptics as to the discipline and government of the house of God." The writer becomes grandiloquent before he closes. Here is a unique specimen of high and lofty tumbling: "The present generation is like men carried out in a crazy vessel through the ocean while winds do roar, billows rage, the heavens darken, thunders break, and clouds pour forth, while at the same time the vessel is dashing

on rocks, and yet the most of those on board are fast *asleep!* I look upon Mr. Whitefield, in his public ministrations, to be one of the most fatal rocks whereon many are now splitting." What a wonder Whitefield survived!

CARICATURE.

Mr. Whitefield visited Scotland fourteen times, and his success there was unparalleled, notwithstanding which he was denounced, ridiculed, slandered, and caricatured. A gentleman wrote from America in 1743, wishing to know the state of religious affairs in Scotland. The following is a part of the reply he received: "A tide of enthusiasm has almost overwhelmed our Churches. In the summer of 1741 that celebrated evangelist, George Whitefield, paid us a visit. Wherever he went he had a gaping crowd around him, and had the address to make them part with their money." The letter further speaks of the "frequency and vehemence of his sermons," and the multitudes who came "to share in the gale of the Spirit." "He had," continues the writer, "a set of screamers following him, and he generally got more or less of that music to gladden his ears." He also styles Whitefield a "pickpocket," and says, "He was inflexible about the article of gathering money. He went off to England with a full purse, indeed, but with a ruined reputation among all except his bigoted admirers. Very few ministers enter into the spirit of Whitefieldism." This is a mere specimen of the falsehoods that were published against him. What

rude misrepresentation! What an awful caricature!

WHITEFIELD'S REPLY TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London, with other Bishops, published a pamphlet in regard to Mr. Whitefield, in which several charges were brought against him for field-preaching. He replies, "And why, my Lords, should you be so averse to field-preaching? Has not our Saviour given a sanction to this way of preaching? Was not the best sermon ever preached delivered on a mount? Did not our glorious Immanuel (after he was thrust out of the synagogues) preach from a ship, in a wilderness, and many other places? Did not the Apostles after his ascension preach in schools, public markets, and such like places of resort and concourse? And can we copy after better examples?"

Whitefield and others being again found fault with by the Bishop for breaking the canons, which, by the way, was not their fault, Mr. Whitefield inquires how such a charge can be brought. "Is not this like Nero's setting Rome on fire and charging it upon Christians?"

WHITEFIELD AND HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

When Whitefield preached at Harvard College in Cambridge his eloquence was much admired. In preaching before the professors and students, and a number of the neighboring ministers, he made a close application to those connected with the college. Though Whitefield had the harmless-

ness of the dove, he had not always the wisdom of the serpent. He had his weaknesses, and they were very apparent. None regretted them more than himself, and no one was ever more ready to acknowledge faults. His preaching they could have endured, plain and cutting as it was, but Whitefield had in his journal been very severe on the college. He had said that discipline in the college was at a low ebb, that bad books were fashionable, and that he chose to preach for them, "but not as many do who corrupt the word of God." This provoked their displeasure, and they published a large pamphlet against him, containing many charges, to which he replied in another pamphlet. One of the charges they had brought against him was in regard to what they styled his dreams; this he disposed of very effectually. Another charge was that he was "a *deluder* of the people." "And here," say they, "we mean of money, which by an extraordinary mendicant faculty he almost extorted from the people." Whitefield replies, "Extorted from the people! How, gentlemen, could that be when it was a public collection? I never heard the people themselves make such an objection. Nor did I ever see people, to all appearances, offer more willingly; they seemed to be those cheerful givers whom God declares he approves of." Again they complain of his "extempore preaching," which they "think by no means proper; for it is impossible that any man should be able to manage any argument with that strength, or any instruction with that clearness in

an extempore manner, as he may with study and meditation." He replies, "But, gentlemen, does extempore preaching exclude study and meditation? Timothy, I believe, was an extempore preacher, and yet the Apostle advises him to give himself to reading; and I am of Luther's opinion, that study, prayer, meditation, and temptation are necessary for a minister of Christ. You say, 'Mr. Whitefield evidently shows that he would have us believe his discourses are extempore.' And so they are if you mean they are not written down, and that I preach without notes; but they are not extempore if you think that I always preach without study and meditation. Indeed, gentlemen, I love to study, and delight to meditate, when I have opportunity, and yet I would go into the pulpit by no means depending on my study and meditation, but on the blessed spirit of God, who I believe now, as well as formerly, frequently gives his ministers such utterance, and enables them to preach with such wisdom, that all their adversaries are not able to gainsay or resist them." They also object to his "lazy manner of preaching," to which he responds, "This, I think, is so far from being a lazy manner of preaching, and the preacher in doing thus is so far from offering that which costs him nothing, as you object, that I have generally observed extempore preachers are the most fervent, laborious preachers, and I believe (at least I speak for myself, who have tried both ways) that it costs them as much, if not more, close and solemn thought, and faith and confidence in God, as

preaching by notes." They said, "That this way of preaching is little instructive to the mind, still less cogent to the reasoning powers." Whitefield answered, "Yet I believe it is the preaching God hath honored, and which has been attended with very great success in many ages of the Christian Churches. And if we may pray, I see no reason why we may not preach, extempore."

We have transcribed the above not merely as a reply to Harvard, but as a defense of extemporaneous preaching in general, and especially because it not only gives us his views on this important subject, but more particularly because it gives the manner in which the Prince of Pulpit Orators prepared those sermons which secured such profound admiration, and accomplished such an immense amount of good. They also objected to his itinerancy, saying, "We think it our duty to bear our strongest testimony against the itinerant way of preaching, of which this gentleman was the first promoter among us, and still delights to continue. And," they add, "Mr. Whitefield will not have the face to pretend he now acts as an evangelist." To which he replies, "But indeed, gentlemen, I do, if by an evangelist you mean what the Scriptures I presume to mean." Whitefield further contends that "It is scriptural, and in accordance with the great commission, 'Go ye into all the world,' etc. Was not the Reformation begun and carried on by itinerant preaching? Were not Knox, Welsh, Wishart, and those holy men of God, several of the good old Puritans, itinerant preachers? And

did not Richard Baxter recommend it?" Whitefield concludes by saying, "If pulpits are shut against me, blessed be God! the fields are open, and I can go without the camp, bearing the Redeemer's reproach; this I am used to and glory in it." He then says, "I ask forgiveness, gentlemen, if I have done you or your society in my Journal any wrong." This was not satisfactory, and a reply was made by the officers of the college in 1745, in a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages, in which they say, "We agree with you that the great Governor of the Church beckoned to you by his providence to answer for yourself, but we don't know as your answer is such as the great Governor must have justly expected in some important instances."

They were not satisfied with his acknowledgment that "he was sorry if he had done them or their society any wrong." They said, "These, sir, are all general terms. When you enter into particulars, and make your acknowledgments as explicitly as your offenses have been, and shall reform your conduct, we humbly hope we shall be as full and hearty in our forgiveness as you are in your acknowledgments."

But the scenes changed. In 1764 Mr. Whitefield, whose soul was too noble to cherish any unkind feelings, solicited donations of books from his friends for the library at Harvard, which had been destroyed by fire, and he also made a donation of his own books. Four years after this, while his old opponent, President Holyoke, was yet in office, the following minute was entered on their records:

“At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, August 22, 1768, the Rev. G. Whitefield having, in addition to his former kindness to Harvard College, lately presented to the library a new edition of his Journals, and having also procured large benefactions from several benevolent and respectable gentlemen, voted that the thanks of this corporation be given to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield for these instances of candor and generosity.” This certainly was honorable to them, and an act of justice to him.



Whitefield and the Comedian.

Samuel Foote was intended for the bar, but, having lost his property by dissipation, he turned his attention to the stage, and became a celebrated comic actor and writer, being known in the double character of dramatist and performer. He was one of England's most noted comedians, and quite a genius in his way.

In 1747 Mr. Foote opened the Haymarket Theater in London with some humorous imitations of well-known and distinguished persons. Discovering this to be his forte, he pursued it for years. Mr. Whitefield was during this time such a public character, and attracted so much attention, that Mr. Foote concluded he would be a good subject to introduce into his theater. It is said he was induced to burlesque, in the theater, both the manner and sentiments of Mr. Whitefield, in order

to bring him into contempt. For the purpose of obtaining material for ridicule he attended the preaching of Mr. Whitefield, and with an eagle's eye watched his manner in order to be better qualified to imitate his peculiarities of elocution, etc. After having, as he thought, seen and heard enough for his purpose, he wrote a play, the title-page of which reads thus :

“The Minor, a comedy written by Mr. Foote, as it is now acting at the New Theater in the Haymarket, by authority from the Lord Chamberlain. London, 1760. Price one shilling and sixpence.”

The play was not only sold in London, but in Dublin and Edinburgh, and by all book-sellers. It consisted of an introduction and three acts, and required thirteen actors to perform it. Mr. Foote was the sun, the rest were the satellites. It was dedicated to his grace William, Duke of Devonshire, who was Lord Chamberlain. In it Mr. Foote states “that public approbation has stamped a value on the execution.”

“The Minor” exhibits some little talent, but it is exceedingly low, profane, and vulgar. About the shrewdest thing in it is this: An actor inquires, “When may we laugh with propriety?” Mr. Foote answers, “At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy of the poet's pen and your mirth.” They ask for his bill of fare. Mr. Foote

answers, "What think you of one of those itinerant field orators, who, though at declared enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets, of half our industrious fellow-subjects."

An actor says, "Have a care; dangerous ground." Mr. Foote replies, "Now I look upon it in a different manner. I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself; and whether we exhibit in Tottenham Court or the Haymarket, our purpose is the same and the place is immaterial. Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument never can cure, and should a little wholesome severity be applied persecution will be the immediate cry. Where, then, can we have recourse but to the comic muse? Perhaps the archness and severity of her smile may redress an evil that the laws cannot reach or reason reclaim."

The third act concludes thus :

"How d'ye spend your days?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go see Foote! Ah, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove;
Think you to meet with side-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may sit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the house for Satan's benefit.
O, what! you snivel; well, do so no more;
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And—if I please—I'll give it to the poor."

Strange to tell, this profane exhibition of Mr. Squintum drew for a time crowds to the theater, who laughed with fiendish joy at this ridiculous burlesque of religion, and of one of its most popular and successful ministers. However, the triumph was short, for many were disgusted, and instead of lessening the number of Whitefield's hearers it only increased the throng, so that the intended curse was turned into a blessing. As for Whitefield, none of these things moved him; he went on like the sun, from his morn to his meridian.

One evening while Mr. Foote was holding up Mr. Whitefield to public ridicule in the Haymarket Theater Mr. Whitefield was preaching in Tottenham Court Chapel, his subject being the "Joys of Heaven." Toward the close of his discourse, after having described the glories and bliss of the better and brighter world, his piety, his imagination, and his eloquence being all aflame, he cried out in the midst of the enraptured audience, pointing to the heavens, "*There, there, an ungodly Foote tramples on the saints no more!*"

Mr. Whitefield writes at this time, "Satan is angry. I am now mimicked and burlesqued on the stage. All hail, contempt! God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ! It is sweet! It is sweet! What a mercy that we have an abiding inheritance in the kingdom of heaven! Of this we cannot be robbed. Halleluiah! Satan's artillery has done but little execution." The scorn and contempt of money-seeking wiseacres had little effect on Whitefield.

THE METHODIST COMEDY.

Mr. Foote soon after published "The Methodist, a Comedy; being a Continuation and Completion of the Plan of 'The Minor.' Written by Mr. Foote. As it was intended to have been acted at the Theater Royal, Covent Garden, but for obvious reasons suppressed. With Original Prologue and Epilogue."

This comedy was printed in London soon after "The Minor." It consists of sixty-four pages. The following is a transcript of the prologue :

"When, madly zealous, our divines engage
To mend the morals of a vicious age ;
When interest only over faith presides,
And fools or knaves are ministers and guides ;
When laws divine a property are made,
And blockheads deal in Scripture as in trade—
Honest the hand whose satire would expose,
O sacred truth, the greatest of thy foes !
And show mankind by what a monstrous course
The weak are vicious, and the wicked worse.
No private pique this just resentment draws,
Or brands a wretched Squintum or his cause ;
But since the laws no punishment provide
For such as draw the multitude aside,
The poet seizes the corrective rod,
To scourge the bold blasphemer of his God.
He heeds not what a sectary replies,
Nor fears the anger which he must despise.
Happy in this dramatical essay
If one should see the error of his way."

This "comedy, called The Methodist," we are told was "suppressed for obvious reasons." The reasons are not given, and we, over a hundred years

after, are left to conjecture them. Plays could be acted in theaters then only by authority from the Lord Chamberlain. "The Minor" obtained this, but not the Methodist comedy, and, therefore, it could not be brought out in the theater, and the "ungodly Foote," and hosts of others—children of darkness—were chagrined and disappointed. It was suppressed, no doubt, because it was a thousand times more low, more vulgar, more profane than "The Minor," a disgrace to the author, and to the age that produced it.

FOOTE AND "THE MINOR" IN EDINBURGH.

Mr. Foote, though he had racked his brains to produce the Methodist comedy, and was disappointed in introducing it into the theaters, fell back upon "The Minor," which he could produce on authority from the Lord Chamberlain, and he determined to make the most of that.

Mr. Foote was the manager of the Edinburgh Theater in the autumn and winter of 1770, during which time "The Minor" was acted there. The house was pretty full the first evening, the people being fond of novelty, and knowing nothing of the nature of the performance. But such was their sense of the impiety of it that on the second night only ten females were present. It was repeated on Saturday night, the 24th of November, and the question was agitated among the attendants whether it was proper to so represent upon the stage a person who was now dead.* Those performing it,

* Whitefield died September 30, 1770.

however, had no regard for the living or the dead, but it disgusted the inhabitants of Edinburgh. The next day the ministers opened their batteries upon it, Doctor Erskine and Doctor Walker both preaching against it, and that is the last we hear of "The Minor."



The Scurrilous Pamphlet.

THE CROOKED DISCIPLE AND THE BLIND GUIDE.

A pamphlet that now lies before me, published in London in 1760, shows how low, mean, and contemptible the opposers of Mr. Whitefield were—how bold and barefaced their opposition. They jeered at his person, nicknaming him "Dr. Squintum," they ridiculed his attitudes, his prayers, and sermons. They burlesqued and caricatured him every way. The following is the title of the pamphlet:

"The Crooked Disciple's Remarks upon the Blind Guide's Method of Preaching, for some Years. Being a Collection of the Principal Words, Sayings, Phraseology, Rhapsodies, Hyperboles, Parables, and Miscellaneous Incongruities of the Sacred and Profane, commonly, repeatedly, and peculiarly made use of by the Reverend DR. SQUINTUM. Delivered by him *viva voce ex cathedra* at Tottenham Court, Moorfields, etc. A Work never before Attempted: Taken Verbatim from a Constant Attendance, whereby the Honesty of this Preacher's Intentions may be Judged of from his own Doc-

trine. By the Learned Mr. John Harman, Regulator of Enthusiasts, London. Printed for and sold by the Author, and by the Book-sellers in Paternoster Row. N. B.—This Performance will be found by Analogy to be a Useful and Conscientious Regulator to the Methodists. (Price one shilling.)”

The author of the pamphlet has a preface according with the title-page which he submits “To the Publick.”

“I have nothing further to premise, by way of preface, than that the importance and utility of the present subject has induced me to submit the following doctrine to the consideration of the Publick, namely,

“1. The efficacy of the spirit of Christ warmly and irresistibly felt in the heart.—This is his Doctrine of Regeneration and Predestination.

“2. A Person is not a Christian, nor does he receive this spirit, by baptism, but by the New Birth; for there are Children in Hell, (as he says,) though baptized, who are not a span long.—This is his Doctrine of Reprobation.

“3. It matters not what Religion you are of, whether Church of England, Presbyterian, Anabaptist, Quaker, Ranter, Muggletonian, or be of what Religion you will; provided you feel Christ in your heart you’ll all go to Heaven.—This is his Doctrine of Reconciliation.

“4. A strict observation of the Sabbath, festivals, religious ceremonies, etc., is all Stuff, and not positive Christianity.—This is his Doctrine of Indifference and Inessentiality.

“5. That he can tell when a person shall go to Heaven or plunge into Hell as well as you can see the shining of the sun at noonday.—This is his Doctrine of Assurance.

“6. Persons frequenting balls, plays, operas, routs, masquerades, gaming, or any other kind of diversions, are diabolical.—This is his Doctrine of Sorrow and Lamentation.

“These six Articles comprehend the scope and tenets of his pious religion.”

The preface ends thus: “If this work should meet with a favorable encouragement, I shall publish a sequel of this performance with annotations.

To show the animus of the writer still more, we give his description of “Dr. Squintum’s” prayer, interspersed with comic remarks.

“The Following Preamble is Dr. Squintum’s fervent, solemn FORM OF PRAYER, delivered by him in an attitude similar to that of Ajax, in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*—his body erect, his hands extended, his face thrown upward, with his eyes gazing toward the stars; alternately changing from his theatrical astonishments into violent enthusiastical agitations and distortions, accompanied with weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Strange vicissitudes! which he strictly keeps up to throughout the whole of his preaching.

“THE PREAMBLE.—O holy, holy, holy Lord God! Thou art the same to-day as yesterday, and yesterday as to-day. Jesus, thou Bishop of Bishops, and great Bishop of the world, look down from heaven thy dwelling-place, and grant that all

who take part with us this day or night in the work that we are now entering upon, either in thought, word, or deed, may take deep root downward, and shoot forth in its branches abundantly upward. From the sole of our feet to the crown of our heads we are nothing but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. Bless his present Majesty, and every branch of the illustrious family. We thank thee, O God, for the late victory that thou hast been pleased to vouchsafe unto the Prussian Monarch; do thou continue success unto him; give him and his soldiers double strength, as well as double clothing for this winter's campaign; [and, he might have added, two drams a day extraordinary to his soldiers to animate their spirits.] Be with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Be with the whole allied army. Put an end to this cruel and bloody war; put a stop to this, or prevent the opening of another bloody campaign. Make or compel the kings of the earth to put this sword of war into the sheath of peace, that they may no longer make an effusion of, or a sporting with, human blood. Though thou sufferest the bush to burn, yet it shall not be consumed away. Lead captivity captive. But if thy decree has already gone forth, and this bloody and glittering sword shall be again unsheathed, and still continue drawn, thy will, not mine, be done. [Odious, and blasphemous, to compare himself to our Saviour in the garden!] Turn then the swords of our enemies into pruning-hooks and plough-shares, and so infatuate them that if they

turn they may not know whether they turn to the right hand or to the left, and prevent the French from getting Hanover. [This part of his prayer was not heard, for it is well known they soon did get possession of it; however, to make good this unsuccessful petition, he says about their being driven out of it,] We thank thee that thou hast heard our prayers, [Query, Whether it was owing to the efficacy of his prayer, or the bravery of the allies?] for in the midst of thine anger thou rememberest mercy. Give our statesmen wise heads and honest hearts; [Qualifications greatly wanted both in himself and his followers;] Gladden the heart of his Majesty with the arrival of some sudden and unexpected good news, [at this very period of time the French re-entered Cassel,] and grant that we may live to see a lasting and honorable peace established among us. [This petition was made in the reign of his late Majesty; I wish his prayer had proved more prevalent.] I read an account in this day's paper of the plague's breaking out at Lisbon, and that we may soon expect it to be visiting us here, do thou keep it from us. [But at the end of the same week accounts came from thence that there was no sickness there at all, and on the following Sunday morning he says in his prayer:] We thank thee that the news is not true; that the plague had broke not out at Lisbon; [Prayers as groundless as his intelligence.]”

The above is about one half of the prayer. We will make some extracts of the remainder. He

represents Mr. Whitefield as thanking the Lord they could sit under their own vine and fig-tree, and enjoy the fruits of their own vineyard—"meaning the lucrative fruits of his labors at Tottenham Court and Moorfields." He prays for different classes, and that the seed sown may bring forth "in some twenty, in some thirty, and in some an hundred fold. [That a greater emolument may accrue to himself from their pilfering.] Pour down thy Spirit upon all those people whose ministers are not inspired. [Meaning himself, I hope, as one.] Help me, a poor worm, to speak this day [or night. Surely he does not mean a glow-worm shining in darkness.] We thank Thee that we are permitted to tread the paths of Thy courts. [Perhaps he means the courts of exchequer, where the mercenary love to dabble.]"

At the end of all this solemn mockery the miserable scoffer adds the following note: "N. B.—At the beginning and ending of every invocation and ejaculation he profanely makes use of the name of God and Jesus, repetitions which I here omit as too sacred to be trifled with on such occasions, though used by him as a cloak for his fraudulency and enthusiastical hypocrisy."

"Sermon: A Short Specimen of the Rev. Dr. Squintum's Extemporary Sermons." Here follows a long sermon interspersed with the lowest kind of comments. Whitefield utters certain sentiments. [Clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion; humming by the people to confirm it to be true.] [Again, humming by the people.] [Elevates his

voice.] [Lowers his voice.] [Holds his arms extended.] [Bawls aloud.] [Stands trembling, makes a frightful face, and turns up the white of his eyes.] [Groaning by the people.] [Clasps his hands behind him.] [Clasps his arms round him, and hugs himself.] [Holds both his hands above his head and roars.] [Here trembles himself.] [Humming by the people.] [Groaning by the audience.] [Roars aloud.] [This repeated.] [The doctor halloas and jumps.] [Cries.] [Changes from crying.] [With a loud voice.] [Sighing by the people.]

At the conclusion of this shameful caricature, which is disgustingly mean and superlatively contemptible throughout, there is another note:

“N. B. The hummers, sighers, and weepers are hireling hypocrites, at two shillings and sixpence per week, and are the approbatives to his doctrine.”

The “Methodist Comedy,” “The Minor,” and the “Remarks upon the Blind Guides,” will give the readers a faint idea of the bitter persecution, the vulgar ridicule, the low slang, the shameful falsehoods, bitter sarcasm, sharp irony, and driveling wit with which they opposed that truly good man and distinguished minister, George Whitefield. But his name will live and brighten with each succeeding age, when those who hissed along his path, and darted at him the forked tongue of slander, shall have been buried and forgotten for ages. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, but the “memory of the wicked shall rot.”

Whitefield and the Tailor.

Mr. Whitefield had often been deceived in his "recruits;" men would offer themselves as "helpers" who had neither talents nor grace, so that he became exceedingly cautious in receiving them, and unless there was something very striking in their replies to his questions, or in their personal appearance, or came with a strong recommendation, they were not easily received by him. His intimate friend, Cornelius Winter, says, "A tailor came to Whitefield with a call to the ministry, asking to be employed. Mr. Whitefield, who had begun to be quite a discerner of spirits, read him like a book, saw what manner of man he was, and summarily dismissed him with the remark, 'Go to rag-fair, and buy old clothes.'" The tailor, taking his advice, departed.



Whitefield and Thomas Rankin.

Thomas Rankin was one of the strong men of Wesleyan Methodism — a Scotchman by birth, a superior preacher, and a grand disciplinarian. He was one of Wesley's early missionaries to America, and presided at the first conference, which was held in Philadelphia in July, 1773.

He was the intimate, confidential friend of John Wesley, who remembered him in his last will and testament, and made him one of his executors.

Mr. Rankin was converted under the ministry of George Whitefield, and ever felt for him a pro-

found admiration. He early heard Whitefield preach, and it was his farewell sermon in the Orphan House Yard in Edinburgh, of which he says, "I had often before had thoughts of hearing Whitefield, but so many things were said to me of him that I was afraid I should be deceived. I now heard him with wonder and surprise, and had such a discovery of the plan of salvation as I had never known before. I was astonished at myself that I should have listened to those idle tales, and thereby been kept from hearing this burning and shining light, who had been instrumental in the hands of God for the good of so many thousand souls. I remembered more of that sermon than of all the sermons I had ever before heard, and had a discovery of the unsearchable riches of the grace of God in Christ Jesus, and also how a lost sinner was to come to God and obtain mercy through a Redeemer." Rankin afterward heard him again and again with exquisite delight, and he exclaimed, "O how precious was the word of God to my soul! It was sweeter than the honey and the honeycomb." Mr. Rankin was converted, and it was said, "Mr. Whitefield had made him religiously mad." Feeling it his duty to preach, he had a conversation with Whitefield, who gave him some judicious and fatherly advice, which he followed to the letter. Seeing so little fruit, he was tempted he was not called to the work. He accounts for it from reading Whitefield's and Wesley's Journals, and from hearing Mr. Whitefield. He deeply lamented "the death of that

venerable servant of God, Mr. Whitefield ;” and afterward, on hearing Mr. Wesley preach his funeral sermon in Tottenham Chapel, he says, “It was one of the most solemn sights I ever beheld. Of all the men I ever knew, these two eminent servants of God have always claimed my deepest regard and warmest affection.”



Whitefield and Thomas Olivers.

Thomas Olivers was another of the trophies of Mr. Whitefield's preaching. He was a noble son of a noble father. His conversion was almost a moral miracle, and his history far surpasses a tale of chivalry. He was a Welshman, born at Treganon in 1725. Being left an orphan at the age of five he early became bold in sin, “declaring his sin as Sodom, and hiding it not.” He early mastered the whole of the blasphemer's language, was familiar with the dialect of hell, and could express himself in words most acceptable to Satan ; in fact, being considered the most wicked boy throughout the region where he lived. He had also the unenviable name of being very lazy. At eighteen he went as an apprentice to shoe-making, but never learned half his trade. He plunged into the grossest vices, and his sins were of the deepest dye. With another young man, wicked as himself, he “committed a most notorious and shameful act of arch villainy,” which caused them to suddenly leave their neighborhood. They went to

Bristol, where Whitefield was then preaching with such marked success. Young Olivers, while walking out one evening, saw a great number of people all pressing in one direction, and, on making inquiry, ascertained that they were going to hear Whitefield. Says Olivers: "As I had often heard of Whitefield, and had sung songs about him, I said to myself, 'I will go and hear what he has to say.'" He arrived too late, but on the next evening he was some three hours ahead of time. He heard the great "son of thunder," who thundered conviction into his inmost soul, striking him with the hammer of God's word, and breaking a heart of stone. Whitefield's text was, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" The first thing that attracted the attention of Olivers, and roused him from his lethargy, was the tears that trickled down the faces of the hearers around him, and the great sighs that heaved from their bosoms. He says: "When the sermon began I was a dreadful enemy of God and all that was good, and one of the most profligate and abandoned young men living; but during that sermon there was a mighty transformation in me. Showers of tears poured down my cheeks, and from that hour I broke off all my evil practices, and forsook all my wicked and foolish companions without delay, giving myself up to God and his service with all my heart. O what reason had I to say, 'Is not this a brand plucked from the fire?'"

The Gospel from the lips of Whitefield proved the power of God to the salvation of young Oli-

vers. His after-life showed the wonderful change. He ever afterward remained a true soldier of the Lord. No wonder one says, "The case of Olivers explains half the history of the Methodism of Whitefield and Wesley. It won such trophies by thousands—won them from the very 'gates of hell,' and by 'a foolishness of preaching' which was jeered at by ecclesiastical dignitaries who knew of no way of reaching such cases; and hooted at by the mobs which it subdued and led, weeping, by tens of thousands into its humble temples." *

It is not strange that Olivers not only admired, but intensely loved the one who had thus been the means of plucking him "as a brand from the burning." He said he loved Whitefield "inexpressibly," and "used to follow him as he walked the streets, and could scarce refrain from kissing the ground on which he walked—the very prints of his feet." He wished to unite with the society, but was timid and fearful; he, however, made his wishes known to one of Whitefield's preachers, who for some reason discouraged him; but he afterward joined Mr. Wesley's band and became one of his ablest itinerants, a flaming herald of the cross, an able minister of the New Testament, a controversialist who grappled with Augustus Toplady, as well as a poet of rare beauty and elegance, whose hymns have enriched the psalmody of earth, being admired and sung all over Christendom.

* Dr. Stevens's History of Methodism, vol. iii, pp. 148, 149.

For an example of his poetic powers let us take the hymn :

“Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.”

The writer of a hymn of such beauty as this truly deserves that his name should, as it does, rank among the most noted of earth's sacred bards. His hymn “The God of Abram praise” is also one of inimitable beauty. James Montgomery, no mean poet himself, and an admirable judge, says concerning it, “There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery.”

After a ministry of many years, this distinguished convert of Whitefield died suddenly March 7, 1799, and was buried in the tomb of Wesley, City Road Chapel, London.



Mr. Whitefield and the Rev. Samuel Davies.

These distinguished men were well acquainted with and much admired each other. Samuel Davies was converted in Virginia, through the influence of Mr. Whitefield. He has been called “the father of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia.” He studied under Rev. Samuel Blair, a splendid scholar, and a minister of fine abilities, and afterward became one of the ablest preachers

in America. Three volumes of his sermons, which were published, still have quite an extended circulation. He had a splendid imagination, and fine poetic talents. On hearing of the death of his former friend and instructor he felt very sad, and thus poetically expresses his great sorrow :

“O Blair, whom all the tenderest names commend,
My father, tutor, Pastor, brother; friend
While distance the sad privilege denies
O'er thy dear tomb to vent my bursting eyes,
The Muse erects—the sole return allowed—
This humble monument of gratitude.”

DAVIES AND PATRICK HENRY.

Mr. Davies was an eloquent and very popular preacher. He lived in Hanover County, Virginia, the same county with Patrick Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes, from whose eloquence he caught much of his fire and pathos, and learned many valuable lessons in oratory, making Henry's elocution his model. Henry himself spake in terms of enthusiasm of Davies's eloquence, to which he often listened with intense delight. It is said his sermons frequently produced as powerful effects as those ascribed to the orations of Demosthenes. He always brought beaten oil into the sanctuary. He said, “It is a dreadful thing to talk nonsense in the name of the Lord.” He was one of the most accomplished pulpit orators America ever produced.

DAVIES AND WASHINGTON.

After the defeat of General Braddock, and the heroic conduct of Washington at the battle of

Monongahela, Davies preached a sermon in Virginia on "Religion and Patriotism, the Constituents of a Good Soldier," in which he spoke of "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." How prophetic!

DAVIES AND THE LAYMAN.

Mr. Davies was distinguished for dignity and solemnity in the pulpit. A distinguished layman said that he went to hear Mr. Davies preach, and the sight of the man and the mere utterance of his text, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful," etc., made a deeper impression upon him than all the sermons he had ever heard before.

MISSION TO ENGLAND.

Mr. Whitefield invited Mr. Davies to come to England for the purpose of raising funds for Princeton College, promising to open the way for his success. Mr. Davies, having corresponded with John Wesley on the same subject, was thereupon, together with Gilbert Tennent, appointed by the Synod of New York to visit England for that purpose. They arrived in London on Christmas-day, 1753, and were cordially welcomed by Mr. Whitefield. Their visit proved a very successful one, for, while not expecting to be able to raise more than £300, they succeeded in collecting over £1,200.

THE RECEPTION AND ITS EFFECT.

Mr. Davies kept a diary, from which the following extract is made: "*Wednesday*, Dec. 26. Mr. Whitefield, having sent us an invitation to make his house our home during our stay here, we were perplexed what to do, lest we should blast the success of our mission among the Dissenters, who are generally disaffected to him. We at length concluded, with the advice of our friends and his, that a public intercourse with him would be imprudent in our present situation, and visited him privately this evening, and the kind reception he gave us revived dear Mr. Tennent. He spoke in the most encouraging manner of the success of our mission, and in all his conversation discovered so much zeal and candor that I could not but admire the man as the wonder of the age. When we returned Mr. Tennent's heart was all on fire, and after we had gone to bed he suggested that we should watch and pray, and we arose and prayed together till about three in the morning."

WHITEFIELD'S SERMON.

On the 1st of January, 1754, Davies and Tennent went to hear Mr. Whitefield preach in the Tabernacle, which was a large spacious building, and on this occasion was densely crowded. His theme was the barren fig-tree. Mr. Davies says: "And though the discourse was incoherent, yet it seemed to me better calculated to do good to mankind than all the accurate, languid dis-

courses I had ever heard. After the sermon I enjoyed his pleasing conversation at his house."

WHITEFIELD'S SUGGESTIONS.

On January 14 Davies and Tennent spent an hour with Mr. Whitefield. "He thinks," says Davies, "we have not taken the best method to keep in with all parties; but we should 'come out boldly,' as he expressed it, which would secure the affections of the pious people, from whom we might expect the most generous contributions." On the evening after this they dined with Whitefield at the house of a common friend. No one more rejoiced at the abundant success with which they afterward met from nearly all parties than did Mr. Whitefield.

• WHITEFIELD AND THE TRIFLING MINISTER.

Mr. Davies says in his diary, January 25, 1754, "Mr. Tennent and myself dined with the Rev. Mr. Bradbury, who had been in the ministry fifty-seven years. He read us some letters that passed between Whitefield and himself in 1741. Whitefield had reproved Mr. Bradbury for singing a song at a tavern, in a large company, in praise of old English beef. The old gentleman then sang it for us, and we found it was partly composed by himself in the high-flying style of the days of Queen Anne. He is a man of singular turn, which would be offensive to the greater number of serious people; but for my part I could say,

"I knew 'twas his peculiar whim,
Nor took it ill as't came from him."

DAVIES AND THE KING.

When in England Mr. Davies was listened to with great delight, and crowds attended his frequent ministrations. The following anecdote is related of him. King George II., being curious to hear a preacher from the wilds of America, attended on one occasion, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the house. Davies, observing that the King was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and, looking his Majesty, full in the face, gave him in an emphatic tone the following rebuke: "*When the lion roareth let the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh let the kings of the earth keep silence.*" The King shrank back in his seat and remained quiet during the remainder of his discourse, and the next day sent for Mr. Davies and gave him fifty guineas for the college, observing at the same time to his courtiers, "He is an honest man! an honest man!"

In 1758 Davies was chosen to succeed Jonathan Edwards as President of the college of New Jersey. This appointment he declined, but it being renewed the following year, he, in accordance with the judgment of the Synod, accepted it. He did not, however, long enjoy this high honor, for he died in February, 1762, when but thirty-six years of age. He was interred in the burying-ground at Princeton, where sleep Edwards, Burr, Wither-
spoon, Finlay, and others of the mighty dead.

Whitefield and Howell Harris.

Howell Harris, a distinguished layman, who had three times been refused ordination, was the great apostle of Methodism in Wales. He kindled a fire through the principality that burns to this day, and his name in Wales is a household word and as ointment poured forth. He was the friend of the Wesleys, and the intimate bosom friend of George Whitefield, with whom he became acquainted in this wise: Mr. Whitefield had heard of Howell Harris, and though they had never met, Whitefield wrote him the following letter:

“LONDON, *Dec.*, 1738.

“MY DEAR BROTHER: Though I am unknown to you in person, yet I have long been united to you in spirit, and have been rejoiced to hear how the good pleasure of the Lord prospered in your hands. . . . Go on, go on. He that sent you will assist, comfort, and protect you, and make you more than conqueror through his great love. I am a living monument of this truth. . . . I love you, and wish you may be the spiritual father of thousands, and shine as the sun in the kingdom of your heavenly Father. O how I shall joy to meet you at the judgment-seat! How you would honor me if you would send a line to your affectionate though unworthy brother, G. WHITEFIELD.”

Harris promptly answered the letter, as the reader will here see:

“GLAMORGAN, *Jan. 8, 1739.*”

“DEAR BROTHER: I was most agreeably surprised last night by a letter from you. The character you bear, the spirit I see and feel in your work, and the close union of my soul and spirit to yours, will not allow me to use any apology in my return to you. Though this is the first time of our correspondence, yet, I can assure you, I am no stranger to you. When I first heard of you, and your labors and success, my soul was united to you, and engaged to send addresses to heaven on your behalf. When I read your diary I had some uncommon influence of the Divine Presence shining upon my poor soul almost continually, and my soul was in an uncommon manner drawn out on your account; but I little thought our good Lord and Master intended I should ever see your handwriting.”

This was the beginning of a correspondence and the commencement of a friendship that continued through life, and which has, we trust, been renewed to be perpetuated to all eternity.

FIRST MEETING.

Whitefield and Harris met for the first time at Cardiff, Wales, in 1739. Whitefield was preaching in the town-hall from the judge's seat, and Harris was one of his auditors. “I was much refreshed,” said Whitefield afterward, “at seeing Mr. Howell Harris present, whom, though I knew not in person, I have long loved, and often have

felt my soul drawn out in prayer in his behalf. A burning and a shining light has he been in these parts, a barrier against profaneness and immorality, and an indefatigable promoter of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Two more kindred spirits never met; greater flames of fire never commingled. He says: "I doubt not but Satan envied our happiness; but I hope by the help of God we shall make his kingdom shake."

HARRIS AND THE MAGISTRATE.

When Harris was first expected to preach near Garth, Marmaduke Gwynne, a magistrate, and a very influential citizen of Wales, was determined to arrest him, not doubting from current reports but that he was a madman, or "an incendiary in Church and State." He went out with the Riot Act in his pocket, but said to his wife as he left her, "I will hear him for myself before I commit him." Such was the nature of Harris's discourse the magistrate was deeply moved, and thought "the preacher resembled one of the apostles." When he had finished his sermon he went up to Mr. Harris, took him by the hand, expressed his favorable disappointment, asked his forgiveness, wished him success among the people, and, to the astonishment of all, invited him to his house to supper. Through Harris, Whitefield and the Wesleys were introduced to this family, and Charles Wesley, the poet, married Mr. Gwynne's daughter Sarah, who made him an excellent wife. She was a great admirer of the Prince of Pulpit

Orators, and it is said that at the time of her marriage she put in one condition, namely, that she should always have the privilege of going to hear Mr. Whitefield preach whenever she felt so inclined. We are told also that after Whitefield and the Wesleys separated on doctrinal points, she was very influential in bringing about a reconciliation.

WHITEFIELD'S ADVICE TO HARRIS.

“Talk to them,” says Whitefield on one occasion to his friend Harris, “O talk to them, even till midnight, of the riches of His all-sufficient grace! Tell them, O tell them what he has done for their souls, and how earnestly he is now interceding for them in heaven! Show them in the *map* of the world the kingdoms of the upper world, and the transcendent glories of them; and assure them all shall be theirs if they believe on Jesus Christ with their whole heart. Press them to believe on him immediately. Intersperse prayers with your exhortations, and thereby call down fire from heaven, even the fire of the Holy Ghost,

“ ‘To soften, sweeten, and refine,
And melt them into love.’

Speak every time, my dear brother, as if it were your last; *weep out*, if possible, every argument, and compel them to cry, ‘Behold how he loveth us!’ ”

WHITEFIELD AND HARRIS NOT TO BE SILENCED.

At Husk, Harris and Whitefield met again. Whitefield says: “The pulpit being denied, I preached upon a table, under a large tree, to some

hundreds, and God was with us of a truth. On my way to Pontypool I was informed by a man who heard of it that Counselor H. did me the honor to make a public motion to Judge P. to stop Brother Harris and myself from going about teaching the people. Poor man! he puts me in mind of Tertullus in the Acts; but my hour is not yet come. I have scarce begun my testimony. For my finishing it my enemies must have power over me from above."

PERSECUTION AND TRIUMPH.

Carleon, celebrated as the last resting-place of thirty kings, as well as for having furnished three martyrs for the truth, was on one occasion visited by Mr. Whitefield from choice, he having heard that Mr. Harris had, when there, been greatly disturbed by some of the baser sort beating drums and hurrahing around him. Many thousands flocked to hear Whitefield, but there was no interruption whatever, though he prayed fervently for Howell Harris by name. He says, referring to this incident, "I believe the scoffers *felt* me to some purpose. I was carried beyond myself."

Harris and Whitefield fought side by side the battles of the Lord, and had stupendous victories. Whitefield would preach in English, and Harris would follow immediately in Welsh. Whitefield had a wonderful baptism of Welsh fire. The whole principality was in a blaze, so that the two could sing:

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!"

The Tottenham Court Chapel.

Whitefield had built the Tabernacle some years before, and he now (May, 1759,) proceeded to build the Tottenham Court Chapel, which was erected on the opposite side of London from where the Tabernacle stood. Persecution at Long Acre led to the erection of this edifice. The Sabbath after he had taken the ground he obtained £600 toward the building. It was opened in November, 1759.

WHITEFIELD'S SOUL-TRAP.

A certain doctor, by way of ridicule, called the chapel "Whitefield's Soul-trap." Whitefield immediately after its dedication received a letter saying, "A thought came into my mind last Sunday morning to go and hear you at the new tabernacle, and to see what sort of a place it was. In one part of your discourse my heart trembled, and the terrors of the Lord came upon me. I then concluded that I must prepare for hell, and that there was no hope of salvation for me. I take this method to ask you one question, How can I be convinced that my past sins are to be forgiven? And O, what must I do to be saved? My sins are innumerable! God is just! I cannot think I have any interest in the Redeemer's blood. My soul is full of grief!" Whitefield says, in speaking of this letter, "I have answered my new friend, and pray the Friend of sinners to make the chapel a 'soul-trap' indeed to many wandering creatures." It so proved, for multitudes were there converted

and brought to "walk in the light," and when God writeth up the people it will be said that this and that man was born there. There Garrick heard him with profound admiration; there Shuter heard him, and was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Some of the nobility became his stated hearers, and took seats in the new chapel. Whitefield very often preached there when in London, and every time had fruit. He called it his Bethel.

This famous chapel—one of Whitefield's monuments—still stands. It is one hundred and twenty-seven feet long and the same in breadth, and is capable of seating nearly four thousand hearers. Upon its walls are tablets to the memory of Whitefield, Captain Joss, Toplady, and others. The old pulpit—"hallowed ground!"—from which so often in days gone by rang out those clarion tones with which the gallant soldier of the cross was wont to marshal his forces for their glorious and successful charges upon the hosts of Satan, still stands, and in its mute eloquence carries us back to the time when Whitefield

"With blue orbs upthrown
Pleaded for sins that were never his own."

Whitefield and the Sea-Captain.

Captain Joss was a Scotchman full of life and energy. When he was a boy he went to sea, and soon rose to be the commander of a vessel. He embraced religion, joined the Methodists, and be-

came acquainted with John Wesley, who beheld in him peculiar talents for usefulness, and greatly encouraged him. Young Joss, while pursuing his seafaring life, preached on board his vessel, and became known as an evangelist in all the harbors he visited, the sailors calling his ship "The Pulpit." His first regular sermon produced a profound impression. On being appointed to the command of a ship he was not only captain but chaplain, and trained a band of his converted tars to publicly exhort and pray. He was successful in business, and became part owner of a ship; but soon afterward his voyages began to prove unfortunate, and he met with disaster after disaster, till it seemed as if the object were to drive him from the ocean. He was wrecked, his ship lost, and he and his crew were with great difficulty saved. Not at all disheartened, he went to Berwick for the purpose of building a still larger vessel, and while there preached to admiring crowds. After he had sailed, a friend without his knowledge wrote to London, giving an account of his successful labors. This letter fell under the eye of Whitefield, who, when he heard of the arrival of the preaching captain in the Downs, announced that Captain Joss would preach the next Saturday evening in his Tabernacle. Whitefield then sent a message to the ship informing the captain of the announcement he had made, and summoning him to London. This unexpected honor affected his modesty, and at first he declined to go; but the messenger continued to urge him, till at last he reluctantly consented. To wonder-

ing masses the captain preached with surpassing eloquence from Whitefield's pulpit, not only on Saturday evening, but also on Sunday. Such was the impression the captain made upon the weeping, delighted audiences, that Whitefield insisted that it was his duty to abandon a sea-faring life, and devote himself wholly to the ministerial work. From this proposition his modest soul shrank, and he went on another voyage. This voyage also proved disastrous, so that Whitefield looked upon it as a warning to the captain of his being like unto the disobedient Jonah. On his return to London crowds gathered to hear him, and again he was urged by Whitefield to devote himself wholly to the ministry, but again he refused, and went on another voyage, during which he suffered more than on any former one. The third time he arrived in London greater multitudes than ever thronged to hear him, and the effect of his preaching upon his auditors was far greater than on either of his former visits. While he was in London his brother, a pious young man, fell overboard, and was drowned in the Thames. Then Mr. Whitefield made another appeal to him which proved irresistible. "Sir," said he, "all these disasters are the fruits of your disobedience, and let me tell you if you still refuse to hearken to the call of God both you and your ship will go to the bottom." Who can wonder that after such an appeal the captain bade farewell to a sea-faring life, and devoted the balance of his life to the great work of the Christian ministry? It was the influence of

Whitefield that secured him for the ministerial work.

Captain Joss became an Apollos. He was so unboundedly popular that he was employed in 1766 as the colleague of Whitefield at the Tabernacle in London, and also at Tottenham Court. For years he was Whitefield's associate Pastor, and in popularity stood next to him. He continued to preach with great eloquence and success, crowds thronging to hear him. Mr. Berridge called Captain Torial Joss "Whitefield's Archdeacon of Tottenham." He often itinerated into the country, preaching the Gospel with great success to delighted multitudes. Pure and spotless was his life! triumphant was his death! As he was dying he exclaimed, "O the preciousness of faith! I have finished my course; my pilgrimage is ended. O thou Friend of sinners, take thy poor old friend home!" The last word that lingered on his pallid lips was "Archangels."



Whitefield and the Military Captain.

We have just noticed a sea-captain, and now call the reader's attention to a captain in the army. They were both remarkable men, whose history surpasses fiction. They were both identified with Whitefield; their names, character, and history inseparably blended with his. Whitefield said concerning them that "God, who sitteth upon the flood, can bring a shark from the ocean and a lion

from the forest, and make them both show forth his praise.”

Captain Jonathan Scott was from the County of Salop, England, and was descended from a noble family. He had a fine education, and chose for his profession a military life, and became a captain of dragoons. He was distinguished for bravery in the midst of battle, danger, and death. While quartered near Oak Hall, he was, while on an excursion, overtaken by a storm that drove him into a farm-house. The humble tenant was a Methodist, and conversed with such good sense on religious subjects that Captain Scott was astonished, and inquired from whence he had received his information. Pointing to a neighboring hall, the farmer replied that he had it from a famous man, Mr. Romaine, who was then preaching there. The next Sabbath the captain was present, and was surprised at the devout order of the assembly, but still more by the minister and his text, “I am the way.” It was just such a subject as the captain needed, and was the means of leading him to the Saviour. He soon began to preach to his regiment, urging them to become soldiers of the cross. He preached in his regimentals to his troops, and the sight was so novel that he attracted great attention, nearly all Leeds turning out to hear the military hero.

Mr. Whitefield, in 1766, wrote as follows to the captain :

“What, not answer so modest a request as to send dear Captain Scott a few lines? God for-

bid! I must again welcome him into the field of battle. I must entreat him to keep his rank as Captain, and not suffer any persuasions to influence him to descend to the low degree of a common soldier. If God shall choose a red-coat preacher, who shall say unto him, What doest thou?’

“ ‘Strong in the Lord’s almighty power,
 And armed in panoply divine,
 Firm may’st thou stand in danger’s hour,
 And prove the strength of Jesus thine.
 The helmet of salvation take;
 The Lord, the Spirit’s, conquering sword;
 Speak from the word; in lightning speak;
 Cry out, and thunder from the Lord.’

“ Gladly would I come and in my poor way endeavor to strengthen your hands; but, alas! I am fit for nothing but as an invalid to be put into some garrison, and then put my hand to some old gun. Blessed be the Captain of our salvation for drafting out some young champions to reconnoiter and attack the enemy. You will beat the march in every letter, and bid the common soldiers not halt but go forward. Hoping one day to see your face in flesh, and more than hoping to see you crowned with glory in the kingdom of heaven, my dear captain, I am yours in our all-glorious Captain-General,
 G. WHITEFIELD.”

This letter produced a powerful effect upon Captain Scott, and he became a regular standard-bearer in the army of King Immanuel. Nobly he fought, nobly he conquered. Whitefield rejoiced

in such a fellow-laborer, and gave a public account of him in London, saying, "I have invited the captain to bring his artillery to the Tabernacle rampart, and try what execution he can do here." The captain came to London, and, placing in position his siege-guns, did wonderful execution. The slain of the Lord were many. His appearance was hailed with joy, and crowds welcomed him to the Tabernacle. At first he was deeply affected, burst into tears, lost command of his voice, but, soon rallying, he delivered a sermon that produced a life-time impression, and from that hour he became one of the most popular preachers in London. He abandoned his military life and prospects, and devoted himself to the ministry of the word; and for more than twenty years he was one of the most successful preachers at Whitefield's Tabernacle.

CAPTAIN SCOTT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

Captain Scott preached on a horse-block that is still standing immediately in front of Rev. John Fletcher's church in Madeley. This wonderfully delighted Mr. Whitefield, who says in a letter to Rowland Hill, "Captain Scott, that glorious field-officer, lately planted his standard upon dear Mr. Fletcher's horse-block at Madeley."

CAPTAIN SCOTT AND GEORGE BURDER.

George Burder, the well-known author of "Village Sermons," etc., when a young man derived great benefits from the preaching of Captain Scott.

Mr. Burder afterward became a distinguished and successful minister. He says: "Having heard much of Captain Scott, I was induced to hear him at Tottenham Court Chapel. I was exceedingly struck with his solemn address to the conscience. I think it gave me new views and new desires. From that time I became much more fond of the preaching called Methodistical. I found it more useful to me than any other. My judgment before was informed, but I found my heart affected by this preaching."

Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards.

Jonathan Edwards, well known in the Christian world as a theological giant and a great revivalist, had heard of the far-famed pulpit orator, and desired to become acquainted with him; and Whitefield, having heard of the great work of God in Northampton under Edwards's ministry, also desired an acquaintance. With this purpose in view, Whitefield, in October, 1740, left Boston for Northampton. He thus writes concerning his visit: "Their Pastor's name is Edwards, successor and grandson to the great Stoddard, whose memory will always be precious to my soul, and whose books I can recommend to all. Mr. Edwards is a solid, excellent Christian. I think I can say I have not seen his fellow in New England. When I came into his pulpit I found my heart drawn out to talk of scarce any thing besides the consolations and the privileges of the saints, and the

plentiful effusions of the Spirit upon the hearts of believers. And when I came to remind them of their former experience, and how zealous and lively they were at that time, both minister and people wept much, and the Holy Ghost enabled me to preach with a great deal of power. In the evening I gave a word of exhortation to several who came to Mr. Edwards's house."

The next morning Whitefield, in compliance with the request of Mr. Edwards, spoke to his little children, who were much affected. He also conversed very profitably with "dear Mr. Edwards" about the things of God. "I felt," says Whitefield, "wonderful satisfaction in being at the house of Mr. Edwards. . . . I preached on Sunday morning, and perceived the melting begin sooner and rise higher than before. Dear Mr. Edwards wept during the whole time of the exercise. The people were equally if not more affected, and my own soul was much lifted up toward God."

Mr. Edwards was delighted with Whitefield's visit. He says: "Mr. Whitefield's sermons were suitable to the circumstances of the town," and then speaks of a great revival that attended his labors. But while these two eminent ministers thus esteemed, and even loved, each other as servants of God, Edwards did not think that Whitefield regarded him altogether as a confidential friend. The fact is, Edwards had cautioned him upon the subject of impulses, and guarded him against the practice of judging others to be unconverted. This was touching sore places at the

time. Whitefield seems to have winced a little with impatience under this metaphysical probe of Edwards, but to have at the time conceded nothing. They parted, however, with mutual love, and, whatever difference existed between their theories of impulses, both soon rejoiced equally in "a glorious progress of the work of God" that year in Northampton.

Whitefield and Mrs. Edwards.

Miss Sarah Pierpont was a young lady distinguished alike for personal beauty, intellectual gifts, social refinement, and superior attainments in Christian virtue.* She became the wife of Jonathan Edwards, and the following letter of rare beauty, written by her from Northampton during Whitefield's visit, throws much light upon his character :

" October 14, 1740.

"DEAR BROTHER JAMES : I want to prepare you for a visit from the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, the famous preacher of England. He has been sojourning with us a week or more, and, after visiting a few of the neighboring towns, is going to New Haven, and from thence to New York. He is truly a remarkable man, and during his visit has, I think, verified all that we have heard of him. He makes less of the doctrines than our American preachers generally do, and aims more at affecting

* See her diary and correspondence in *Hours at Home*, August, 1867, p. 295.

the heart. He is a born orator. You have already heard of his deep-toned, yet clear and melodious, voice. O it is perfect music to listen to that alone! And he speaks so easily, without any apparent effort. You remember that David Hume thought it was worth going twenty miles to hear him speak; and Garrick said, 'He could move men to tears or make them tremble by his simple intonations in pronouncing the word Mesopotamia.' Well, this last was a mere speech of the play-actor; but it is truly wonderful to see what a spell this preacher often casts over an audience by proclaiming the simplest truths of the Bible. I have seen upward of a thousand people hang on his words with breathless silence, broken only by an occasional half-suppressed sob. He impresses the ignorant, and not less the educated and refined. It is reported, you know, that as the miners of England listened to him the tears made white furrows down their smutty cheeks, and so here our mechanics shut up their shops, and the day-laborers throw down their tools to go and hear him preach, and few go away unaffected. A prejudiced person, I know, might say that this is all theatrical artifice and display; but not so will any one think who has seen and known him. He is a very devout and godly man, and his only aim seems to be to reach and influence men the best way. He speaks from a heart all aglow with love, and pours out a torrent of eloquence which is almost irresistible. Many, very many persons in Northampton date the beginning of new thoughts, new desires,

new purposes, and a new life, from the day on which they heard him preach of Christ and this salvation. Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mr. Edwards and some others think him in error on a few practical points; but his influence on the whole is so good we ought to bear with little mistakes. I wish him success in his apostolic career, and when he reaches New Haven you will, I know show him warm hospitality.

“Yours, in faithful affection,

SARAH.”

The admiration was not all on one side. Mr. Whitefield greatly admired Mrs. Edwards. We wonder not at this, for she was a very superior woman, worthy to have been the wife of the great Jonathan Edwards, in speaking of whom Whitefield says: “He is a son himself, and hath also a daughter of Abraham for his wife. A sweeter couple I have not yet seen. Their children were dressed not in silks and satins, but plain, as becomes the children of those who in all things ought to be examples of Christian simplicity. She is adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, talked feelingly and solidly of the things of God, and seemed to be such a helpmate for her husband that she caused me to renew those prayers which for some months I had put up to God that he would be pleased to send me a daughter of Abraham to be my wife. I find on many accounts it is my duty to marry. Lord, I desire to have no choice of my own. Thou knowest my circumstances; thou knowest I only desire to marry in and for thee.”

Whitefield and Andrew Kinsman.

Andrew Kinsman was a minister of great eloquence. Multitudes were by his efforts turned from darkness to light. When a young man he resided in Plymouth, and was naturally amiable and lovely; but there was one thing he lacked—he had not yet found the true path. In his seventeenth year he was awakened by reading Whitefield's sermon on the new birth, and was soon brought to a knowledge of the truth. The salvation of his relatives then became the object of his deepest solicitude. The family were about to retire to rest one evening, when he exclaimed with deep emotion, "What! shall we go to bed without prayer? How do we know but some of us may awake in hell before morning!" This address was so unexpected that a solemn awe came over the family, and, while they were looking at each other with the utmost seriousness, he fell upon his knees, and prayed with a fluency and fervor that greatly surprised them. He afterward read Whitefield's sermons to the family and to the neighbors, who thereupon persuaded him to preach, which he did from Ezek. xxxvii, 3: "Son of man, can these dry bones live? and I answered, O Lord God thou knowest." He had many seals to his early efforts, among others his own father, mother, and three sisters. The Tabernacle at Plymouth was built upon a site he gave, and for years he was its honored Pastor. The lady he married was one of Whitefield's converts.

Mr. Kinsman was also a field preacher. He preached out-of-doors, and met with very violent persecution. At one time eight or nine drummers surrounded him, beating upon their drums, and trying to drown his voice. He showed himself a worthy son of Whitefield, for he was a Christian hero whom none of these things could move.

A scene transpired at the Plymouth Tabernacle which tried his pluck, and showed he was composed of the materials of which martyrs are made. A lieutenant of the navy came to the church where he was preaching, with a part of his crew armed for a desperate assault. Having broken the windows, they entered the place in a body. Their first attempt was to extinguish the lights, and then to fall upon the people; but a person perceiving their design, drew up the chandelier to the ceiling of the building. Baffled in that direction, they fell upon the people without regard to age or sex, and beat them with their bludgeons in a merciless manner. There was a general alarm and an outcry of murder. Mr. Kinsman, with the spirit of heroism, nothing daunted, seized the lieutenant, the ringleader of the rioters, as he was drawing his sword upon him, and wrested it from his hand. He then dragged the lieutenant out of the church and took him before a magistrate, who sent him to the watch-house, where he remained over night. The next morning he was very humble, apologized for his conduct, and offered to repair all the damage he had done, having done which, he was allowed to depart.

Mr. Kinsman was unboundedly popular, and Mr. Whitefield was very partial to him, and invited him at various times to Bristol and London, where he preached to crowds of admirers.

WHITEFIELD, KINSMAN, AND THE STRANGER.

Whitefield has been accused of selfishness, but there is no truth in it. He was benevolence embodied. His noble nature, his generous deeds, the princely record of his liberality, show it to be false.

When he preached at Plymouth he was the guest of Andrew Kinsman and his wife. After the toils of the Sabbath he on a Monday morning said to his friend Mr. Kinsman, "Come, let us visit some of your poor people to-day. It is not enough that we labor in the pulpit, we must endeavor to be useful out of it." They thereupon visited the abodes of the sorrowful, and ministered to the wants of the needy. Whitefield not only attended to their spiritual interests, but also to their temporal necessities. Mr. Kinsman knew his funds were very low, and he was surprised at his liberality, and ventured to remark that he thought he was too bountiful. Mr. Whitefield looked at him very seriously, and said, "My brother, it is not enough to pray and put on a serious face. 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.' My stock, it is true, is nearly exhausted; but God, whom I serve, and whose

saints I have assisted, will, I doubt not, soon give me a supply." How true "there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and that which hoardeth up and tendeth to poverty?"

Whitefield's hopes were soon realized. In the evening a stranger called upon him, who, on introducing himself, said, "With great pleasure I have heard you preach. You are on a journey as well as myself, and traveling is expensive. Do me the honor to accept of this;" at the same time presenting him with five guineas. Returning to the family, Whitefield, smiling, held out the money in his hand, saying, "There, young man, God has speedily repaid what I bestowed. Let this in future teach you not to withhold what is in the power of your hand to give. The gentleman who called to see me was a perfect stranger, whose only business was to give me this sum of money."

It was ascertained afterward that the gentleman who gave Whitefield the five guineas was not celebrated for such benevolent acts, but, on the contrary, was especially noted for his penurious disposition.

KINSMAN AND THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

Mr. Whitefield at one time, when about to sail for America, sent for Mr. Kinsman to come to London and preach in the Tabernacle. On his arrival he dined with Mr. Whitefield at the Tabernacle-house in company with a young clergyman. After dinner there was a tremendous storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning. As he

and the clergyman stood by the window beholding the raging elements, as there was flash after flash of lightning, and peal after peal of thunder, Mr. Kinsman, supposing the young clergyman, from his being a visitor at Whitefield's house, was a religious person, familiarly put his hand upon his shoulder, and with great solemnity and earnestness repeated the words of Dr. Watts,

“The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas”—

and then with peculiar pathos and confidence added,

“This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love.”

These words, so appropriately introduced, so solemnly and emphatically uttered, made a deep impression upon the mind of the young minister, and led to his conversion. Mr. Kinsman preached the first sermon at the Tabernacle, and crowds of admiring ones listened to him there. His death was as peaceful as his life had been pure. When dying he exclaimed with a faltering voice,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

Thus died Adam Kinsman, the spiritual son, the intimate friend, of George Whitefield, February 28, 1793, aged sixty-eight, having been fifty years in the ministry, leaving behind him a name of more value than great riches.

Whitefield and Rev. John Fletcher.

Mr. Whitefield and Rev. John Fletcher were intimately acquainted, and were excellent friends. In 1766 Whitefield invited Fletcher to come to London and preach in his chapel. Fletcher accepted the invitation, to the great delight of Whitefield, who wrote thus: "Dear Mr. Fletcher has become a *scandalous* Tottenham Court preacher. . . . Were we more scandalous more good would be done. . . . Still a shout of a king is heard in the Methodist camp." No wonder Whitefield rejoiced, for Mr. Fletcher was one of the purest and truest ministers that ever adorned the Church.

Fletcher testifies not only to Whitefield's great oratorical powers, his "divine pathos," but also to his fidelity. "How often," he says, "has that great man of God, the truly Rev. Mr. Whitefield, said to his immense audiences, 'You are warned I am clean of your blood. I shall rise up as a swift witness against you, or you against me, in the terrible day of the Lord! O remember to clear me then!' And is not this just as if he had said, 'We shall all be justified or condemned in the judgment by what we are now doing, I by my preaching, and you by your hearing?' And will any say such expressions are only flights of oratory? If they do they will touch the apple of God's eye. Mr. Whitefield was not a flighty orator, but spoke the words of soberness and truth with divine pathos, and floods of tears declarative of his sincerity."

“Bishop Bunyan.”

Mr. Whitefield was a great admirer of John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, the author of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and wrote a preface to his works. He said, “Some call him John Bunyan, the tinker, but I call him *Bishop Bunyan*.” He thought him worthy to be a Bishop or an Archbishop.

Whitefield had the high honor of preaching in the pulpit of John Bunyan, in Bedford, in 1758. He had been ill for several days, but, occupying the pulpit where that unyielding champion of the Cross had stood, we wonder not that his spirits were revived, and that he received a fresh anointing for his mighty work. We are not surprised that he wrote, “O how sweet communion did Bunyan enjoy in Bedford jail! I really believe a minister will learn more by one month’s confinement than by a year’s study.”



Whitefield and Rowland Hill.

Rowland Hill was a young man of rare talents, who was exceedingly persecuted because he was a little irregular. Mr. Whitefield was to him a friend, a counselor, and a father. Whitefield wrote to him, saying, “I would not have you give way; no, not for a moment. The storm is too great to hold long—visiting the sick and the imprisoned, and instructing the ignorant, are the very vitals of true

and undefiled religion. If threatened, denied degree, or expelled for *this*, it will be the best degree you could take. A glorious preparation for, and a blessed presage of, future usefulness." At another time he writes to Hill, calling him his "Dear young honest friend," and signing himself, "Yours in an all-conquering Jesus." This advice made Hill a hero, and he was determined from that hour to defy all resistance, no matter from what quarter it might come. He was under the influence of a master-spirit of no ordinary mold. The stirring letters and example of Whitefield nerved him to surmount all the difficulties with which his path was beset. In another letter Mr. Whitefield wrote to his "*Dear Professor*" thus: "I wish you joy of the late high dignity conferred upon you—higher than if you were made the greatest Professor in the University of Cambridge. The honorable degrees you intend giving your promising candidates I trust will excite a holy ambition and holy emulation. Let me know who is first honored. As I have been admitted to the degree of Doctor for nearly thirty years, I assure you that I like my field preferment, my airy pluralities, very well;" and again he writes "A preaching, prison-preaching, field-preaching esquire strikes more than all black gowns and lawn sleeves in the world. And, if I am not mistaken, the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls will let the world, and his own children too, know that he will not be prescribed to in respect to men, or garbs, or places; much less will he be confined to any order or set of men under heaven. Both tabernacle or chapel

is open to any captain or esquire sent of God; preaching should be one part of the education of a student in divinity."

Mr. Hill was greatly opposed in his course by his parents. One of his brothers having been converted, Whitefield congratulates him thus:

"Who knows but the root as well as the branches may be taken by and by? Steadiness and perseverance in the children, will be the best means under God of convincing the parents. Their present opposition I think cannot hold out very long; and if it does, to obey God rather than man, when forbidden to do what is absolute duty, I think, is a safe rule. . . .

"Yours in our all-conquering Emanuel,

"G. WHITEFIELD."

Six Bishops refused to ordain Rowland Hill, but none of these things moved him. He continued on in the even tenor of his way, and was for years Pastor of an Independent chapel in London that is now called Surrey Chapel, where he preached to listening and admiring throngs. He was eccentric, but exceedingly gifted. His successor, James Sherman, was succeeded by Newman Hall, who still preaches there. Rowland Hill regarded Whitefield as his "much honored friend;" while Whitefield took a peculiar interest in his young friend, and the advice which he gave him in the morning of life had much to do with forming his character and shaping his destiny.

Whitefield and the Comic Actor.

Edward Shuter was a celebrated comic actor, whose talents in the delineation of human character rendered him a great favorite among the theater-going people. This well-known comedian took great delight in listening to Whitefield's unequalled pulpit oratory. Whitefield and he were acquainted with each other. At a certain period Shuter was exciting great admiration on the stage in the character of *Ramble*. In the height of his popularity, when his honors were thick upon him, and he was receiving great applause, he went to hear Whitefield at Tottenham Court. He sat directly opposite the preacher, where he could have a full view of him, witness his gestures, and feel all the force of his eloquence. In the full glow of his appeal to sinners to come to Christ, Whitefield fixed his piercing gaze upon the comedian, and exclaimed, with a voice that thrilled every person in the house, "And thou, poor *Ramble*, who hast long rambled from the Saviour, come thou also; O, end thy ramblings by coming to Jesus!" The effect was almost overpowering. Shuter was greatly affected. He visited Whitefield, and complained that he had been so singled out in the congregation, saying, "I thought I should have fainted; how could you have served me so?"

Shuter went so often to hear Mr. Whitefield preach, and was so deeply affected under his word, there was great hope of his being under serious impressions that would be lasting. But, alas! his

business was unfavorable to such a glorious result, and his goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew ; it soon passed away.

THE COMEDIAN'S CONFESSION.

Shuter was not only pleased in hearing Whitefield, but was also delighted to hear at the Tabernacle one of those who had been converted under his ministry. Andrew Kinsman was said to have been almost a young Whitefield in eloquence. Crowds attended his ministry ; his melodious voice, his sprightly and pathetic manner of address, attracted all classes to hear him. Shuter was so charmed with his voice and manner that he was frequently among his auditors. The Word affected him. He was often under serious impressions, but such was the lamentable immorality that then pervaded the stage they were soon obliterated.

Years after, Mr. Shuter accidentally met Mr. Kinsman at Plymouth. He embraced him with joy, and asked if that was the place of his residence. "Yes," replied he, "I have just returned from London, where I have preached often and to large auditories, and have been so indisposed that Doctor Fothergill advised my immediate return to the country for a change of air." "And I," said Shuter, "have been acting Sir John Falstaff so often that I thought I should have died ; and the physicians have advised *me* to come into the country for the benefit of the pure air. Had *you* died it would have been in serving the best of masters ; but had *I*, it would have been in the service of the

devil. O, sir, do you think that I shall ever be called again? I certainly was when I was studying my part in the Park, and if Mr. Whitefield had let me come to the Lord's table with him, I never should have gone back again. But the caresses of the great are exceedingly ensnaring. My Lord E. sent for me to-day, and I was glad I could not go. Poor things, they are unhappy, and they want Shuter to make them laugh. But O, sir, such a life as yours! As soon as I leave you I shall be King Richard. This is what they call a good play, as good as some sermons. I acknowledge there are some striking and moral things in it; but after it I shall come again with my farce of *A Dish of all Sorts*, and knock all that on the head. Fine reformers are we!" This was certainly a very honest though humiliating confession from a theatrical performer.

The citizens of Plymouth were surprised that Shuter should so frequently visit Mr. Kinsman, and a gentleman inquired of the comedian if he were a Methodist. He replied, "Mine is a fine method, is it not? No; I wish I was. If any are right, they are."



Whitefield and Cornelius Winter.

Quite intimately blended with the history of Whitefield is that of Cornelius Winter, who, having been converted under Whitefield's preaching, became his intimate friend, was his companion on his

last voyage to America, and the one who returned to England after Whitefield's death, taking with him the last will and testament of that great and good man. To Mr. Winter we are indebted for the best portraiture ever given of Whitefield, of his habits, his peculiarities as a preacher, as well as for many anecdotes illustrative of his character and history. No one ever had a better opportunity to know him, none have better described him.

WINTER AND THE SCOTCH WOMAN.

Winter, when quite a young man, heard Whitefield at the Tabernacle, and was particularly struck with his appearance and dress. He one evening went to hear him, and imagined that the preacher during his remarks was personally addressing him. Young Winter had, while at a card-table some time previously, taken undue liberty with Whitefield's ministry, personal characteristics, etc., by making a burlesque of them. A Scotch woman who was sitting by, but not of the party, very promptly reproved his conduct, and desired him to read and pray over the eighth chapter of Romans till he understood it, and added that, should he do so, she was persuaded he would no longer despise Mr. Whitefield's ministry. Her sudden and unexpected reproof caused keen remorse in young Winter's heart, and led him to pay particular attention to the portion of Scripture recommended. The seed thus sown sank into good soil, and was not without fruit. Winter repented, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

WINTER AND THE POOR WOMAN.

In 1755 young Winter became acquainted with a poor but pious woman, who felt the deepest interest in his welfare. She inquired of him whether he had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach, to which he responded that he had once or twice, and had no objection to him, but said he could not be reconciled to his lay preachers. She then spoke in the highest terms of his own favorite preachers of the Church; and, as she proposed to have him go and hear Mr. Whitefield, Winter urged her to go to the church and hear those he had mentioned. To this she agreed, and they went to this favorite church. To her the preaching there was dull and dry, and she soon got tired of that kind of fare. They then went to hear Whitefield. In speaking of this event Winter says that "it was by first going with her to the Tabernacle that I was peculiarly struck with the largeness of the congregation, the solemnity that sat upon it, the melody of the singing, Mr. Whitefield's striking appearance, and his earnestness in preaching. From that time prejudice had no longer a place in my breast. Mr. Whitefield became increasingly dear to me, and I embraced all opportunities to hear him." How much he was indebted to the noble woman who roused in him that feeling of duty to his God, and admiration for his ministry, which he afterward so strikingly displayed. What a powerful influence may be wielded by a good woman, however humble her station!

WHITEFIELD AND THE CARD-PLAYERS.

Though young Winter had often heard Whitefield preach with profound admiration for his great pulpit powers, yet he was not converted, and had as yet no knowledge of the evil of sin and the depravity of his own heart. He was a hearer of the word and not a doer.

Winter was very fond of card-playing. He was fascinated with the game, and when playing was in his native element, his favorite employ. The ninth of April, 1760, was a memorable night to him, more so than any other during his existence. It was an era in his history, a crisis in his being, important for two worlds, having an influence on all his future destiny. He was playing at cards with other young men, when, suddenly recollecting that he could hear Mr. Whitefield preach that evening, he broke off in the midst of the game, and the company, who suspected where he was going, were much displeased and enraged. Whitefield preached from 1 Cor. xv, 51, 52, "Behold, I show you a mystery," etc. His theme was the *Resurrection of the Body*—a wonderful theme in the hands of Whitefield. In the introduction he said, "We have from Sabbath to Sabbath been meditating upon the resurrection of our Lord; it is now time we should think about our own." The sermon was one of tremendous power. The scales fell from young Winter's eyes; he saw his danger, and he sought and found a refuge from the gathering storm. He became a new creature. "Old

things passed away, and all things became new."
He never afterward played a game of cards.

WINTER AND JAY.

Cornelius Winter not only became an able minister of the New Testament, but he encouraged and educated a number of young ministers, among others William Jay of Bath, extensively known on both sides of the Atlantic. He was a superior preacher, and a writer of rare clearness and beauty. His Morning and Evening Exercises have had a wide circulation, and been productive of much good.

Jay wrote a life of Winter, and he says, "Mr. Winter was called the good man." Mr. Jay loved him as a father, and says he "did not write a page concerning him without tears." He had for him the highest regard, and acknowledges his "obligation to his dear and honored friend and benefactor, which," says he, "I shall never be able to discharge. To him I owe all my respectability in life, and all my opportunities of public usefulness. Though not a child by birth, I have been one by adoption. He concludes thus:

"Loved as his son, in him I early found
 A father such as I will ne'er forget."*

WHITEFIELD'S GRANDSON.

Cornelius Winter was the spiritual son of George Whitefield, and William Jay the spiritual son of Winter. Mr. Jay, as the shadows of the evening

* Life of Rev. Cornelius Winter, by William Jay.

were gathering around him, said in his own playful manner, "By the way, I am a kind of grandson of Mr. Whitefield. He begat Winter, and Winter begat me." What noble sons of noble fathers! Neither of them had any reason to be ashamed of their offspring.

Whitefield and Doctor Finley.

Mr. Whitefield seemed to have an impression that a silent testimony would be all that he would be permitted to give in life's last lingering hour.

Dr. Finley, President of Princeton College, and Whitefield were very intimate. The doctor one day, when Mr. Whitefield was his guest, and dining with him, said, "Mr. Whitefield, I hope it will be very long before you are called home; but when that event shall arrive, I shall be glad to hear the noble testimony you will bear for God." Whitefield answered, "You will be disappointed, doctor; I shall die silent. It has pleased God to enable me to bear so many testimonies for him during my life that he will require none from me when I die. No, no. It is your dumb Christians, who have walked in fear and darkness, and therefore been unable to bear a testimony for God during their lives, that he compels to speak out for him on their death-beds."

How true to the life! This prediction concerning himself was true to the very letter. He must

have had a presentiment that such would be the case or he would never have spoken so confidently.



Whitefield, Boardman, and Pilmoor.

Mr. Whitefield was a kind of pioneer in preparing the way for Wesley's missionaries. He labored, and they entered into his labors.

Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor were John Wesley's first missionaries to America. They arrived here on the 24th of October, 1769, and laid the foundation of a noble superstructure. Whitefield was then in America. It was eleven months before his death. He showed his catholic spirit by calling on them soon after their arrival and welcoming them to the New World, where the harvests were all ripe for the sickle, and rejoiced that the reapers had come. He expressed the great satisfaction he felt in seeing the children of his old friend and fellow-laborer, John Wesley, on this side of the Atlantic, and encouraged them to go forward in their work and labor of love, adding, "If you were Calvinists you would take the country."



Whitefield and the Indian Preacher.

Whitefield once visited the Indian school at Lebanon, which was under the care of Doctor Wheelock. He was delighted with the school, which he looked upon as a "promising nursery for

future missionaries." Here he had an interview with an Indian preacher by the name of Sampson Occum, whom he much admired, whom he invited to go to England for the purpose of raising funds for the Indian seminary. Sampson Occum was a remarkable man for a son of the forest. He was a descendant of Uncas, the celebrated chief of the Mohegans. At the age of seventeen Occum was converted under the labors of Whitefield and Gilbert Tennant. He was for four years a scholar in Dr. Wheelock's school for the benefit of the Indians, and afterward a teacher there for eleven years. In 1759 he was ordained; and in 1766, in company with Rev. Mr. Whitecar, he went to England to raise funds for the school. Whitefield welcomed them there, and threw his whole soul into the enterprise. Whitefield was delighted with Occum's spirit and with his preaching, and introduced him into his pulpits and to his friends who were wealthy. He was very successful in raising funds, and as no American Indian had ever before preached in England, curiosity led thousands to hear him. He preached to crowded audiences several hundred times. Dr. Dwight, among other notable persons, heard him, and pronounced him eloquent. At Kidderminster the people were so moved and melted under his appeals that, not satisfied with contributing once, they passed the plate around and took up a second collection.

Occum and his colleague brought back from England more than forty-five thousand dollars for the school. It was through Whitefield's influence

that Lord Dartmouth became its friend and patron, and so influenced the King that he contributed his thousands. The Indian school was merged in Dartmouth College, of which institution Mr. Wheelock was the first president. We here find Whitefield's name connected with Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, as well as with that of Nassau Hall, Princeton. Americans hardly know how deeply they are indebted to Whitefield, and what gratitude they owe him.

Occum was a wit, but he used his powers for the furtherance of the truth. It is said that once, while holding a controversy with a Universalist, he concluded by saying, "Well, well, remember, if you are correct, I am safe; if you are not correct, I am safe. I have two strings to my bow, you have but one."* He died in July, 1792, at New Stockbridge, N. Y., and over three hundred weeping Indians followed this distinguished preacher to the grave. His name is interwoven with the history of his country and the history of Dartmouth College. How few, alas! of his race have a history like his!



The Sergeant.

When Mr. Whitefield was in Edinburgh there was a regiment of soldiers stationed in the city in which was a sergeant whose name was Forbes, a very abandoned man, who, wherever he could, ran in debt for liquor, with which he managed to keep

* Whitefield's Life by Belcher, p. 386.

himself almost all the time drunk. His wife washed for the regiment, and thus obtained a little money. She was a pious woman, but all her attempts to reclaim her husband had proved unsuccessful up to the time of one of Whitefield's visits to the city, when she, by offering her husband a sum of money if he would for once go and hear the eloquent preacher, succeeded in inducing him to do so. The sermon was in the field, as no house could contain the audience. The serjeant was rather early, and placed himself in the middle of the field that he might file off when Whitefield ascended the pulpit, as he only wished to be able to say that he had seen him. The crowd, however, increased, and when the preacher appeared they pressed forward, and the serjeant found it impossible to get away. The prayer produced some impression on his mind, but the sermon convinced him of his sinfulness and danger. He became a changed man, not only sober but honest, showing the reality of his conversion by living for many years in an economical manner, and honestly paying the debts he had contracted. That religion which does not make a man honest does not deserve the name.



Whitefield and His Mother.

Great and good men have regarded with filial affection their mothers. This was the case with Washington, Wesley, Doddridge, Whitefield, and others. Whitefield's mother early told him that she expected

more from him than from the other children. He says, "I tried to make good my mother's expectations, and to follow the example of Him who was born in a manger belonging to an inn." She encouraged him in his education. She prepared the way for his collegiate course. She inquired, "Will you go to Oxford, George?" He replied, "With all my heart." She made sacrifices for him, but was amply compensated for all in living to see him universally esteemed, and honored far beyond her highest hopes. In the midst of his popularity, when his name was crowned with a garland of imperishable verdure, and crowds were thronging to hear him, he did not forget his aged and worthy mother. He wrote to her thus: "Why is my honored mother so solicitous about a few paltry things that will quickly perish? Why will she not come and see her youngest son, who will endeavor to be a Joseph to her before he dies?" A woman had neglected to procure for him some things he had ordered for her. A week's delay was thus occasioned. The moment he discovered this he wrote, "I should never forgive myself were I, by negligence or any wrong conduct, to give you a moment's needless pain. Alas, how little I have done for you! Christ's care for his mother excites me to wish I could do any thing for you. If you would have any thing more brought, pray write. I rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God, that I have a house for my honored mother to come to! You are heartily welcome to any thing my house affords as long as you please. If

need were, indeed, these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself, than you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to Bristol, and find you sitting in your youngest son's house. O may I sit with you in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! Ere long your doom, honored mother, will be fixed. You must shortly go hence and be no more. Your only daughter, I trust, is now in the paradise of God. Methinks I hear her say, 'Come up hither.' I am sure Jesus calls you by his word. May his Spirit enable you to say, 'Lo, I come.' O that my dear mother may be made an everlasting monument of free and sovereign grace! How does my heart *burn* with love and duty to you! Gladly would I wash your aged feet, and lean on your neck and weep, and pray until I could pray no more."

The mother of Whitefield died in December, 1751, aged seventy years.

O how fades the glory of the orator and evangelist when contemplating the beauty of such filial love!



The Mother and the Little Girl.

Mr. Whitefield relates the following incident: "A noble lady told me that, when she was crying on account of the death of one of her children, and refusing to be comforted because the child was not, her little daughter came innocently to her one day and said, 'Mamma, is God Almighty dead, that makes you cry so?' The mother, startled by this

inquiry, blushed, and answered, 'No, my child, the Lord is not dead.' Said the little girl, 'Mamma, will you lend me your glove?' 'Yes, my child.' Soon after the mother asked for it again. Then the little girl said, 'Now you have taken away the glove from me, shall I cry because you have taken away your own glove? And did not the Lord give you my sister, and will you cry because the Lord has taken her away?' The mother was instructed from the lips of her little one; she kissed the rod, and the hand that appointed it, and said with great submission, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.'" We do not wonder that Whitefield concludes this touching story thus: "Out of the mouth of babes God has perfected praise and will forever."



The Submissive Man.

Mr. Whitefield was acquainted with an excellent but greatly afflicted man, a Scotchman, by the name of Buchanan. He had sons of promise, and daughters of loveliness; but the beautiful flowers faded, and, on burying the last one, full of blessed resignation and hope, he exclaimed, "I am now childless, but, blessed be God! I am not Christless."



The Young Missionary.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." How difficult to trace the influence of one

sermon, and yet what results often follow ! A lady in New England was converted to God under the preaching of Whitefield, and, feeling an ardent love for souls, her spirit was peculiarly drawn out in prayer for others. But she could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter ten years old. She took this little child into her closet every day, who witnessed her tears, and heard her strong cries for others. After a time the child was awakened, and her sins were pardoned ; she was adopted into the divine family, and happy in her first love. In a transport of holy joy she then exclaimed, “ O mother, if all the world knew this ! I wish I could tell every body. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbors and tell them that they may be happy, and love my Saviour too.” “ Ah, my dear child,” said the mother, “ that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one within twenty miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion.” “ O mother,” replied the little girl, “ I think they will believe me. I must go over to the shoe-maker’s and tell him ; he will believe me.” She ran over, and found him at work. She began by telling him he must die, that he was a sinner, and that she was a sinner ; but her blessed Saviour had heard her mother’s prayers and had forgiven all her sins, and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it. The shoe-maker was astonished at the wonderful appeal of the little girl ; tears rolled down his cheeks like rain ; he threw aside his work, and, by prayer and supplication, sought for and

obtained mercy. He was only the first-fruits of the little girl's efforts to save souls from death. It extended to others, a great revival followed, and in a few months over fifty persons in the neighborhood were raised up as witnesses that Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins.



Whitefield and the Little Girl.

A little girl seven years old, desiring an interview with Whitefield, he came to see her, and the following conversation took place:

Whitefield. For what purpose, my dear girl, have you sent for me?

Girl. I think I am dying, and I wished very much to see you.

W. What can I do for you?

G. You can tell me about Christ, and pray for me.

W. My dear girl, what do you know about Christ?

G. I know he is the Saviour of the world.

W. My dear child, he is so.

G. I hope he will be *my* Saviour also.

W. I hope, my dear, that this is the language of faith out of the mouth of a babe; but tell me what ground you have for saying this?

G. O, sir, he bids little children such as I to come unto him, and says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and, besides, I love Christ, and am always glad when I think of him.

W. My dear child, you make my heart rejoice; but are you not a sinner?

G. Yes, I am a sinner, but my blessed Redeemer takes away sin, and I long to be with him.

W. My dear girl, I trust the desire of your heart will be granted; but where do you think you will find your Redeemer?

G. O, sir, I think I shall find him in heaven.

W. Do you think you will get to heaven?

G. Yes, I do.

W. But what if you do not find Christ there?

G. If I do not find Christ there I'll be sure it is not heaven, for where he dwells must be heaven; for there also dwell God, and the holy angels, and all whom Christ saves.



The Eleventh Hour.

Whitefield tells of one who was converted late in life, at the eleventh hour, aged fourscore years, who made himself exceedingly useful in visiting the poor, and those who were in prison, in reading to them, in relieving them, and thus caring for their souls and bodies. As the day of life was closing, the shadows gathering, and the night coming, when he could not work, feeling the importance of redeeming the time, he said to Whitefield, "Sir, I began late in life, but, by the help of God, I will work the harder for my Lord and master." A noble resolution, worthy to be followed by all who begin a religious course late in life!

Whitefield and the Estate.

Mr. Whitefield possessed a large degree of that charity "that seeketh not her own," but the glory of God and the good of the human race. And yet, unselfish and disinterested as he was, mercenary motives were attributed to him, though his whole life gave falsity to the accusation. The following characteristic incident is related on the authority of his original biographer, Dr. Gillies.

During his sojourn in Scotland, in 1759, a young lady named Hunter, who was in possession of a large fortune, made an offer to Whitefield of her whole estate, both money and lands, amounting to several thousand pounds. He nobly declined the generous offer. As he refused to receive it for himself, the young lady offered the whole for the benefit of his Orphan House. This he also absolutely refused. How this should crimson the cheeks of those who so unwarrantably accused him of selfish motives in raising money ostensibly for charitable purposes, but using the same to enrich his own coffers.



Whitefield and the Quaker.

Whitefield, having preached at Edinburgh to a large and attentive audience from "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," was after the sermon called upon by a large company, including some of the nobility, who bade him God-

speed, among the rest a portly Quaker, who, taking him by the hand, said: "Friend George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all to the life and power of the ever-living God, and therefore if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown."



A Wise Answer.

The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, and Ralph his brother, two distinguished ministers, who had separated from the Established Church in Scotland, requested Mr. Whitefield when he went there not to preach in the Church from whence they had seceded, assigning as a reason that God had left it. "Then," said Whitefield, "it is the more necessary for me to preach, and endeavor to bring him back. I'll preach Christ wherever they'll let me."



Whitefield and the Scoffer.

Whitefield on one occasion was preaching near Edinburgh, in a field, under the shade of a venerable tree, when a poor unhappy man, a scoffer, in order to bring Mr. Whitefield into ridicule climbed the tree, and placed himself on one of the overhanging boughs over the preacher's head. He then, with monkey-like ability, mimicked his gestures, in order thereby to raise a laugh in the audience, and thus bring the preacher into con-

tempt. The scorner delighted in his scorning. Guided by the looks of his audience, Mr. Whitefield caught a glance of him, and, without seeming to notice him, continued his discourse. While expatiating forcibly upon the power of divine grace with increasing earnestness, he dwelt upon the unlikely objects it often saved, and the unexpected triumphs it had achieved. As he rose to the climax of his inspiring theme, and to the full power of his eloquence, he suddenly paused, turned round, and, pointing slowly to the scoffer above him, exclaimed in a tone of deep and thrilling pathos, "Even *he* may yet be the subject of that free and resistless grace." It was an arrow from heaven's quiver, winged by the Divine Spirit, and it entered deeply into the scoffer's heart. He writhed in agony, and found no peace till it was withdrawn by the hand of mercy. Like Zaccheus, he hastened down from the tree and received the Saviour joyfully, and that day salvation came to his house, and he became a spiritual son of Abraham.

The Old Scotch Marquis.

There is no such thing as a solitary religion. Christians are the light of the world, and it is their duty to "let their light so shine before men that they may see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven."

There was an old Scotch Marquis of Lothian who professed to Whitefield that his heart was

impressed with the importance of religion, but he wished to keep it to himself and be a Christian in the dark. Whitefield was a moral hero. He would not flatter a prince any more than a peasant. His favorite sentiment was,

“ Shall I, to soothe th’ unholy throng,
Softens thy truth, or smooth my tongue
To gain earth’s gilded toys—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee ? ”

and with characteristic honesty he said to the Marquis: “ As for praying in your family I entreat you not to neglect it; you are bound to do it. Apply to Christ to enable you to overcome your present fears; they are the effects of pride or infidelity, or both.”



The Collection and the Bet.

Whitefield, as has been testified to by Franklin and other writers, had tremendous power over the pockets of men. A military officer at Glasgow, who had heard Whitefield preach, laid a wager with another officer that at a certain charity sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be compelled to give something. The other, to make sure he would not, laid aside all the money he had in his pockets; but on listening to the appeal of Mr. Whitefield, he was glad to borrow some money before he left the church to throw into the collection, and so lost his bet.

The Aged Elm.

But a few days ago we were in Cambridge, Mass., under a magnificent elm-tree, that has taken deep root, enlarged its trunk, risen high, and extended its branches wide. It has defied the storms of hundreds of winters. It is a curiosity not only on account of its antiquity, but also for the historical incidents which cluster around it. Under its branches Washington first drew his sword and took command of the armies of the Revolution. Hence it is called the "Washington Elm." But it is also the Whitefield Elm, Whitefield having on one occasion when on a visit to Cambridge preached under its shade a sermon of uncommon brilliancy and power to the multitudes who had gathered to hear the man who was the wonder of those times.

When the late Dr. Holyoke, of Salem — then nearly a hundred years old — visited Cambridge for the last time, he, while passing this tree with a friend, remarked that he had, when a student in Harvard College, heard the sermon Whitefield delivered under that tree.

Washington and his army and Whitefield and his audience have long since passed away, but the old tree still stands in all its original grandeur, a living monument to true patriotism and genuine eloquence.



Whitefield and the Poor Woman.

The following will show the kind of heart that beat in the bosom of Whitefield. It shows the

sympathies of his nature. A young minister, who afterward became very popular and useful, was once visiting Whitefield, when he was called away to visit a poor woman who had been most dreadfully burned, and who could not long survive. Whitefield at once went to her house and prayed with her; immediately after his departure she called out, "O, where is Mr. Whitefield!" Such was her entreaty, that her friends called and requested him to visit her the second time. He did so, and again prayed with her. The poor suffering, dying woman continued still to desire his presence. "When her friends came for him the third time," says the young clergyman, "I begged of him not to go, for he could scarcely expect to do any good. Your nerves, said I, are too weak, your feelings too acute, to endure such scenes. I shall never forget his mild reproof: 'Leave me; my Master can save to the uttermost, to the *very uttermost*.'"



Whitefield, the Ignorant Man, and his Wife.

While Whitefield was preaching one day at Blackheath, there passed along the road at some distance an old man, and "Mary," his wife, who, with their loaded ass, were returning from London to their home in Kent. Attracted alike by the crowd and the preacher's voice, the old man and his wife turned a little out of their way to hear "what the man was talking about." Whitefield spoke of Christ's suffering death without the gate

over seventeen hundred years ago. After listening awhile the man addressed himself to his beast, and said, "Go, Robin, it was a long time ago; I hope it is not true." His wife, however, whose attention had been arrested, and her feelings enlisted, was inclined to stay a little longer. But the old man said, "Mary, come along, it is only what happened a long time ago." They remained a little longer, and, while listening to Whitefield's further appeals, they were both melted into tears, and felt the necessity of salvation. While they were on their way home they talked over what they had heard, and the old man recollected his neglected Bible, and asked, "Why, Mary, does not our old book at home say something about these things?" They went home and examined the old book, and were astonished at its revelations. "Why, Mary," asked the old man, "is this indeed our old book? Why, every thing in it appears quite new!" Light was shed upon their character, conduct, and destiny. Mary soon chose the good part that was not taken away from her, and the old man found the old story of redemption new, and he came by the new and living way by which we have access to the Father. He became a new man in Christ Jesus, and no doubt they both are now singing the new song before the throne.



Whitefield and the Traveler.

"I remember," says Whitefield, "that, when traveling from Bristol some twenty-five years ago,

I met with a man on the road, and, being desirous to know whether he was serious or not, I began to put in a word for Christ—and God forbid that I should ever travel with any body a quarter of an hour without speaking of Christ to them. He told me what a wicked creature he had been; ‘But, sir,’ said he, ‘in the midst of my wickedness people used to tell me, “You have got a good many prayers on file for you; your godly father and mother have prayed very often for you.”’ Those prayers that were on file for him—registered in heaven—were answered in his conversion, and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus.”

The application that Mr. Whitefield makes of this story is this: “Lay in a good stock for your children; get a good many prayers on file for them; they may be answered when you are dead and gone.”

The Biter Bit.

While Whitefield was preaching at the Bristol glass-houses in the early part of his ministry he says, “I heard many people behind me hallooing and making a noise; and, as I supposed, were set on by somebody to disturb me. I was not the least moved, but rather increased more in strength. When I was done I inquired the cause of the noise. I found a gentleman, (?) being drunk, had taken the liberty to call me a *dog*, and say that I ought to be whipped at a cart’s tail, and had offered money to any who would pelt me. Instead of that,

the boys and people near began to cast stones and dirt at him." Whitefield publicly disapproved of this course of action on their part toward him notwithstanding he had been so vile. He, however, ingeniously reminded them of the "sorry wages the devil gives his servants." Whitefield some days after visited his ungentlemanly disturber, and condoled with him on the punishment he had received. The man was glad to see him; the interview was pleasant, and they parted friends.



Whitefield and the Theater-goer.

Some people are very fond of attending theaters. This was the case with a gentleman in London by the name of Crane. The theater had for him a peculiar charm. He delighted in witnessing the performance of tragedies and comedies. He went one evening to Drury Lane, but it being full he passed on to Covent Garden, which he found so crowded that he could not get in. Twice disappointed that evening, he said to himself, "I will go and hear Dr. Whitefield." He wanted entertainment; and he was determined to find it somewhere. Such an actor he had never before seen, such tragedies never beheld. Calvary with all its thrilling scenes was exhibited before him; the darkened heavens, the trembling earth, the rending rocks, and the rising dead coming forth with their sepulchral forms to sympathize with the dying Redeemer of the world. His hard heart was

broken in pieces, his soul was melted into contrition, and his sins were blotted out, and he made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things passed away, and all things became new. Never did he go to the theaters again. His language was ·

“Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.”

He became a bright and a shining light in the Church. He emigrated to America, and became Steward of the Orphan House in Georgia. Whitefield pronounced upon him a most splendid eulogy, saying, “He was one of the most honest men the world ever saw—an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile.”



The Profane Captain.

There was a captain of a ship, a bold blasphemer, one who declared his sin as Sodom and hid it not, one who gloried in what should have crimsoned his cheeks with shame. When he had exhausted the old oaths, and was in want of new swearing material, he would go on board of transport ships, and offer a guinea for a new oath, that he might have the honor of using it as if it were original. This, surely, was swearing with a vengeance! He wished it understood that he was an adept in swearing, that he could readily use the language of hell, and was well versed in the dialect of devils.

Whitefield on one occasion, while preaching one of his heart-searching sermons near Philadelphia, had this profane captain as one of his auditors. Whitefield drew the bow, and a well-directed arrow pierced the captain's heart, and he yielded to the Captain of the Lord's hosts. He became at once a changed man. The swearer became a prayer, the bold blasphemer a saint, the son of Belial a child of God, the lion a lamb. He became very zealous for the truth he had once denounced. He suffered great persecution from the enemies of the Cross, and was beaten by them, but he endured it all with lamb-like patience. When he was reviled he reviled not again. He was in danger of being murdered by some of the enemies of Mr. Whitefield, but he showed himself a moral hero, valiant for the truth.



Whitefield and the Fiddler.

The following incident occurred in Gloucestershire, Whitefield's native county. There was an itinerant fiddler, named John Skinner, going from one place to another, and living on the proceeds he obtained for his professional services. Whitefield was preaching in a church in his neighborhood, and John was determined to interrupt him. Procuring a ladder, he placed it to a window near the pulpit, and, ascending, concluded to remain quiet till Whitefield took his text, when he intended to annoy him and his audience by playing on the violin. John heard the text, and listened to the

introduction. While he was tuning his instrument, the word Whitefield was preaching went home to his heart with tremendous power. His guilty soul trembled in view of his guilt and danger, and he felt as Felix did when Paul was before him; as Belshazzar did when he read the handwriting on the wall. His original plan was abandoned, and he began to play on another instrument a new tune. He became a new creature, abandoned his former employment, and ever after took a deep interest in the songs of Zion—in the music of the sanctuary. What he did with his bow and fiddle we are not told. He might have done as a fiddler did whom we once knew, who, when converted, sold his fiddle for a Bible, and his bow for a hymn-book. Or like a colored minister, whom we once heard say, “Before I was converted I was a fiddler, but when God changed my soul he converted *fiddle, bow, strings*, and all, and I have never wanted to fiddle since. But,” said he, “one of you will say, don’t the Bible say, Praise the Lord on an instrument of ten strings? To be sure it does. Do you want to know what the instrument is? *That is the instrument.* [Holding up a little Bible.] Do you want to know what the ten strings are? they are the *ten commandments*; now play away as long as you please.”



Whitefield a Roman Catholic.

Whitefield was much amazed, while at Plymouth, to hear that it was reported that he was a Roman

Catholic, on hearing which he pleasantly remarked, "If I am a Roman Catholic the Pope has given me a large dispensation."

Whitefield and the Counselor.

When Whitefield preached at Bristol there was a great shaking among the dry bones, and many were converted; among others a counselor. He so enthusiastically counseled others to hear Mr. Whitefield that his wife suspected him of madness; but he could have said with Paul, "I am not mad, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness."

The Reproving Look.

There is much in a look; it often expresses volumes. There was much in Whitefield's look, and those who beheld it seldom forgot it. On a certain occasion, while Whitefield was preaching, there was a man of the baser sort, a turbulent fellow, who was very noisy, and full of threatenings of what he was going to do to the preacher. Whitefield pausing for a moment, and extending his right hand toward the fellow, gave him a look that almost annihilated him. Not being able to endure that reproving, withering look he rode off, glad to get away as quickly as possible. Whitefield remarked as he was leaving, "*There he goes. Empty barrels make the most din.*"

Whitefield and the Triflers.

Mr. Whitefield in preaching never daubed with untempered mortar, or healed the hurt of the people slightly. In the pulpit he used great plainness of speech, so that he seemed to his hearers to be addressing each personally. A Scotch lady heard Mr. Whitefield preach from, "And the door was shut," Matt. xxv, 10. He showed against whom the door would be shut, and from what the sinner would be excluded. There were two trifling young men sitting near the lady, and not far from the door of the church, who were full of hilarity and glee, and were making light of the solemn appeals of the preacher; and during the sermon she heard one of them say in a low tone to the other, "O, well, what if the door be shut? another will open." Whitefield had not proceeded far in his discourse when he said, "It is possible there may be some careless, trifling persons here to-day who may ward off the force of this impressive subject by lightly thinking, 'What if the door be shut? another will open.'" This repetition of their remark by the preacher came upon them like a sudden flash of lightning. It put an effectual stop to their trifling. The young men were sorely troubled under his pointed appeals. Whitefield went on to say with the utmost solemnity, "Yes, another door will open, and I will tell you what door it will be: it will be the door of the bottomless pit! the door of hell! the door that conceals from the eyes of angels the horrors of damnation!"

Whitefield and the Execution.

The following is an illustration of how Mr. Whitefield turned every thing to account—made every thing subservient to his grand mission of saving souls.

During one of his visits to Scotland a criminal was executed. Whitefield, having gone to the place of execution and mingled with the crowd, was profoundly impressed with the order and solemnity that were exhibited by the vast throng who were witnessing a spectacle so awful. Many knew him, and were exceedingly surprised to see him present, mingling with the multitude on such an occasion. There were many conjectures raised concerning the motives that had prompted him to be there. The next day was the Sabbath, and he preached to a large congregation in a field near the city of Edinburgh. In his sermon he adverted to the thrilling scenes of the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday at the execution with my character. Many of you, I know, will say that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man than in attending him to the fatal tree, and that perhaps curiosity was the only thing that made me a spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are mistaken. I went as an observer of human nature, and to behold the effect that such an example would have on those who witnessed it. I watched the conduct

of those who were present on that awful occasion, and was highly pleased with their demeanor, which gave me a very favorable opinion of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible in your countenances, particularly when the moment arrived for the criminal to close his eyes on this world forever; then you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different it was when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews instead of sympathizing with him in his sorrows triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions—with words even more bitter than the gall and the vinegar which they handed him to drink. Not one of all who witnessed his agonies turned his head aside even in the last pang. Yes, my friends, there was one; that glorious luminary [pointing to the sun] veiled his brightness, and traveled on his course in tenfold night.”

His reason for attending the execution, and the application he made of it to his auditors, was very ingenious, and produced a thrilling effect.



The Servant, his Master, and Whitefield.

The servant of a distinguished Doctor of Divinity once went to hear George Whitefield preach. His master, who did not greatly relish Whitefield's popularity, thus accosted his servant on his return: “Well, John, what are your thoughts about Mr.

Whitefield?" "O, sir," said John, "he is a wise preacher, a very wise preacher." "Yes," rejoined his master, "he is a wise preacher, but there are preachers possessed of greater wisdom than he." "That may be," resumed John, "yet *he* is a very wise preacher." His master retired into his study, and in a little while rang the bell for John, to whom, on his answering the summons, his master said: "John, '*He that winneth souls is wise.*' Mr. Whitefield is indeed a very wise preacher."



The Minister's Welcome.

Whitefield completed his third voyage to America in the autumn of 1744. He had a long, tedious passage, and was very sick; but his arrival was hailed with joy, for his name was fragrant throughout New England. The Rev. Mr. Moody, an aged minister who had feared the Lord from his youth, gave Whitefield, on his landing in York, New England, where the aged minister was settled, a most cordial and hearty welcome. Said he, "Sir, you are welcome to *America*; secondly, to *New England*; thirdly, to all the faithful ministers in *New England*; fourthly, to all the good people in *New England*; fifthly, to all the good people of *York*; and sixthly and lastly, to *me*, dear sir, less than the least of all." Did ever a welcome transcend this? Mr. Moody then urged Mr. Whitefield to preach. Mr. Whitefield was so delighted with his work he could not refuse, and he

preached to their great joy one of his characteristic sermons, of which he remarks, "God was with me."

The Dying Appeal, and the Resurrection.

Whitefield soon after preaching in York went to Portsmouth, where he caught a cold which was followed by a severe illness. He was in great pain, and every one thought he was about to die. What made him feel more sad than otherwise was, that it had been given out he would preach the next evening. Three physicians attended him, and were all kindness. A man had been appointed to lecture in his stead, and was just going out of the house, and a physician was about administering medicine to Whitefield, when all of a sudden he cried out, "Doctor, my pains are suspended! by the help of God I'll go and preach, and then come home and die." With great difficulty he reached the pulpit. All looked surprised, as though one had risen from the dead. Whitefield was as pale as death, and told them they must look upon him as a dying man, and that he came to bear his dying testimony to the truths he had formerly preached among them, and to the invisible realities of another world. He continued his discourse for an hour. He says, "Nature was almost entirely exhausted; but O, what life, what power, spread all around! All seemed to be melted, and were drowned in tears. In my own apprehension, and in all appearance to others, I was a dying man.

Expecting to be with my Master before morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the Word, I thought it was worth dying for a thousand times. The cry after me when I left the pulpit was like the cry of sincere mourners when attending the funeral of a dear departed friend."

Whitefield on returning to the house was laid upon a bed near the fire, and was so worn out and exhausted that his friends thought he was dying, and he heard them say, "He is gone." Strange to tell, Whitefield recovered, though so near the grave. It was like a resurrection from the dead.

In regard to his recovery, he said, "If I am spared to be made the instrument in making any poor soul alive to God, I shall rejoice that the all-wise Redeemer has kept me out of heaven a little longer." Twenty-six years longer was he kept out of heaven, and what multitudes of dead souls were raised to life during that time by his ministry!



Whitefield and the Negro Woman.

Mr. Whitefield gradually recovered from his dangerous illness. Shortly after his recovery a poor colored woman insisted on having an interview with him. On being admitted she sat down upon the ground, and, looking earnestly into his face, said to him in broken language, "Massa, you just go to heaven's gate, but Jesus Christ said, Get you down; you must not come here yet, but go first and call some more poor negroes."

Refusing the Offer.

Whitefield, in writing from America to a friend in England, says, "They came to me lately, assuring me that if I'll consent they will erect in a few weeks' time the outside of the largest place of worship that was ever seen in America." They wished him to become their settled Pastor. Whitefield says, "I thanked them, but at the same time begged leave to refuse their kind offer," and adds, "*You know that ceiled houses were never my aim.*" To many a clergyman the offer would have been a powerful temptation, and would have been accepted with joy.



The Repeated Story.

Whitefield's descriptive powers were great, and he could relate a story with capital grace. A minister states that he once related to him an affecting occurrence, but did it with great brevity, and in common conversation. Some time afterward he heard Whitefield, in preaching, relate this same story, and he did it with such pathos and power that the clergyman, to whom the story was perfectly familiar, found himself weeping like a child at its recital.



No Sneaking Off.

Whitefield's large heart and noble soul prompted him to take collections for all charitable objects.

A fire having occurred in Boston, he took up collections for the sufferers, as he did also for the benefit of the inhabitants of an obscure village in Germany which had been burned. After a most touching and powerful appeal for the poor Germans, he said, "We will now sing a hymn, during which those who do not choose to give their mite on this occasion, and for an object so deserving, may *sneak off*." Not a solitary person moved. Whitefield then came down from the pulpit, ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he took his stand, and held the plate himself. The collection amounted to six hundred pounds. What a striking illustration of his persuasive eloquence, and of his power over the pockets of the people!



Whitefield and the Trifling Young Men.

Whitefield had a commanding look as well as a commanding voice. He was once preaching in a grave-yard, among the tombs, when two young men, forgetting the solemnities of the place and the hour, behaved in the most thoughtless and trifling manner. They continued their sport for some time, until Mr. Whitefield, fixing his eyes upon them, gave them a look that almost transfixed them, and with a voice resembling thunder, so authoritative was its tone, he cried out, "Come down, ye rebels!" They both instantly fell to the ground, neither being inclined to again come in contact with such a look, or again hear such a voice.

Whitefield, the Sailor, and the Collection.

Whitefield once preached in a chapel in New England when, after the sermon, a collection was to be taken. A British seaman, who had strolled into the meeting-house, observed some persons take plates and place themselves at the door; upon which he laid hold of one, and, taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into his trousers' pocket. This being told to Whitefield he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable purposes, and it must be given to him. "Avast there," said Jack, "it was given to me, and I shall keep it." "You will be condemned," said Whitefield, "if you don't return it." "I'll be condemned if I do," replied Jack as he sheered off with his prize.



Dirtied his Coat for Nothing.

There are some people who always make a great time on great occasions, when great men are present, even if they are compelled to act the hypocrite. They are clouds without water, trees without fruit, shadows without substance. A man of this sort once went several miles to hear Whitefield preach. During the sermon he was thrilled, delighted, captivated, and so powerfully wrought upon that he was exhausted and overcome, and fell to the earth. When the sermon was over, and he had recovered

from its powerful effects, he said to a gentleman standing by, "What a great sermon Whitefield preached to-day!" To which the gentleman replied, "We were disappointed to-day; Mr. Whitefield failed to come, and another reverend gentleman has just preached in his place." The man looked exceedingly disappointed, and exclaimed, "That wasn't Mr. Whitefield! then," said he, as he brushed off the dirt occasioned by his falling to the ground, "*I have dirtied my new coat for nothing.*"

Whitefield and his Convert.

Some people are very religious when they are drunk; then they are remarkably *spiritual*. Whitefield had just finished one of his sermons, when a man came reeling up to him and said, "How do you do, Mr. Whitefield?" Whitefield replied, "I don't know you, sir." "Don't know me! why you converted me so many years ago in such a place." "I should not wonder," replied Mr. Whitefield, "*you look like one of my converts, for if the Lord had converted you you would have been a sober man.*"

Wonderful Results.

Great effects proceed from small causes. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Mr. Jay* preached a sermon in London, which, be-

* See anecdote of Jay on page 294.

ing heard by a young man of splendid talents, resulted in his conversion, and he became a flaming herald of the cross. While this young minister was preaching in Reading, a wild young man, a speculative and practical infidel, listened to him, and God blessed that sermon to his salvation, and he also was called to the great work of the ministry, and became a workman that needed not to be ashamed. This young man was the gifted and accomplished Rev. Thomas East. While Mr. East was preaching in the Tabernacle, a young man of gay habits and fine natural talents, who was going to spend the evening at a tavern with some of his dissipated companions, was induced to enter, heard the sermon delivered by Mr. East, felt its power, and gave his heart to the Saviour. He also became an able minister of the New Testament. His name was *John Williams*, the celebrated missionary to the South Sea Islands.

Mr. East was also the means of the conversion from the error of his way of a gentleman of wealth. This gentleman and Mr. East were one day walking in the garden, when, wishing to show his gratitude, he told Mr. East that he would give him such an estate if he would tell him what he could do with it. Mr. East paused a moment, and then said, "We will found a college with it for the education of young men for the ministry. For this object the gentleman and his sister gave estates worth twenty thousand pounds, and he in addition gave twenty thousand pounds in money. So the whole thing was arranged, and the "school of the prophets"

soon opened. That institution is the Spring Hill College, in the neighborhood of Birmingham, now one of the important institutions of Europe. All this can be traced back to the influence of Mr. Whitefield. What a succession of faithful ministers who all trace back to Mr. Whitefield: Winter, Jay, ——, East, Williams, all in the regular succession! Apostolic men, with apostolic call, apostolic spirit, and apostolic success.



Whitefield and the Reporter.

Whitefield just previous to his last voyage to America preached a farewell sermon, in London, from John x, 27, 28, entitled *The Good Shepherd*, to a large and weeping audience. This sermon was taken down in short-hand by a reporter, and then printed. Whitefield having obtained a copy of it just before he sailed was exceedingly disappointed and grieved at its publication, and complained of its incorrectness. He said, "This morning came a surreptitious copy of my Tabernacle farewell sermon, as the short-hand writer professes, *exactly* as I spoke it; but he is mistaken. It is not as I delivered it. In some places it makes me speak false concord, and even nonsense. The whole is so injudiciously paraphrased, and so wretchedly unconnected, that I owe no thanks to the misguided, though it may be well-meant, zeal of the writer and publisher be they whom they will. But such conduct is an unavoid-

able tax upon popularity." It was a young man among the crowd of listeners who had reported the sermon of Whitefield, and had designed to do him no injustice, as he was a great admirer of Whitefield's eloquence. When listening to this last sermon this question passed through his mind, "Which would I rather be, Garrick or Whitefield?" The young man was then only seventeen years of age. He was early converted to God, and became an able minister of the New Testament. His biographer says, "In 1769 he heard many discourses from the lips of the immortal Whitefield, particularly the last two that he preached in London, and was struck and affected by the eloquence of his appeals. This introduced him to the preaching of the Methodists, which appears to have been greatly blessed in augmenting the current of his religious affections."

How would the great soul of Whitefield have rejoiced had he known the talents and future destiny of the young man who reported his sermon! That young man became one of the fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society, and was for years its able secretary; he was also founder of the London Religious Tract Society, editor of the London Evangelical Magazine, and author of the "Village Sermons," which have been circulated so widely in Europe and America, and which have accomplished so vast an amount of good. The name of this noted man was George Burder, father of Rev. H. F. Burder, also distinguished as an author and a preacher.

Whitefield and the Diamond Ring.

“Near the close of his life Mr. Whitefield was the guest of a general at Providence, Rhode Island. His wife and three daughters, as well as himself, were serious, but not decidedly religious. It was Whitefield’s usual custom when stopping with a family to converse with each member on the subject of experimental religion. But in this instance he had departed from it. The last night that he was to spend in the house came, and he retired to bed, but not to sleep. Something came to him in the night saying, ‘O man of God! if these people perish their blood shall be upon thy head.’ He listened, but the flesh said, ‘Do not speak to these people; they are so good and kind that you cannot say a harsh thing to them.’ He rose and prayed. The sweat ran down his brow like rain. He was in fear and anxiety. At last a happy thought struck him. He took his diamond ring from his finger and wrote upon one of the panes of glass in the window, ‘*One thing thou lackest.*’ In the morning he went on his way. After he was gone the general, who had great veneration for Whitefield, went into his room, and the first thing that arrested his attention was the sentence on the window-pane, ‘*One thing thou lackest.*’ This was just the case with the general. He was amiable and courteous, but he lacked the principal thing. It was a word in season. It was like a nail fastened in a sure place by the Master of

assemblies. The Spirit of God blessed it to his soul and to the salvation of his house.

“A granddaughter has in her possession a relic she prizes very highly. It is the pane of glass upon which Whitefield wrote with his diamond ring the admonitory words, ‘One thing thou lackest.’”—*Wesleyan Magazine*.

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Whitefield's Old Chair.

How much we think of an old chair! one that has belonged to our ancestors! how it is transmitted from father to son, from that son to the next generation! How much we think of the chair that Washington or Wesley once occupied! In the county that gave Whitefield birth is still preserved a chair in which he sat. To appreciate the value that is attached to the relic, read the following lines that are upon it:

“If love of souls should e'er be wanting here
Remember me, for I am Whitefield's chair.
I bore his weight, was witness to his fears,
His earnest prayers, his interesting tears;
His holy soul was fired with love divine;
If thine be such, sit down and call me thine.”

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Whitefield and the Dying Boy.

Mr. Whitefield preached in Boston to crowds of admiring hearers. But one of his most effective sermons, which was preached at Webb's Chapel,

was occasioned by the affecting remark of a dying boy who had heard him the day before. The boy had been taken sick immediately after the sermon, and had said, "I want to go to Mr. Whitefield's God," and then expired. This produced a profound impression upon Whitefield, and touched the secret place of his thunder and his tears. He says, "It encouraged me to speak to little ones; but O! how were the old people affected when I said, 'Little children, if your parents *will not* come to Christ, do you come and go to heaven without them!'" After such a thrilling appeal, it is no matter of astonishment that "there were but few dry eyes." Few could have done this except a Whitefield! He well understood how to touch the tenderest chords that vibrate in a human bosom.

Striking Difference.

In the neighborhood of Boston there was a minister who claimed Whitefield as his spiritual father, who thus related his singular experience: "I went to hear Mr. Whitefield merely to pick a hole in his coat, (to find fault with him;) but God picked a hole in my heart, and afterward healed it by the blood of sprinkling."

Whitefield's Epitaph.

Returning home to London on one occasion, Whitefield learned that a clergyman had, during his absence, been making an attack upon his char-

acter. He was grieved that his good name should suffer thus, but made no effort to defend it, but instead uttered these sentiments, worthy to be engraven on a rock with the point of a diamond: "I am content to wait till the judgment-day for the clearing up of my character; and, after I am dead, I desire no other epitaph than this, 'Here lies George Whitefield.' What sort of a man he was the great day will discover."

The Orphan House.

We have often noticed the Orphan House. It was so blended with Whitefield's history, and with his unparalleled labors, that the reader should have a more full account of it than what we have already given. Indeed, a whole volume might be written concerning it. It was Whitefield's pet project. It was enshrined in his heart's core; it had a sanctuary in his inmost soul. It filled

"His morning thoughts and midnight dreams."

ITS ORIGIN.

Whitefield says: "The Orphan House was first proposed to me by my dear friend Charles Wesley, who, with General Oglethorpe, had devised such a plan before I thought of going abroad. I thought it a noble design, and fell in with it when mentioned to me by a friend, and I resolved in the strength of God to prosecute it with all my might." When he came to Georgia and beheld

the destitute condition of the orphans in the colonies, he says: "I thought I could not better show my regard to God and the country than by getting a home and lands for these children, where they might learn to labor, read, and write, and at the same time be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Whitefield considered himself called to the work. "I think," says he, "with a full assurance of faith I may affirm the Lord put it into my heart to build the Orphan House."

HIS MODEL.

Mr. Whitefield was a great admirer of Professor Franke, of Germany, who founded and supported an orphan house, and he made him his model. He speaks of Professor Franke thus: "His memory is very precious to me, and his example has a thousand times been blessed to strengthen and encourage me in carrying on this enterprise." After having collected a thousand and ten pounds in England, he, in 1739, went to Georgia, hired a house, and placed in it all the orphans he could find in the colony. Sad is the description he gives of them. "Most of the orphans," says he, "were in a poor condition, and three or four almost eaten up by lice." Mr. Whitefield had the gift of five hundred acres of land about ten miles from Savannah, and he obligated himself to build a house upon it, and to receive from time to time as many orphans as the house could accommodate and he support.

Whitefield, on the 25th of March, 1740, laid the first brick of the Orphan House. It was a large building, to which two wings were afterward added. He called it "Bethesda," hoping, he said, it might be a "house of mercy to many." For thirty years this house of mercy was the object of his constant solicitude and earnest care. For this he crossed tempestuous seas, traveled thousands of miles by land, preached inimitable sermons, made irresistible appeals, and took up overwhelming collections. "It [the Orphan House] was," says one, "an institution which, if it did not do much for the colonies, did much for the mother country, humanly speaking."

Whitefield would never have revisited England as he did, nor Scotland so often, had it not been for his great solicitude for his Orphan House. It compelled him to travel, and inspired him to preach. It was his *hobby*, certainly, but by riding it well he made it the "white horse" of the Apocalypse; the means of "going forth from conquering to conquer."*

Whitefield says, "The Orphan House, under God, was one of the grand means in my hands of bringing me out to preach the Gospel in so many places, and to so many thousands of poor perishing souls, who, I doubt not, will evidence my commission thereto by being my joy and crown of rejoicing in the last day. . . . I look upon the Orphan House as a part of my charge; a family given me by God, to be supported and taken care of for himself."

* Philip's "Life and Times of Whitefield."

SLANDERS.

Mr. Whitefield's noble project met with violent opposition, and men slandered his character, and accused him of appropriating to his own private use the funds which he had raised for the Orphan House. In order to satisfy his friends, and, if possible, silence his enemies, he gave an account of every dollar received, and every one expended, and swore as to the same before a magistrate. He also had his accounts audited, and the auditors made oath to their correctness. It was proved on oath that all the moneys he had collected had been faithfully applied, and that Mr. Whitefield had "*not charged the house with a dollar for his traveling or any other private expenses when raising funds for said house.*"

His accounts were audited in February, 1770, six months before his death. He had obtained by benefactions and collections in England, £4,471, in Scotland, £978, Charleston, £567, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, £1,809; and in all had collected and expended for the Orphan House, £15,404 2s. 5 1-4d.

THE BISHOP'S GIFT.

Whitefield says, referring to a bequest he had received for the Orphan House, "My honored friend and father, good *Bishop Benson*, from his dying bed sent me a benefaction for it of ten guineas, and poured forth his most fervent dying breathings for its future prosperity."

THE ORPHANS' WELCOME.

Whenever any orphan or orphans were introduced into the institution the following hymn of welcome was sung by the inmates :

“ Welcome, dear brethren, whom we love;
Bethesda this we call;
A house of mercy may it prove
To you, to us, to all !

What though our parents dear are dead !
Yet our great God provides ;
Our bodies here are cloth'd and fed ;
Our souls have Christian guides.”

FURTHER HISTORY OF THE ORPHAN HOUSE.

The Hon. James Habersham, the intimate friend of Whitefield, had charge of the Orphan House for years, and rendered most efficient service. He was afterward Governor of Georgia. He was the father of Joseph Habersham, the distinguished patriot whom Washington in 1795 appointed Postmaster-General of the United States. Mr. Whitefield in his will left James Habersham his late wife's ring, and constituted him his executor.

Whitefield visited the Orphan House for the last time in April, 1770, and his visit was one of peculiar joy. The institution was out of debt, and in a prosperous condition. He writes, “ I am happier than words can express. O Bethesda ! my Bethel, my Peniel ! my happiness is inconceivable ! ” Up to this time there had been one hundred and forty boys, and forty-three girls, clothed, educated, maintained,

and suitably provided for in the Orphan House. Many of them were converted, and made excellent men and women. The first orphan converted in the house became a talented minister, the successor of Josiah Smith of Charleston, the intimate friend of Whitefield.

Whitefield in his will, as we have stated in a previous article, left this property in trust to the Countess of Huntingdon, whom he calls "That elect lady, that mother in Israel, that mirror of true and undefiled religion." She endeavored to carry out the plan of Whitefield, but the Revolutionary war came on, and a few years after the main building of the Orphan House was consumed by fire, so that the great work to which Whitefield had devoted his life was all destroyed in a few moments.

Bishop Asbury in February, 1793, turned toward Savannah, to "see the former walks of dear Wesley and Whitefield," whom he hoped "to meet in the New Jerusalem." The first day of March he went twelve miles to view the ruins of Whitefield's Orphan House. With awe he beheld the blackened walls. The wings, though much injured, were still standing, as was also the school-house, but the latter had sustained the greater injury. The whole was a mass of common ruins. "I reflected," said he, "upon the present ruins of the Orphan House, and taking in view the moneys expended, the persons employed, the preachers sent over, I was led to inquire, 'Where are they, and how has it sped?'" They were all "swallowed

up;” the whole country looked wretched to him; but he adds, “Here are souls, precious souls, worth worlds.”



Whitefield and the Little Boy.

Dr. Smalley, when a little boy, heard Mr. Whitefield preach, and thus describes the impression then made upon him: “I was altogether absorbed in the services of this bold preacher, his stern look, his great voice, his earnest words; and as I thought of my soul, and of Christ and salvation, I was so carried away by my feelings as not to know where I was. I could not keep my eyes off him. I saw him in his prayer, his eyes wide open, looking up on high, and I certainly thought that he saw the Great Being up there, with whom he was pleading and talking so earnestly, and I looked up to the same place that I might see him too.” What an impression Whitefield made upon the mind of that little lad! How artless and beautiful the description!



Whitefield and the Dancer.

The mother of a young lady at Newburyport having told Whitefield that her daughter was fond of dancing, he gave her a reproving look which she never afterward forgot, and his reply pierced her conscience. Whitefield, with a peculiar tone, said, “My dear young friend, do you not

know that every step you dance is on the brink of hell?" That young lady became Mrs. Pearson, who died in 1852, the oldest person in the parish, having arrived at the advanced age of ninety-eight. She was the last survivor in that place of those who had had the great privilege of listening to the magic eloquence of Whitefield.*



Foster, Howard, Whitefield.

Foster, in his inimitable essay on "Decision of Character," has very properly placed Whitefield in juxtaposition with Howard, whom he had just represented as visiting Rome with such intense severity of conviction that he had one thing to do as to refuse himself time to survey the magnificence of its ruins. "Unless," says the essayist, "the eternal happiness of mankind be an insignificant concern, and the passion to promote it an inglorious distinction, I may cite George Whitefield as a noble instance of this attribute of the decisive character—this intense necessity of action. The great cause, which was so languid a thing in the hands of many of its advocates, assumed in his administrations an unmitigable urgency."



James, Howard, and Whitefield.

John Angell James says: "I would not detract from the fame of Howard, that noble-hearted phi-

* Rev. A. G. Vermilye: Historical Discourse, 1856.

lanthropist, nor extinguish a single ray of the glory that encircles his brow. He who familiarized himself with misery to alleviate it, and exposed himself to pestilence, and died at last a martyr to philanthropy, is worthy of all the honors which an admiring nation and posterity bestowed upon him; but Whitefield was a man of even sublimer philanthropy than Howard. Howard's was mercy to the body; Whitefield's, to the soul. Howard moved through his course amid the admiration of society; Whitefield, amid its scorn and contempt. Statues were erected to Howard; the pillory would have been erected for Whitefield if his enemies could have had their wish. Both now have their reward; but can we doubt whose crown is the weightiest and shines the brightest?"



Specimens of Whitefield's Style.

To have properly estimated the peculiar power of Whitefield as a pulpit orator we

“Should have seen him
. . . . shaking all the tribes
With mighty speech. His words seemed oracles,
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn,
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
That with dumb wonder answered him:
Then some would weep, some shout; some, deeper touch'd,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear to have lost a syllable.”

Yet we venture to give a few more specimens of his eloquence in order to convey some faint idea

of his tremendous power. But all efforts to portray in writing the beauty of his style and the magic of his inimitable oratory fail to do him justice, for

“There’s a charm in deliv’ry, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart.
’Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirr’d;
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-stirring pause,
The eye’s sweet expression, that melts while it awes;
The lip’s soft persuasion, its musical tone:
O such were the charms of that eloquent one!”

THE STORM AND THE RAINBOW.

The following description of Whitefield’s preaching is extracted from a work published in Boston entitled “The Rebels:”

“There is nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix would tremble before him. To have seen him when he first commenced one would have thought him any thing but enthusiastic and glowing; but as he proceeded his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of every thing around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow-beings.

“After he had finished his prayer he knelt a long time in profound silence, and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience

that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house.

“Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building in fearful augury of the storm that was coming on.

“His text was, ‘Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.’

“‘See that emblem of human life,’ said he as he pointed to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. ‘It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view—but it is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? O, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly which will gather before his throne. And every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate; whether you were supremely devoted to God; whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in and shall not be able. O, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts; that

your mind has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul and am lost.

“‘You, O false and hollow Christians, of what avail will it be that you have done many things? that you have read much in the sacred word? that you have made long prayers? that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be if, instead of loving him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?

“‘And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? Wherefore count the price you have received for Him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot, pillowed and cushioned about him.’

“His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded, till, toward the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

“‘O, sinner!’ he exclaimed, ‘by all your hopes of happiness I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened! Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you! See there!’ said he, pointing to the lightning which played on the corner of the pulpit. ‘’Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!’ continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the

distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in a tremendous crash over the building, 'It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger.'

"As the sound died away he covered his face with his hands and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly by, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, 'Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.'"

It is said that those who heard this sermon so admired it on account of its adaptation, its brilliancy, and its effect, that they requested Whitefield to furnish a copy for publication. He said he would have no objections if they would print the thunder, lightning, and rainbow with it. How much there is in surrounding circumstances that give effect to a discourse which defies the power of a writer to adequately describe on paper.

THE RIVER.

Whitefield once, while preaching on the banks of one of the noble rivers of Virginia to a very large audience, dwelt particularly on the strength of depravity, and the insufficiency of the means of grace to convert the sinner without the influence of the Holy Spirit. "Sinners," said he, "think

not that I expect to convert a single soul without the assistance of Him who is mighty to save. Go and stand by yon river, as its deep and strong current moves on toward the ocean, and bid it stop, and see if it will obey you. Just as soon should I think to stop that river by a word, as by my preaching to stop that current of sin which is carrying you on to perdition." Looking up imploringly, he exclaimed, "Father in heaven, see! they are hurried on toward hell; save them, or they perish!" Tremendous was the impression made upon the minds and hearts of that audience; many of them as they trembled under the mighty appeal exclaimed, with anxious look, tearful eyes, and tremulous voices, "*Save, Lord, or we perish!*"



Miscellaneous Examples of Whitefield's Eloquence.

The following beautiful extracts selected from the works and more admired sermons of White- as well as from other sources, will, we are confident, not fail to interest and profit the reader :

MOUNT MORIAH.

"They came to the place of which God had told Abraham. He built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.'

"And here let us pause awhile, and by faith take a view of the place where the father has laid him.

I doubt not but the blessed angels hovered round the altar, and sang, 'Glory be to God in the highest!' for giving such faith to man. Come, all ye tender-hearted parents, who know what it is to look over a dying child: fancy that you saw the altar erected before you, and the wood laid in order, and the beloved Isaac bound upon it: fancy that you saw the aged parent standing by weeping. For why may we not suppose that Abraham wept, since Jesus himself wept at the grave of Lazarus? O what pious, endearing expressions passed now alternately between the father and the son! Josephus records a pathetic speech made by each, whether genuine I know not; but methinks I see the tears trickle down the patriarch Abraham's cheeks; and out of the abundance of the heart he cries, 'Adieu, adieu, my son! the Lord gave thee to me, and the Lord calls thee away; blessed be the name of the Lord! adieu, my Isaac, my only son, whom I love as my own soul: adieu, adieu!' I see Isaac at the same time meekly resigning himself into his heavenly Father's hands, and praying to the Most High to strengthen his earthly parent to strike the stroke. But why do I attempt to describe what either son or father felt! It is impossible: we may, indeed, form some faint idea of, but shall never fully comprehend it till we come and sit down with them in the kingdom of heaven, and hear them tell the pleasing story over again. Hasten, O Lord, that blessed time! O let thy kingdom come! I see your hearts affected. I see your eyes weep. And,

indeed, who can refrain weeping at the relation of such a story? But, behold, I show you a mystery, hid under the sacrifice of Abraham's only son which, unless your hearts are hardened, must cause you to weep tears of love, and that plentifully too. I would willingly hope you even prevent me here, and are ready to say, 'It is the love of God, in giving Jesus Christ to die for our sins.' "

MOUNT TABOR.

"Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not knowing what he said.' Peter, when he had drank a little of Christ's new wine, speaks like a person intoxicated; he was overpowered with the brightness of the manifestations. 'Let us make three tabernacles: one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.' It is well added, 'not knowing what he said.' That he should cry out, 'Master, it is good for us to be here,' in such good company, and in so glorious a condition, is no wonder; which of us all would not have been apt to do the same? But to talk of building tabernacles, and one for Christ, and one for Moses, and one for Elias, was saying something for which Peter himself must stand reprov'd. Surely, Peter, thou wast not quite awake; thou talkest like one in a dream. If thy Lord had taken thee at thy word, what a poor tabernacle wouldst thou have had, in comparison of that house not made

with hands, eternal in the heavens, in which thou hast long since dwelt, now the earthly house of the tabernacle of thy body is dissolved! What! build tabernacles below, and have the crown before thou hast borne the cross? O Peter, Peter! 'Master, spare thyself,' sticks too, too closely to thee. And why so selfish, Peter? Carest thou not for thy fellow-disciples that are below, who came not up with thee to the mount? carest thou not for the precious souls that are as sheep having no shepherd, and must perish forever unless thy Master descends from the mount to teach and to die for them? wouldst thou thus eat thy spiritual morsels alone? Besides, if thou art for building tabernacles, why must there be three of them: one for Christ, and one for Moses, and one for Elias? Are Christ and the prophets divided? do they not sweetly harmonize and agree in one? did they not prophesy concerning the sufferings of thy Lord, as well as of the glory that should follow? Alas, how unlike is their conversation to thine! Moses and Elias came down to talk of suffering, and thou art dreaming of building I know not what tabernacles. Surely, Peter, thou art so high upon the mount that thy head runs giddy.

"However, in the midst of these infirmities there was something that bespoke the honesty and integrity of his heart. Though he knew not very well what he said, yet he was not so stupid as his pretended successor at Rome. He does not fall down and worship these two departed saints, neither do I hear him say to either, *Ora pro nobis*;

he had not so learned Christ; no, he applies himself directly to the Head; 'he said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here.' And though he was for building, yet he would not build without his Master's leave. 'Master, let us build;' or, as St. Mark words it, 'Wilt thou that we build three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias?' I do not hear him add, And one for James, and one for John, and one for Peter. No, he would willingly stay out with them upon the mount, though it was in the cold dark night, so that Christ and his heavenly attendants were taken care of. The sweetness of such a heavenly vision would more than compensate for any bodily suffering that might be the consequences of their longer abode there. Nay, further, he does not desire that either Christ, or Moses, or Elias should have any trouble in building; neither does he say, Let my curates, James and John, build, while I sit idle and lord it over my brethren; but he says, 'Let us build:' he will work as hard, if not harder, than either of them, and desires to be distinguished only by his activity, enduring hardness, and his zeal to promote the welfare of their common Lord and Master."

HEAR YE HIM.

"Did the Father say, 'This is my beloved Son, hear him?' Then let every one of our hearts echo to this testimony given of Christ, 'This is my beloved Saviour.' Did God so love the world as to send his only begotten Son, his well-beloved Son,

to preach to us? Then, my dear friends, *hear Him*. What God said seventeen hundred years ago, immediately by a voice from heaven, concerning his Son upon the mount, that same thing God says to you immediately by his word, 'Hear him.' If ye never heard him before, hear him now. Hear him so as to take him to be your God and your all. Hear him to-day, ye youth, while it is called to-day; hear him now, lest God should cut you off before you have another invitation to hear him; hear him while he cries, 'Come unto me;' hear him while he opens his hand and his heart; hear him while he knocks at the door of your souls, lest you should hear him saying, 'Depart, depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' Hear him, ye old and gray-headed; hear him, ye that have one foot in the grave; hear him, I say: and if ye are dull of hearing, beg of God to open the ears of your hearts, and your blind eyes; beg of God that you may have an enlarged and a believing heart, and that ye may know what the Lord God saith concerning you. God will resent it, he will avenge himself on his adversaries, if you do not hear a blessed Saviour. He is God's Son, he is God's beloved Son; he came upon a great errand, even to shed his precious blood for sinners; he came to cleanse you from all sin, and to save you with an everlasting salvation. Ye who have heard him, *hear him again*; still go on, believe in and obey him, and by and by you shall hear him saying, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom

prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

GETHSEMANE.

“Spiritual sloth, as well as spiritual pride, helped to throw this apostle down. The Sun, that glorious Sun of Righteousness, was now about to enter into his last eclipse. Satan, who had left him for a season, or till the season of his passion, is now to be permitted to bruise his heel again. This is his hour, and now the powers of darkness summon and exert their strongest and united efforts. A hymn is a prelude to his dreadful passion. From the communion table the Saviour retires to the garden. A horrible dread, and inexpressible load of sorrow, begin to overwhelm and weigh down his innocent soul. His body can scarcely sustain it. See how he falters! See how his hands hang down, and his knees wax feeble under the amazing pressure! He is afflicted and oppressed indeed. See! see, O my soul, how he sweats! But what is that which I see? BLOOD!—*drops of blood—great drops of blood* falling to the ground. Alas! was ever sorrow like unto this sorrow! HARK! what is that I hear? O dolorous complaint! ‘Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.’ HARK! he speaks again. Amazing! the Creator complains to the creature: ‘My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry you here and watch with me.’ And now he retires once more. But see how his agony increases—hark! how he prays! and that, too, yet more earnestly: ‘Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.’ And will

his heavenly Father leave him comfortless? No. An angel (O happy, highly favored angel!) is sent from heaven to strengthen him. But where is Peter all this while? We are told that the holy Jesus took him, with James and John, into the garden. Surely he will not leave his Lord in such deep distress! What is he doing? I blush to answer. Alas! he is sleeping; nay, though awakened once by his agonizing Lord with a 'Simon Peter, sleepest thou? What? couldst thou not watch with me one hour?' yet his eyes, notwithstanding his profession of constancy and care, are heavy with sleep. Lord, what is man!"

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

"How happy is that soul which, refusing to be detained by low and vile objects, directs its flight to the noblest and most exalted, and, like the eagle, builds its nest on the top of the rocks, and keeps its eye steady upon the Sun of Righteousness; for no beauty is so charming, no pleasure so transporting, as that with which our eyes and minds are feasted when our sight and eager affections are set upon our God and Saviour as to their only proper center; when, by a wondrous, mystical, but true and spiritual act of vision, we see Him who is invisible, behold a light far different from that which cheers our senses, and taste a pleasure infinitely sweeter than any this world can afford."

ANGELS.

"What tongue can express, what thought conceive, the admirable beauty, the exact order, the

numberless multitude of the heavenly host ! The inexpressible joy springing from the beatific vision ; the fervent love that ministers delight without torment ; the ever-growing desire, which rises with their satisfactions, and the grateful satisfactions which crown that desire, a desire always eager and never uneasy, always full and never cloyed ; the blessedness they derive from their inseparable union to the fountain of bliss ; the light communicated to them from the original light ; and being transformed into the image of Him they see.”

NAUTICAL SERMON.

When Whitefield preached before the seamen in New York he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon : “ Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land ; but what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon ? Don’t you hear distant thunder ? Don’t you see those flashes of lightning ? There is a storm gathering ! Every man to his duty ! How the waves rise and dash against the ship ! The air is dark ! the tempest rages ! Our masts are gone ! The ship is on her beam ends ! What next ? ” It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, and with united voices exclaimed, “ *Take to the life-boat ! take to the life-boat, sir !* ” Mr. Whitefield, seizing upon this reply, urged them to fly to

Jesus Christ, the great life-boat, who could save them in the midst of the severest hurricane that ever blew. His ingenious application had a fine effect upon the Jack Tars.

THE DEDICATION.

In July, 1769, at the request of Lady Huntingdon, Whitefield preached the dedication sermon of a chapel at a popular watering-place called Tunbridge Wells, thirty miles from London. The crowd was immense. His text was, "This is none other than the house of God: this is the gate of heaven." The sermon was one of the most eloquent and impressive he ever delivered. It thrilled the audience like the melody of the upper sanctuary. The lofty energy of his tones, the utter forgetfulness of himself in the all-absorbing interest of the subject, the very impersonation of the truths which he uttered as he stretched forth his hand—"Look yonder; what is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord. Hark, hark! do you not hear? O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!"—thrilled the vast congregation, riveting the eye, piercing the conscience, and holding strong men spell-bound by the resistless power of his overwhelming eloquence.

THE "OLD MAN ELOQUENT."

Whitefield was the "old man eloquent." In July, 1770, he visited Sharon, Conn. There was some opposition to him, and yet Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, a descendant of Cotton Mather, in-

vited him into his pulpit, and he preached on his favorite theme, the *New Birth*, from "Ye must be born again." The sermon was preached to an immense multitude with astonishing power and eloquence, and there was a moving and a melting time. He thus concluded his eloquent discourse: "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon this garden that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into this garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." The sermon made a life-time impression on those who heard it. It was an era in the history of the place, and was talked of as a day of wonder till that generation had passed away. So impressed were the people of Sharon with his great oratorical powers that it is no wonder they followed him into the adjoining towns for several successive days in order to hear him again and again.

THUNDER AND ELOQUENCE.

The grander the occasion the more sublime was Whitefield. The majestic thunder, the vivid lightning, the terrific storm fired his soul, and inspired him with sentiments grand, sublime, and magnificent. On such occasions he transcended himself, and was superlatively eloquent.

At one time Whitefield was preaching in Boston, his theme being "The Wonders of Creation, Providence, and Redemption." The theme was grand, and the sermon of almost unrivaled sublimity. In the midst of the discourse a violent storm arose, the clouds gathered thick and heavy,

the rain descended in torrents, the lightnings flashed, deep-toned thunder rolled over their heads. The audience was deeply affected. They were awe-stricken, and anxiety was depicted on every countenance. Whitefield was

“Calm on tumult’s wheel,
'Midst busy multitudes alone.”

He closed his book and went into one of the wings of the pulpit, and kneeling down, he with the deepest feeling and exquisite taste repeated,

“Hark, the Eternal rends the sky !
A mighty voice before him goes—
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat’ning thunder to his foes :
Come, children, to your Father’s arms ;
Hide in the chambers of my grace
Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.”

Then said he, “Let us rise and devoutly sing to the praise and glory of God this hymn to the tune of ‘Old Hundred.’” The whole audience instantly arose and poured forth the sacred song in a style of simple grandeur and heartfelt devotion seldom equaled, perhaps never surpassed. By the time they had finished singing the hymn the storm was over, the rain had ceased, the thunders were hushed, the lightnings still, the clouds were dispersed, and the sun shone forth in beauty and splendor. He proceeded with the remainder of the services, which were calculated to still further deepen the impressions made by the storm. He then pro-

nounced the benediction, which the audience received with devotional feelings, and left with weeping eyes, subdued feelings, and hearts overflowing with gratitude to the God of creation, whose wonders they had been called upon to contemplate.



Whitefield's Aphorisms.

We have culled the following aphorisms from Whitefield's sermons and letters. His letters are over fifteen hundred in number, and abound in scraps of history and biography, in cautions, counsels, reproofs, and encouragements; and in wise, pithy sayings, which are very characteristic of their author. Some of them exhibit his wit, which sparkled occasionally, though it was always chastened. He possessed the power of condensation to a very great degree, expressing much in few words: a world of meaning in a single sentence, a volume in a single line.

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

“Perhaps our consolations come sweetest when immediately derived from the fountain-head. Springs fail; the fountain never can nor will.”

WEAK MINDS.

“Weak minds soon grow giddy with power, and they become pests, instead of helps, to the Church of God.”

DIVINITY OF PRAYER.

“It is most God-like to be frequent in intercession. It is the constant employment of the Son of God in heaven.”

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

“‘Be ye warmed, and be ye filled,’ is the furthest most professors go. Words are cheap, and cost nothing, and therefore many can say they pity, and that extremely too, when at the same time their practice shows it is only verbal, and not a real compassion.”

UTILITY OF TRUTH.

“All truths unless, productive of holiness and love, are of no avail. They may float upon the surface of the understanding; but this is to no purpose unless they transform the heart.”

SILVER-DUST.

“Is it not strange that a little silver-dust should blind our eyes, and divert them from beholding Him who is altogether lovely.”

THE CROSS.

“The cross of Christ; it is lined with love, and will ere long be exchanged for a crown.”

TEMPLE BUILDERS.

“If we would be temple builders we must have a temple builder’s lot. I mean, hold a sword in

one hand and a trowel in the other. Faithful *Nehemiahs* have many *Sanballats* to deal with."

"Building the walls of the New Jerusalem is what the profane and formalist do not approve of. Would you be a *Nehemiah*, and no *Sanballat* to oppose you?"

HOLIDAYS.

"I hope to spend the holidays in London. It is the Christian's privilege to keep holy day all the year."

ELIJAHS.

"Never fear, even ravens will be sent to feed and nourish upright *Elijahs*."

CONTEMPT.

"It took twice seven years of pretty close intimacy with contempt to make contempt an agreeable companion."

HUMILITY.

"I cannot well buy humility at too dear a rate; it is not sudden flashes of joy, but having the humility of Christ that makes us Christians."

YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

"We should bear with young Christians, and not knock out a young child's brains because he cannot speak in blank verse."

HELL.

"What is hell, but to be absent from Christ? If there was no other that would be hell enough."

NOT RECONCILABLE.

“You cannot reconcile two irreconcilable differences, God and mammon, the friendship of the world with the favor of God.”

FRIENDS.

“Nothing gives me more comfort, next to the assurance of the eternal continuance of God’s love, than the pleasing reflection of having so many Christian friends to watch with my soul. I wish they would smite me friendly, and reprove me oftener than they do; I would force my proud heart to thank them.”

CATHOLICITY.

“I wish all names among the saints of God were swallowed up in that one of *Christian*. I long for professors to leave off placing religion in saying, ‘I am a Churchman,’ ‘I am a Dissenter.’ My language to such is, ‘Are you of Christ? If so, I love you with all my heart.’”

MOUNTAINS.

“What are all these mountains in the sight of our great Zerubbabel? Let him but speak the word and they shall become a plain.”

POLICY.

“Worldly-wise men, serpent-like, so turn and wind that they have many ways to slip through and creep out at, which simple-hearted, single-eyed souls know nothing of, and if they did, could

not follow after them. Honesty is the best policy and will in the end (whether we seek it or not) get the better of all."

MITES.

"Our two mites, a vile body and a sinful soul, are all that He requires, and shall he not have those?"

LUKEWARMNESS.

"The Lord never threatened to spew any Church out of his mouth for being too hot, but for being neither hot nor cold."

THE STEPS OF THE LADDER.

"One part of our entertainment in heaven will be to count the steps of the ladder by which God brought us there."

LAWYERS.

"All lawyers believe in God and the devil, for in all their criminal indictments they state that the offender acted without fear of God and instigated by the devil."

CHANGE.

"We have not only a new house to build up, but also an old house to tear down."

THE SEAMLESS COAT.

"What a pity it is Christ's seamless coat should be rent in pieces on account of things in themselves purely indifferent!"

BUILDING.

“Why will God’s children build *Babel’s*? Why will they flatter themselves that God owns and approves of them because he suffers them to build high? In mercy to them such building must come down. Lay your foundation deep in the knowledge of yourself, and you cannot build too high.”

SHIBBOLETH.

“Some say *Shibboleth* with a good grace and a very proper accent; others as yet can only say *Sibboleth*; but I have heard of one who can teach the tongue of the stammerer to speak plain.”

MARRIAGE.

“We should call Christ to the marriage. It is through a neglect of this that we have so many unhappy matches.”

PURE FIRE.

“I want to see all in a flame of fire. You know what kind of fire I mean. I desire that none of my wild-fire may be mixed with the pure fire of holy zeal coming from God’s altar.”

THE WISH.

To a minister he said: “May He who kissed away the soul of his beloved *Moses* appoint a *Joshua* to succeed you when he bids you come up to the mount and die!”

SHORN LOCKS.

After a fit of sickness he said, "But my locks are cut; natural strength fails. Jesus can renew! Jesus can cause them to grow out again."

THE CHARIOT.

Writing to a man about a carriage, he says: "The Lord cause you to ride daily in the chariot of his love."

ISAAC.

To an afflicted family he writes: "I hope your Isaac will be spared; if not, *Aaron*-like, may you hold your peace!"

RUBS.

"I have met with some unexpected rubs, but not one more than was absolutely necessary to humble my proud heart."

JORDAN.

"Fear not to go through Jordan, for the great High-priest stands ready to guide you, and will land you safe in Canaan."

MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCES.

"When our Lord has any thing great to do he is generally a great while bringing it about, and many unaccountable dark providences generally intervene. Thus it was with Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, and all the eminent men of God in the days of old."

THE HARBOR.

“I was near port, but have put out to sea again. O that it may be to pilot in some more dear souls! May we at last enter port with a full gale! We are sure of getting safe at last into the harbor, for Jesus is our pilot.”

RELIANCE ON DIVINE GRACE.

“I have just put my soul as a blank into the hands of Jesus, my Redeemer, and desired him to write on it what he pleases; I know it will be his image.”

GOD'S PARDONING LOVE.

“When, like *Noah's* dove, we have been wandering about in a fruitless search after happiness, and have found no rest for the sole of our feet, God is ready to reach out his merciful hand, and receive us into his ark.”

USES OF ADVERSITY.

“All trials are sent for two ends: that we may be better acquainted with the Lord Jesus, and with our own wicked hearts.”

“Luther said that he never undertook any fresh work but he was visited either with a fit of sickness or with some powerful temptation.”

MINISTERS.

“Every minister should be a Boanerges, a son of thunder, as well as a Barnabas, a son of consolation. There was an earthquake and a whirlwind

before the still, small voice came to Elijah! We must show the people they are condemned, and then show them how they must be saved."

THE DOLPHIN.

A Christian may learn a lesson of instruction from every thing he meets with. "I was on board a vessel once," says Whitefield, "when a dolphin was caught and brought on board. It was most beautiful when first drawn out of the water, but its color soon changed. Just so is man: he flourishes for a little while; but when once death cometh, how quickly his beauty is gone."

EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

Whitefield began very early to pray and preach extemporaneously. In 1739 he said, "I find greater light and knowledge by preaching extempore. So I fear I shall grieve the Spirit if I do not go on to speak as he gives utterance."

PERSECUTION.

"It is impossible to enumerate in what various shapes persecution has appeared. It is a many-headed monster, insatiable as hell, cruel as the grave; and, what is worse, it generally appears under the cloak of religion. The Israelites the more they were oppressed, the more they increased. This was the case with the Apostles and their immediate followers, so that Tertullian compares the Church in his time to a mowed field: the more frequently

it is cut, the more it grows. The blood of the martyrs was always the seed of the Church.”

BIRTHPLACE.

“I am now writing in the room where I was born. Blessed be God, I know there is a place where I was born again! That is my native city indeed.”

THE CAUTION.

“Let none of my friends cry out to such a sluggish, lukewarm, unprofitable worm, ‘*Spare thyself!*’ Rather spur me up I pray you, with an ‘*Awake, thou that sleepest, and begin to do something for thy God!*’”

ITINERANCY.

“An itinerant pilgrimage-life is what I choose; and why? It was the life of my blessed Lord. Had I a thousand souls and bodies they should all be itinerants for Jesus Christ.”

“O that I may never cease itinerating! till I sit down in the kingdom of heaven!”

“O for a pilgrim’s heart with my pilgrim life!”

THE DEVIL’S BLASTS.

“The light that has been given us is not to be put under a bushel, but on a candlestick. Satan, indeed, by blasts of persecution, will do all he can to put it out. If our light be the light of Christ, those blasts will only cause it to shine the brighter.”

PREACHING CHRIST.

“Preaching Christ I find to be the best means of winning sinners and building up saints. This, done with a single eye and a disinterested heart, will make its way through all opposition.”

SCARS.

“I wish to have the honor to die fighting. I would have all my scars in my breast. Methinks I would not be wounded running away, or skulking into a hiding-place.”

“Though I long to go to heaven to see my glorious Master, what a poor figure shall I make among the saints, confessors, and martyrs that surround his throne, without some deeper signatures of his Divine impress, without more scars of Christian honor.”

“I do not envy those who choose to sleep in a whole skin.”

TEMPTATION.

“We find our Saviour was led into the wilderness before he entered upon his public ministry, and so must we too if we would walk in his steps.”

LIGHT.

“I would have Jesus all in all. Like a pure crystal, I would transmute all the light he poureth on me, and never claim as my own what is his sole property.”

HUMILITY.

“Catch an old Christian without humility if you can. It is nothing but this flesh of ours, and those cursed seeds of the proud apostate which lie lurking within us, that make us think ourselves worthy of the air we breathe. When our eyes are opened by the influence of divine grace we then shall begin to think of ourselves ‘as we ought to think;’ even that Christ is all in all, and we less than nothing.”

POSTAGE.

“Friends’ letters always pay postage. O let us send often by post to heaven! I mean on the wings of faith and love. From thence we shall always receive good answers, though not always in our own way and time.”

EARNESTNESS.

“I love those that thunder out the word. The Christian world is in a deep sleep. Nothing but a loud voice can awaken them out of it.”

NOT EASILY AFFECTED.

“All that people say of me affects me but little, because I know of worse than they can say concerning me.”

TRANSPARENT.

“I care not if there were a window in my heart for all mankind to see the uprightness of my intentions.”

THE HEART.

“My heart is like Ezekiel’s temple, the farther I search into it the greater abominations I discover; but there is a fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness.”

THE ROD.

“I have a few strokes of my Father’s rod from time to time, but I find that his rod as well as his staff do comfort. He who wounds also heals, and in glory we shall find that his loving correction has made us great.”

DISSIMULATION.

“How did Jacob smart all his life-time afterward for getting the blessing by a lie. The way of duty is the way of safety.”

BLOSSOMS.

“Awakening times are always like the spring: many blossoms appear, and perhaps but little solid fruit is produced after all.”

HALF-WAY RELIGION.

“It is this half-way religion that undoes the professing world. The heart can never be at unity with itself till it is wholly centered in God.”

THE SERPENT’S HISS.

“We must expect the serpent will hiss whenever the Gospel-seed of the woman is coming into a place to bruise his head.”

FORMALISTS.

“I find no such enemies to the cross of Christ as those who keep the form of religion, and are orthodox in their notions, but at the same time are ignorant of an experimental acquaintance with Jesus.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

“Jesus can teach us to exercise our *passive* as well as our active graces.”

“If the footstool is so glorious, what must the throne be?”

“Trials only empty the heart, and thereby make way for further communications from above.”

“Strange that any one should let a little reproach deprive them of an eternal crown.”

Whitefield defines “persecution” as “apostolic treatment.”

“‘In the world and not of it’ is the real Christian’s motto.”

“It is hard to govern, much easier to obey.”

“The ram’s horns must go round Jericho till her towering walls fall down.”

“Let *Lots* choose the plain; God will be Abraham’s shield and exceeding great reward.”

“A few more blows from friends and foes and the pitcher will be broken.”

“What a mystery of love is the mystery of godliness!”

“Fain would I burn with love and gratitude like a seraph.”

“I would vie with a seraph, if I could, in humility and thanksgiving.”

“I would fain die sword in hand.”

“Friends know what it is to exchange hearts.”

“We are called to be saints, not angels.”

“Sorrows grow less and joys grow greater by being communicated.”

“Suffering grace is always given for suffering times.”

“Every new scene brings its new temptations.”

“I would not lay out a farthing but for my blessed Master.”

“Mr. Fleming used to say, ‘Lord, grant me a divine manifestation, and O, teach me to manage it after thou hast granted it!’”

“It is a blessed thing to keep alive in a dead time.”

“A catholic spirit is the plague of bigots.”

“It is Christ-like not to be given to change.”

“We are *testing* and *contesting* while the nation is bleeding to death.”

“I do not like to fish in troubled waters.”

“Works speak better than words.”

“Simplicity and godly sincerity will carry all before them in the end.”

“Christ never sends a person on a warfare at his own charges.”

“Happy trials that drive us to our knees!”

“Reformation not renovation.”

“Strong assertions will not go for proofs.”

“Unbelief is the womb of misery and the grave of comfort.”

“What a dreadful thing it is to come cankered out of the furnace.”

“Some people need a bridle rather than a spur.”

“The world after the deluge was as bad as it was before.”

“The way, though narrow, is not long; the gate, though strait, opens into life eternal.”

“Experience is only learned in the school of tribulation.”

“Christ is all, or he is worth nothing.”

“Seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, will always succeed each other here.”

“What avails throwing pearls before swine, who only turn again and rend you.”

“When God’s people are distressed, if needful a thousand Esthers shall be raised up.”

“*Isaacs* must be sacrificed before they can be raised from the dead.”

“The *burning bush* must still be our coat of arms.”

“By thorns and briars the old man must be scratched to death. O this crucifixion work!”

“This life is a state of infinite importance, a point between two eternities.”

“Religion never thrives under too much sunshine.”

“Reading is a good preparation for prayer, as prayer is an excellent means to render reading effectual.”

“An idle person tempts the devil to tempt him.”

“Some people are more afraid of pimples on their face than rottenness in their hearts.”

“The magicians turned their rods into serpents, but the rod of Jehovah swallowed them up.”

“If we hate reproof we are far from being true followers of the Lamb.”

“Ere long I hope to spend an eternal new year in the Jerusalem which is above.”

“Lord, prepare us for winter trials; they are preparatives for an eternal summer.”

“Solitariness prepares for the social life, and the social life for solitariness again.”

“Repeated acts of kindness and love call for repeated acknowledgments.”

“Welcome storms that drive us to the blessed port.”

“Bunyan says, ‘If you are prayerless you are Christless.’”

“The contradiction of saints is more trying than that of sinners.”



Whitefield's Anecdotes.

As has already been stated, Whitefield had a remarkable talent for relating anecdotes with a peculiar zest and skill, every one of them having a point, and being well calculated to secure attention. He seldom delivered a sermon not interspersed with them, and in this way he not only secured the attention of his auditors for the time being, but caused the anecdotes to be remembered, in connection with the application he gave them,

long afterward. They differed widely in their nature, for he had a splendid variety always ready. Many of them were original; for Whitefield was a man who went through the world with his eyes open. Whitefield never "courted a grin when he should woo a soul," and yet there was a vein of spiritual wit running through him, a subdued and chastened humor that he occasionally indulged in when relating an anecdote, and sometimes "he touched the smiles that he might afterward draw the tears." The following are a few of the anecdotes he at times related in order to illustrate his subjects. The number might be greatly multiplied; these being given merely as specimens:

THE TWO CHAPLAINS.

"There was a certain nobleman who kept a deistical chaplain, and his lady a Christian one. When he was dying he said to his chaplain, 'I liked you very well when I was in health, but it is my lady's chaplain I must have when I am sick.' How true 'their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges!'"

THE BEGGAR AND THE MINISTER.

Whitefield says: "I remember hearing a story of a poor beggar who asked a clergyman to give him alms, and, being refused, he said, 'Sir, will you please give me your blessing?' To which he replied, 'Yes;' the Lord bless you!' 'O,' replied the beggar, 'you would not have given me that if it had been worth any thing.'"

THE JUDGE AND THE OLD SAINT.

“In the time of persecution a judge, in the days of Charles II., said to a good old saint who was persecuted, ‘I will banish you to America.’ ‘Very well,’ said she; ‘Judge, you cannot send me out of my Father’s country.’”

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

“The late Bishop of Lincoln said to his chaplain, ‘You are not to be a minister of Cicero, or any of the heathen philosophers. You are not to entertain your people with dry morality, but remember you are a minister of Christ. You are therefore to preach the Gospel; and if you will not preach the Gospel in the church you must not be angry for the poor people going out into the fields where they can hear the Gospel; that is to be your grand theme, *‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.’*”

THE LORD MAYOR.

“Sir Thomas Abney was very punctual in attending family prayer. He was elected Lord Mayor of London. Honors and office could not divert his mind from religion nor prevent him from doing his duty. Some one inquired how he kept up family prayer the night he was sworn in as Lord Mayor. He replied that he had entertained the company in his room, and, when the hour for evening devotion arrived, he told them he must leave them for a short time while he prayed with his family, which after having done, he returned

to the company." We wonder not that Whitefield after relating this story said, "God grant we may have many such Lord Mayors!" To which prayer many a pious heart responds, Amen.

BISHOP JEWELL.

Whitefield says it was a proverb in the primitive Church that *it becomes a Bishop to die preaching*. He then relates the following: "Bishop Jewell, that blessed minister of the Church of England, on being asked by a gentleman who met his lordship going on foot to preach to a few people, why he, (the Bishop,) weak as he was, should thus expose himself, received the reply, 'It becomes a Bishop to die preaching.'" The reader will not be surprised that Whitefield thus prays: "Lord, send all the world that they have Bishops such jewels as he was!"

THE ITINERANT.

"The learned and pious Dr. Godwin says, 'God had only one son, and he made a minister of him.'" Mr. Whitefield adds, "And he made an itinerant minister of him also."

DOCTOR MANTON.

Whitefield says, "Dr. Manton preached one day a sermon of rare beauty, and a woman said to him, 'O sir, you have made an excellent sermon to-day; how I wish I had your heart!' 'Do you say so, good woman?' said the doctor; 'you had better not wish for it, for if you had it you would wish for

your own back again.'” Whitefield adds, “The best of men see themselves in the worst light.”

THE SCOTCH MINISTER.

The following was related to Mr. Whitefield by one who witnessed it: “Mr. Wardrobe was dying in the arms of a friend, and when he was informed there was no hope for him he raised himself up, and in a rapture of joy exclaimed, ‘Crowns! crowns! crowns of glory shall adorn this head of mine ere long!’ rising higher he added, ‘Palms! palms! palms ere long shall fill these hands of mine!’ and thus triumphantly he passed over the river to join the conquerors before the throne.”

VICTORY.

Mr. Whitefield speaks of a woman of great moral worth, whom he well knew, and whose funeral sermon he preached. “Her death-bed was one of triumph. She calmly bid adieu to her husband and children, and then exclaimed, ‘Now come; ye everlasting chariots.’ The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof soon arrived; she stepped in, and was soon conducted to the everlasting hills.”

PROFOUND INDIFFERENCE.

Whitefield says a minister in Scotland related to him the following story; which he knew to be true: “A woman who was dying was asked by the minister, ‘Where do you hope to go when

you die?' She answered, 'I don't care where I go.' 'What?' said he; 'don't care whether you go to heaven or hell?' 'No,' said she, 'I don't care whither I go.' 'But,' said he, 'if you had your choice, where would you go?' 'To hell,' she replied. 'Are you mad? will you go to hell?' 'Yes,' said she, 'I will.' 'Why so?' he asked. 'Why,' said she, 'because all my relations are there.' The preacher in attending her funeral related this sad story, which produced quite a shuddering among the people."

THE THREE CLERGYMEN.

The following anecdote was related by Whitefield in a sermon on the duty of a Gospel minister:

"Before I dismiss this subject, it may not be improper to tell a story related by a good man. There was a presbytery of ministers met together, and one of their number preached. In his sermon he made a supposition that the last judgment was come, and that Jesus Christ was now upon the throne of judgment, and calling his ministers to an account. He asked one of them, 'What did you preach for?' Says he, 'Lord, there was a patronage in the family of a hundred and fifty pounds a year; I therefore took orders to get the presentation.' 'Stand thou by,' says he; 'verily thou hast thy reward.' He asks another, 'What did you preach for?' And he said, 'I preached that I might be reckoned a fine orator, and to have applause of men.' Says he, 'Stand thou by; verily thou hast thy reward.' A third comes, and

he said unto him, 'And what did you preach for?' Says he, 'Lord, thou knowest my heart, that I did not seek to please men, and, though many infirmities have passed in my ministry, I did it with an upright design to promote thy glory.' Jesus Christ immediately cries out, 'Make room, angels, for this my dear servant; thou hast honored me on earth, sit here by me on my throne.' O that this story may have the same effect on ministers now as it had when preached, for we hear they went away affected, and said they would preach Jesus Christ more than ever."



Interview with one of Whitefield's Converts.

We had the pleasure nearly forty years ago of becoming acquainted with an old lady, at that time nearly ninety years of age, residing in a village near Sharon, Conn., who had been converted under Whitefield's preaching when he was in Sharon, and who still retained the primitive fire which he had then kindled. She had always venerated the name of Whitefield, and she described to us with great fervor his person and his eloquence, saying that his followers were in those days called *New Lights*. Having prayed one morning at her house in a large kitchen, we were much surprised on closing to hear her commence praying, and such a prayer we never before nor afterward heard. She prayed as if she were used to wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant. She was at one end of the

room when she began, with a kitchen chair before her, which she lifted up and put down at every petition ; and on saying Amen she was at the other end of the kitchen. Her husband was more old and feeble than she, and one summer night when we preached at her house the two lay down during the preaching. She kept wide awake, apparently much interested, but the old gentleman got drowsy, whereupon she awoke him several times, and inquired, "Did you hear that, daddy?" Again, "Did you hear that? Wasn't that good?" etc. She was the only convert of Whitefield's we ever saw, and she had more life and fire in her than some whole Churches.



Whitefield and the Young Sail-maker.

The crowds were so great the last time that Whitefield preached at Portsmouth, N. H., that he was obliged to enter the church through a window.

Among others who were present to hear the great orator was a young man who had just passed his majority. His name was Benjamin Randall. Day after day, attracted by a power he could not resist, he made his way to the church, though, as he afterward stated, the power with which Whitefield spoke only served to exasperate and torment him. On Friday he heard Whitefield for the last time, and he wrote, "O how wonderfully he spoke! His soul inflamed with love, his

heart with pity, his arms extended, and tears rolling from his eyes—with what power he spoke!” But eloquence and tears were powerless to convert young Randall, the sail-maker.

The Sunday following, as his Pastor was going to supply one of the pulpits at Portsmouth, Randall resolved to accompany him, anxious about his soul's salvation, though still stubborn and unsubmitive, and doubtless expecting to find something of the influence of Whitefield hovering about the place where his own heart had been deeply impressed. About noon a stranger was seen riding along the main street, halting at the different corners, and in a clear but subdued voice crying out, “*Whitefield is dead! Whitefield is dead!* He died at Newburyport this morning at six o'clock.” An announcement so solemn and so sudden startled the whole population, and it went like an arrow to the heart of young Randall. It was to him like the sound of the archangel's trump.

Describing the scene of the mounted messenger as he rode through the street at Plymouth proclaiming the sad news to the astonished multitude, and his own emotion on the occasion, Randall afterward wrote thus: “It was September 30, 1770—that memorable day! that blessed day to Whitefield! that blessed day to me! a voice *sounded* through my soul more loud and startling than ever thunder pealed upon my ears, ‘*Whitefield is dead!* Whitefield is now in heaven, but I am on the road to hell. He was a man of God, and yet I reviled him and spoke reproachfully of him. He taught

me the way to heaven, but I regarded it not. O that I could hear his voice again! But ah, never, no, never, shall I again hear it till in the judgment of the great day he shall appear as a swift witness against me.'” This led to the conversion of young Randall. Whitefield, though dead, spake to him in thunder-tones with trumpet tongue. He became a Congregationalist, then a Baptist, and afterward a Baptist minister. He then originated a Free-will Baptist Church in New Durham, Mass., and became the founder of the Free-will Baptists. He had not a classical or theological education, but he had strong common sense, had a good library, was a good student, and preached with great power and success. From his Church others of similar faith sprang up. It is now a large and respectable denomination.

What insignificant causes are at times connected with the grandest and noblest results! Whitefield’s eloquence failed to convert young Randall, but he could not resist the voice of the strange horseman, exclaiming, “*Whitefield is dead! Whitefield is dead!*” To these simple words, thus uttered, may be traced the origin of the Free-will Baptist denomination, with its sixty thousand members, its over a thousand ministers, numerous church edifices, two colleges, one theological seminary, its academies, its religious weekly periodicals, its stately Quarterly Review, and its flourishing mission to India. “Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!”*

* New York Observer.

The Old Man and Whitefield's Pulpit.

A gentleman furnishes us with the following interesting account of an old man who had heard Whitefield in his boyhood, which is so life-like that we feel confident it will be read with delight: "I was spending a Sunday in old Ipswich, in September, when by accident I fell in with an old inhabitant of the town who had heard Whitefield preach there. He was a sort of patriarch of the place, and, as he sat on one of the stones which surrounded the ancient orthodox meeting-house, his gray locks streaming from beneath his queerly shaped hat, and attired in his primly cut old-fashioned coat, he appeared no bad representative of the departed Puritans, who in former days had soberly and decently obeyed the call of the Sabbath-bell, and worshiped in the same temple whose steeple now casts its shadow athwart the green sward beneath. . . . As the bell of the old Ipswich Church rang out that bright Sabbath morning, it was a pretty sight to see the village people from different points going to the decaying old church, which was situated, as are most country churches in New England, on a hill-top. While I was enjoying the scene, the old man to whom I have alluded, and who was sitting on a stone, accosted me, and asked me if I were not a stranger in those parts. On my informing him that I was, he pointed out to me the "lions" of the neighborhood, and wound up by asking, 'I suppose, sir, you've heard of Whitefield?' 'Of Whitefield? to

be sure I have.' 'Well, I've seen Whitefield. George Whitefield stood on this very stone, [dropping his stick feebly from his shaking hands,] and I heard him preach here.' 'And do you remember any thing about him?' I asked. 'Well, I guess I do. I was but a bit of a boy then; but here he stood on this stone, looking like a flying angel, and we call it Whitefield's pulpit to this day. . . . There were folks here from all parts to hear him, so he was obliged to preach outside; for the church wasn't half big enough for 'em, and no two ways about it. I've heard many parsons since that time, but none on 'em could come nigh him any how they could fix it.' 'Do you remember any thing of his sermon?' I inquired. 'O, I was too young to notice aught, sir, but the preacher hisself and the crowds of people, but I know he had a very sweet voice, and, as I said, when he spread his arms out, with a little Bible in his hand, he looked like a flying angel. There never were so many people afore, nor since, in old Ipswich. I suppose, sir, you'll be going to see his bones? He was buried at Newburyport, and you can see 'em if you like.'"



Whitefield's Bone.

Much has been said and much written concerning a bone of Whitefield that was carried to England. The *British Standard* in 1864 was horror-struck at the idea. Mr. Philip says: "It will surprise and grieve not a few on both sides of the

Atlantic when I tell them the bones of Whitefield are not entire. Part of his *right arm* was sent to this country. I hope it is not here still. If I thought it were not returned I should feel inclined to tell the American ambassador where to find it, and urge him to demand it in the name of his country. About two years ago a visitor in London invited me to see a curiosity, feeling sure to *gratify* me. He mistook my taste. I went, and he placed on the table a long, narrow box, defying me to guess the contents. I said, 'It contains the right arm of George Whitefield, and I could *name* the thief and the receiver.' . . . I owe it to my friend to add, if the *relic* be still in England, that it could not be in *better* hands. Still, I would if I could, give 'commandment concerning his bones' as solemnly and authoritatively as the dying Joseph."* The sequel is this: Mr. Bolton, an Englishman, was a great admirer of Whitefield, and a collector of curiosities. A friend of his being about to visit Newburyport, Mass., where Whitefield was buried, Mr. Bolton requested him, if possible, to obtain some small memento of the great preacher to add to his collection. Some time afterward he received a parcel, which on opening he found, to his horror, to contain the main bone of the right arm of Mr. Whitefield, obtained from the vault in which he was buried. Deeming it a most sacrilegious act, and utterly repugnant to his feelings, Mr. Bolton determined to carefully preserve the bone till he could with certainty restore it to

* Philip's "Life and Times of Whitefield," p. 519.

its proper place. He accordingly, in 1837, sent it to the Rev. Dr. Stearns, then Pastor of the Church in Newburyport. Its return created great interest; a procession of two thousand people followed it to the grave, and it was restored to its original position.* At the hundredth anniversary of his death, leaning over his coffin, we asked the colored sexton if that was the bone concerning which there had been so much noise. He answered, "*The very bone, sir.*"

His remains are now well guarded. None see them unless in the presence of the old colored sexton, who carefully watches every visitor who enters that vault.

Dr. Stevens, the gifted historian of Methodism, suggests that the remains of Whitefield be surrendered to his transatlantic brethren; but they had better remain where they are. He belonged to this country equally with the old, and he loved "dear America" and "dear New England." He is buried in the very place where he himself desired to be in case he died in America. And while John Wesley lies buried in City Road, London, Charles Wesley in another cemetery in the same city, and Dr. Coke in the Indian Ocean, where he has the sea-weed for a winding-sheet and coral rock for a tombstone, let the bones of Whitefield remain in Newburyport until shall come that illustrious morn when the Resurrection and the Life shall say to him, Come forth; and in a

* New York Observer.

moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he shall be changed from age to youth, from mortal to immortal, and be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and "so be ever with the Lord."

"Forever with the Lord!

Amen, so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality."

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION
OF THE DEATH OF
REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
AT THE OLD PRESBYTERIAN SOUTH CHURCH,
NEWBURYPORT, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1870.



“When by a good man’s grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone—
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,
Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright—
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says (pointing upward) that ‘he is not here’—
That ‘he is risen!’”

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES.

ON Friday, September 30, 1870, just one hundred years after the death of the great preacher, the writer of this sketch gratified a long and earnest desire which he had had, of visiting the old time-honored church under whose pulpit lies all that is now left to us of the great Whitefield. It proved one of the most interesting days of my whole life. The church edifice was to me a curiosity, for it has a wonderful history. It originated with Whitefield. Within it his graceful form had often been seen, under its roof his ringing voice had often been heard, and under its pulpit his remains were then sleeping.

The church edifice was built in 1756, but was greatly improved and rededicated in 1856, at which time the following poem was sung:

“A hundred rolling years have fled
Since the true-hearted, honored dead
This temple reared, where they might meet
To sit and learn at Jesus’ feet.

“His* voice inspiring urged them on,
Whose name is graved on yonder stone;
His stirring voice is hushed—and here
He sweetly sleeps, till Christ appear.”

* Alluding to Whitefield.

This Church has had a noble succession of ministers, beginning with Parsons, who was their first Pastor, and who went there at the suggestion of Whitefield. It has been a fruitful Church, thirty-four Christian ministers having sprung from it, among others Bishop Thomas M. Clark, D.D., of Rhode Island, and his gifted brother, Rufus W. Clark, D.D. The memorial services of September 30, 1870, under the direction of the youthful but amiable Pastor, Rev. C. S. Durfee, were very impressive indeed, and well worthy the occasion. In the morning, after the preliminary exercises, Rev. J. F. Stearns, of Newark, N. J., former Pastor of the Church, delivered the commemorative discourse. It was appropriate and eloquent. He gave us a sketch of Whitefield and his brilliant career, and showed the influence he had exerted, and was still exerting on the various Churches, and throughout the world—that “though being dead he yet speaketh.” The afternoon exercises were full of interest. Rev. G. W. Blagden, D.D., of Boston, presided, and made the opening address. Prayer was then offered by the writer of this sketch. An address full of eloquence and pathos was then delivered by Rev. Ashbel G. Vermilye, D.D., of Utica. He had formerly been Pastor of the Church, and his address was full of reminiscences of the past, interspersed with original anecdotes of Whitefield. Then followed Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D.D., of Albany. His father had been a member of that Church, and he had been baptized there. His address was pathetic, eloquent, and catholic.

Rev. George Hare, D.D., then spoke, dwelling on Whitefield's ordination vows, his entire devotedness to the work of saving souls, and the Divine baptism, the holy anointing, that rested upon, him that rendered him so successful, and also his relation to Methodism. Rev. Alexander King, of London, England, made the final address, which was full of deep and thrilling interest. So two hemispheres united in the memorial service to the greatest of pulpit orators. The choir then sang :

“ Servant of God, well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.”

This closed the centenary exercises at the old South Church, Newburyport.

Relics of Whitefield.

During my stay in the town I had the pleasure of gazing with veneration upon many relics of the past.

The Old Bible.—This old Bible was one out of which Mr. Whitefield used to read his texts. It is still used in the pulpit.

The Ring.—Another was a ring that Mr. Whitefield had on his finger when he died. I placed it upon my finger, and thought of the rings which he in his will had left to John and Charles Wesley “ in token of his indissoluble union with them.”

The Medal.—A silver medal was shown me which had been struck off soon after Whitefield's

death. On one side of it is the name, George Whitefield, with a likeness of him. On the reverse the legend, "An Israelite indeed." A good soldier of Jesus Christ. Died September 30, 1770, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

The Old Chair.—Then there was the old chair in which Whitefield sat when he died, one hundred years ago that morning. What interest clusters around that old-fashioned high-backed chair. As I sat in it my mind involuntarily went back to the hall of the parsonage, and the dying scene passed before me. Here sat the pale, dying saint, gasping for breath till his throbbing temples beat their last, and then were forever still. Around this chair angels hovered, waiting the struggling of his great soul, anxious to be freed from its earthly prison-house, who, on hearing the cry, "He is dead," responded, "A child is born," and on their golden pinions they escorted him to the skies. From this chair he ascended to a throne. One moment seated here, the next with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God.



Whitefield's Last Resting-place.

As has already been stated, Mr. Whitefield requested that, should he die in America, he might be buried under the pulpit of the "Old South Church." There were those who wished to have him buried in Boston; others desired to have his remains removed to England; but he could rest

in no more fitting place than where he now lies. The Old South Church is the custodian of his remains, and there let them rest until the multitude of sleepers awake at the sound of the trump, and rise to life immortal!

Mr. Whitefield was buried in his gown, cassock, bands, and wig. 'Tis singular that his remains should have been preserved so long from decay. As late as 1784 they were but little impaired.

Rev. Jesse Lee, the apostle of Methodism in New England, after having visited his tomb, says, "I went into the vault to see the body after it had lain there twenty years, and was greatly surprised to find the greater part of it firm and hard. A small part of it only had putrified."

With feelings of solemn awe I descended into the place where there were three coffins—one containing the remains of Rev. Mr. Parsons, the other of Rev. Mr. Prince, and the middle one those of George Whitefield. The most that is left of him is the skull and bones, the other parts having crumbled to dust. While gazing with devout awe upon his coffin the thought came to me, I am standing beside the remains of the great revivalist, the friend of the Wesleys, the great pulpit orator of the world, the great evangelist of the Church. Seldom have I had such emotions as when my hand rested on Whitefield's skull. What mighty plans of usefulness had originated in the brain that skull had once contained! What sermons it had given birth to! Whole volumes of history passed through my mind in a few moments.

No wonder William B. Tappan, who visited this place in 1837, wrote thus :

“ And this was Whitefield! this the dust now blending
 With kindred dust, that wrapt his soul of fire,
 Which, from the mantle freed, is still ascending
 Through regions of far glory, holier, higher.

O, as I gaze here with a solemn joy
 And awful rev'rence, in which shares Decay,
 Who, this fair frame reluctant to destroy,
 Yields it not yet to doom which all obey—
 How follows thought his flight, at Love's command,
 From hemisphere in sin to hemisphere ;
 Warning uncounted multitudes with tears—
 Preaching the risen Christ on sea and land :
 And *now* those angel journeyings above!
 Souls, his companions, saved by such unwearied love ! ”

Never can I forget that vault, that coffin, those remains, nor the time when I stood there with the colored sexton, holding his lighted candle so that I could see the remains of the Prince of Pulpit Orators. It was a hallowed place, a hallowed hour, never to be forgotten.



The Cenotaph.

There is on the right side of the pulpit a beautiful cenotaph that I as well as others looked upon with admiration. This cenotaph has a peculiar history. Rev. Dr. Proudfit, a former Pastor of the Church, said at the centenary anniversary in 1856, “ As my eye rests on that monument let me recall the way in which it came there. I called

one evening on Mr. Bartlett. He told me he had heard Whitefield when he was a boy, and had never forgotten the impression made upon him by his preaching. He expressed a desire to have a suitable monument erected to his memory in this church. He asked if I would look after the matter, and employ an eminent artist to do the work. I inquired how much he was willing it should cost. 'On that point,' he replied, 'I leave you entirely at liberty. Let it be something worthy of a great and good man.' That monument, designed by Strickland and executed by Strothers, is the result. I used the liberty he gave me moderately. Had it cost ten times as much he would, no doubt, have paid it cheerfully. When the artist presented the demand Mr. Bartlett gave him one hundred dollars above the amount. When I was in England the congregations of Tottenham Court and the Tabernacle intimated a desire to have his remains removed to England; but when I told them what Mr. Bartlett had done, they said that if any American gentleman was willing to give three hundred pounds to do honor to Whitefield's memory, America was well entitled to his remains."* It seems perfectly fitting that one who had heard Whitefield preach, and been benefited by his ministrations, should erect his monument. Mr. Bartlett did nobly, for in erecting one for Whitefield he built one for himself. In perpetuating the name of Whitefield he also perpetuated his own.

* Dr. Proudfit's address at the one hundredth anniversary of the building of the church.

The cenotaph is a plain, tasteful, permanent structure, surmounted by a symbol of immortality, a flame burning from an uncovered urn.

The following inscription I transcribed from it was written by Dr. Ebenezer Porter, of Andover :

THIS CENOTAPH

is erected, with affectionate veneration,
to the memory of the

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

born at Gloucester, Eng., Dec'r 16, 1714;

educated at Oxford University: ordained 1736.

In a ministry of thirty-four years he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and preached more than eighteen thousand sermons. As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent; he put on the whole armor of God, preferring the honors of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation, or life. As a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination, gave unexampled energy to his look, action, and utterance. Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the Gospel by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers.

He died of asthma, Sept. 30, 1770;

suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled labors for his eternal rest.

“A century has passed since the light in that golden candlestick ceased to burn and shine; but the voice of the immortal Whitefield still speaks, and its language, like the motto on his seal, is ‘*Astra petamus*,’ ‘Let us seek heaven.’”

THE END.

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